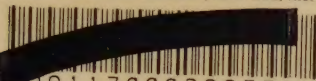


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GEORGE
WASHINGTON'S
COUNTRY

MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS

has also written

MEMOIRS OF A POOR RELATION

"The manners and morals of the pre- and post-Civil War South were, perhaps, never before depicted with such a bright, brave, easy charm."

—*The New York Times.*

MY STUDIO WINDOW

"Here is the sort of book that will be dear to the historian a generation hence in reconstructing the Washington of the last forty years. . . . She has written social history of real fibre, with an art natural to her, which makes it seem like fiction."

—*Claude G. Bowers.*

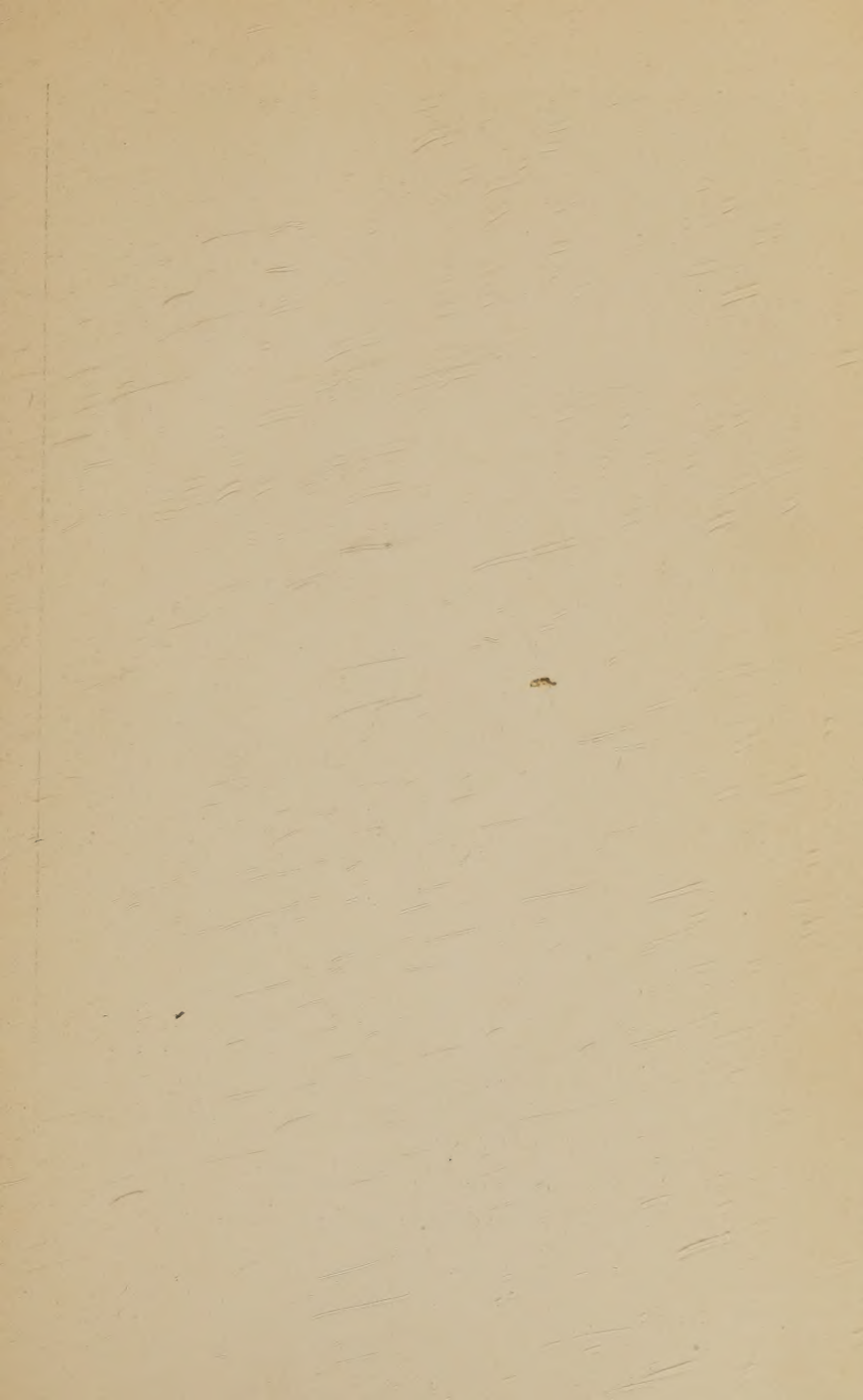
SCRAPS OF PAPER

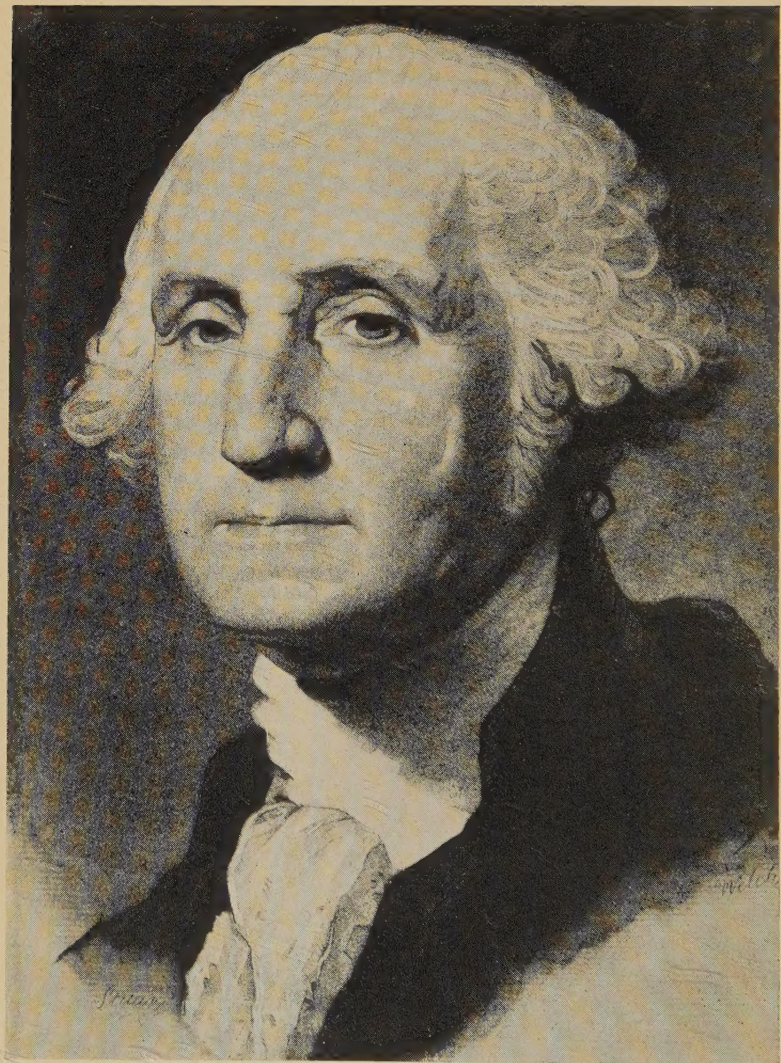
"This book, so aptly titled, is a collection of priceless scraps from the diaries, journals, letters and other private papers of several persons now dead and excerpts from some of a more recent vintage."

—*The New York Telegram.*

"Vivid, sincere, and valuable for this and succeeding generations."—*The Detroit News.*

Published by E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.





Underwood and Underwood

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By GILBERT STUART

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY



By

MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF A POOR RELATION," "MY STUDIO
WINDOW," "SCRAPS OF PAPER"



Introduction by
GEORGE W. OCHS OAKES
EDITOR "CURRENT HISTORY"
New York Times

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DEDICATED TO
MY FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA

DR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR DEWITT LUDLUM
SARAH DICKSON LOWRIE
MARTHA CARSON BARRY

These think and work and play and sing,
And see the good in everything.
They banish care and conquer pain,
And swing me to my youth again!

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FOREWORD

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

(For this author, still a novice in the field of literature, has come to recognize her readers as her friends) this volume does not purport to be a history or a guide-book, or even a book; it is a mere gathering up in a portfolio of some scattered sketches by an old-fashioned and second-rate painter, as she has water-colored and oiled, pen-and-inked and pastelled throughout this lovely native state of her own and of George Washington during a half-century of time.

These loose pages range from the Pre-Raphaelite impressions of a little, grateful, obedient and somewhat frightened child of eight, squeezed in between an austere grandmother and a pretty aunt in a rumbling old family carriage, staring out with her round gray eyes at a wonderful world—to the sophisticated conclusions of a little, shrewd, but still obedient *grandmother*, squeezed in between an exacting small granddaughter and whoever the amiable chauffeur-ess may be, upon whose gas she still gathers, under new conditions, fleeting glimpses, of the unchanged yet everchanging world.

Seeing through her spectacles it may be that you yourselves will catch some reflections of her thought, and fill in for yourselves the outlines she has drawn so lightly; she hopes you may be intrigued to follow in

FOREWORD

her tracks and see for yourselves, and to verify or contradict her impressions; and on such excursions as you may make through this dear region, she and Dearest-my-Dear, cautioning you against the treacherous bumblebees, wish you all joy, good health, good weather and light hearts; fresh sandwiches, shady springs of water by the way, kind farmers' wives who smile on you and give you milk from cool stone crocks, sound tires, and an open road and open minds.

And furthermore they would suggest that in a certain spot in Fairfax County, Virginia, a plain wooden house known as Vauxcleuse, in a place of shut-in valleys, as its ancient name denotes, stands to welcome you; three small granddaughters await you on the porch, and the latch is on the string: while beside the doorway you may pause to jot down, as many have done before you, a certain old Welsh greeting:

Hail, Guest! We ask not what thou art,
If Friend, we greet thee hand and heart;
If Stranger, such no longer be:
If Foe, our love shall conquer thee!

M. M. A.

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INTRODUCTION

THE approach of the Bi-Centenary of George Washington has stimulated a new Washingtonia. He is perhaps the most biographed, annotated, memorabiliaed man who ever lived, not even excepting Napoleon Bonaparte. Within the past few years there has been a new onrush of Washingtonia, as though there were anything left to be said. Still it is most interesting to find that the latest outputs are among the best. Rupert Hughes, the iconoclast of American Colonial fables, notwithstanding his biting irony, true to his mission to explode the apochryphal fancies of idolatrous hero worshippers, gives us a human Washington that we love much more sincerely than the marble simulacrum of a man carved out of imaginary material; John Corbin has just exposed a new facet of that exalted character, proving that it was due to Washington more than to Madison and Hamilton that we owe the best and most statesmanlike articles of the Constitution. Now comes the perfectly irresistible, fascinating and versatile Marietta Minnigerode Andrews with a Washington sketch book—no, it is not a sketch book—a picture gallery—no not that—a biography, not that at all—indeed not one of these but all of them—for it is a glyptograph, not an etching on precious stones, but a deeply stippled vignette of precious spots, the

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places where Washington lived, in boyhood, youth and maturity, where he developed his character and won his greatest triumphs, and where at last "he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams." Mrs. Andrews, in a jitney excursion, follows meticulously the footsteps of Washington. She starts in the Northern neck of Virginia where he and his forefathers were born and proceeds to the places where they lie buried. She prowls about the garden of Mary Ball, his mother, and recalls how here Lafayette caught her, trowel in hand, at work. Thence to the beautiful home of his sister Betty, to Williamsburg where he received his license as Engineer, to the hallowed spots in Fairfax County, to Alexandria, to Yorktown, to Mount Vernon, to Arlington, the house built by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, and then freakishly peeps into the habitations of his friends and associates, glimpsing the spots consecrated by all The Washingtons, The Fairfaxes, The Lees, The Carters, The Pages, The Byrds, the homes of Madison, Jefferson, Marshall, the father of American geography, Admiral Maury, and the long line of F. F. V.'s that have made that part of the world reverent and worshipful in the eyes and hearts of every true American.

But our prowler does not stop there. With impish caprice she hovers about Colonial Philadelphia, Valley Forge, Annapolis, the scenes of Washington's disappointments and successes in New Jersey, Long Island, New York, Newburgh, West Point, Boston, always with the most delicate, tenderest touches, a chronicler

INTRODUCTION

with uncanny penetration, an artist with a wealth of imagery, a prolific story teller with joyous appraisal and suitable application, a philosopher of sound logic, a sophisticated student and keen commentator of social history, and a historian with an acute sense of values, a faithful recorder—yet all the time, on every page there is a chuckle, a rollicking good-humored story, an apt allusion or a side-splitting scream—also when occasion arises a vivid word picture by a clever artist who possesses a profound love of nature. In places there are snatches of poetry, and here and there a delicious anecdote told with ineffable charm.

Her Virginia inheritance and tradition give especial appositeness to her local color, because when she tells of historic localities and distinguished notabilities, she writes with a background of her own family, whose strains ramify through the blue blood stock of the chief branches of Colonial Virginians.

The book is copiously illustrated, some of the sketches made by the author herself, who is an artist of no mean quality. But what gives a charming color to this perfectly priceless collection are the frequent quotations, pitched in precipitously now and then, but always fortuitously, from quaint old volumes, now out of print, which paint graphic and intimate pictures of the real social, personal and political life of that period.

But all the sketches and records do not relate to Washington or to the Colonial and Revolutionary worthies and historic places. Mrs. Andrews' genius is many sided; she is a perfect raconteuse, bubbling over

INTRODUCTION

with wit and good humor, especially when she deals with the Virginia darkey; her delineation of Negro character and psychology denotes a sympathetic understanding, which is exclusively a trait of the cultured Southerner.

In the midst of an interesting historical sketch of the Theological Seminary *in* (note the preposition) Virginia, which is located but three miles west of Alexandria, Mrs. Andrews, apropos of nothing, interjects an inimitable sketch of a Negro Preacher, "a born orator and logician, by name 'Brother Jackson.'" His most famous sermon was on Knowledge and Faith, from the text: "Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The exhorter thus proceeds:

"Dat mought seem lak a hard sayin', mah Bredderen an' mah Sisteren; but to de seein' eye and de incompatible mind an' de ornstandin' heart it ain't no puzzlement whatsomever. Knowledge am KNOWIN'; Faith am GUESSIN'. Dat's de circumventions of de whole matter. Now, dem six leetle chilluns yo' see in dat pew, wid Sis' Susan Jorhnson at one en', and Bruder Sam'l Jorhnson at 'udder en',—well, Sis' Susan, she know dem chilluns is hern; dat's KNOWLEDGE. Brudder Jorhnson, he b'lieve an' he hopes dem chilluns is hisn—dat's FAITH."

Such interpolations of negro folk lore, negro folk songs and spirituals frequently intersperse eloquent and moving passages of profoundly significant historic importance or descriptions of exquisite delicacy, such as this allusion to the George Washington garden at Mount Vernon, which

INTRODUCTION

"breathes of the delight which General Washington took in planning it, after the weary years of the war, when he rested and enjoyed the quiet life of Mount Vernon, before assuming the responsibilities of the Presidency. The names of his great contemporaries are associated with this garden, some of the plants having been brought from the Bartram gardens of Philadelphia, others having been sent by Thomas Jefferson, and bearing the names in giant calycanthus shrubs, of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, while rose bushes, still bearing, are called for Martha Washington and her sweet granddaughter, Nellie Custis. The custom of inviting guests to plant some bush or shrub in a private garden is an old custom in Virginia, and as the years go on, the beds of flowers and hedges of box, privet and barberry, commemorate visits of friends of long ago."

There are other delightful interludes of enchanting beauty, consisting of lyrical effusions characteristic of the natives, such as the "Lament of Crow's Crossin'" which ends with this plaintive note:

"Yo shofers, now and then, they kills a baby,
Or some ole pusson that ain't none too bright;
An killin' folks, along the country roads, sah,
Don't seem—to dem gits kilt—perzactly right;
Leastways—I thanks yo' sah—and begs yo' pardon—
Leastways—it don't jes' seem to be—perlite."

Another verse is thrown in following a delightful anecdote of how a colored mammy punished her offspring who was addicted to the filthy spitting habit, by lining up in front of him her other eight, who, after "solemnly accelerating the necessary secretion by a rhythmic motion of the cheeks" when amply supplied with ammunition, were each in turn directed:

INTRODUCTION

"Now you chillun youse all gwine to git your chanc't to spit back at Pat'ick Henry. De younges' one furst. Play fair and shoot straight, 'cause you ain't gwine to git no secon' shot."

Then follows this bit:

DEM GOOD OLE TIMES

Dem good ole times is dead an' gone
When folks wuz quick on triggers;
When Mammies riz white chilluns up,
An' Ole Miss riz de niggers—
Dem good ole times is dead an' gone
When Mammies wo' bandannas;
When Ladies, dey wo' petticoats,
And chilluns had some manners—

Nobody spansks no chilluns, now;
Nobody thanks nobody, now;
No gent'mans pulls no triggers, now,
An' niggers raises niggers now.

Dem good ole times is dead an' gone,
Beyant mah blame or praisin',
De niggers now iz nigger-riz;
White folks ain't got no raisin';
No Lady cuts no figger, now;
An' wust of all dat bizness iz,
No gent'man pulls no trigger, now,
An' niggers, dey is nigger-riz.

Nobody spansks no chilluns now;
Nobody thanks nobody, now;
No gent'mans pulls no triggers, now;
An' niggers raises niggers, now.

INTRODUCTION

The book contains an amazing amount of information. The history of Annapolis is in the form of a letter written in 1928 to Mrs. Andrews by a charming lady, —Mrs. Charles Dorsey Worthington Ligon, scion of a distinguished Maryland family; it is replete with important facts and personal reminiscences. The entire book is shot through with an incredible amount of interesting personal matter relating to Washington and the members of his family, his intimate associates and his military colleagues, also much of real personal intimate matter concerning Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Maury, Fairfax, LaFayette, L'Enfant, Martha Washington, the Custises and numerous other notable figures of that period, interlarded with copious extracts from letters, books, and records long since out of print.

Mrs. Andrews is the widow of the Curator of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. She is the author of numerous books and essays, among the best known are "My Studio Window," "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," both of which are prodigal with joyous spirit, social history, sound philosophy and vibrant quality. Her publishers are E. P. Dutton & Company.

GEORGE W. OCHS OAKES

GEORGE
WASHINGTON'S
COUNTRY

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

From the windows of the old houses—Other eyes in other days—Will you follow in the footsteps of a freakish F. F. V.? She will lead you on some rambles by the rivers, through the woods—Blossoms, birds and berries, familiar to George Washington all his life.

FROM the windows of old houses along these roads and rivers the eyes of other days looked out as their descendants do today from these, or other homes, upon the changing seasons. Generations have passed, as the rivers have rolled on to the sea, as the trees along the highways have added slowly ring by ring to their circumference.

And the same comments have been made: "Indeed the orchard has blossomed too soon; I trust there will not come a cold rain."

"Clouds are moving down the river. We shall have a thunder-storm."

"Do you see the dogwood coming out?"

"I saw the first robin today." "And I heard a blue-bird."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

"This summer we shall have the locusts."

"The nights are getting cool, and the gum tree is beginning to turn red."

"How wonderful the holly is this season!"

"The Cedar birds are migrating south. A flock of them were in the juniper tree."

"I saw the first snowflakes today."

"The oak leaves hold on a long time. It will be a mild winter."

"The Ground-hog saw his shadow today."

Thus experience prophesies from the aspect of nature; man passes on and the place thereof knows him no more; but another thinks as he thought and loves even as he loved.

How will you follow in the footsteps of George Washington, with a guide as harum-scarum as a poor second-rate painter? Will you begin in the Northern Neck of Virginia, where he and his forefathers were born? Where they lie today, buried beside the placid waters of Pope's Creek? Will you first know quaint old Fredericksburg, stand in the garden of Mary Ball, his mother, and recall how Lafayette caught her, trowel in hand, at work? And then see Kenmore, the beautiful colonial home of his sister, Betty?

Of course you will go to Williamsburg, where he received his license as an engineer at the age of sixteen; and to near-by Yorktown, which was the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis; and back to Alexandria, associated with him in a hundred ways; Mt. Vernon a few miles to the south, and on to Washington, where

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

the great shaft pierces the air, wrapped in sunlight or in clouds by day and illuminated to equally poetic beauty by night. You will follow the haunts familiar to him in his rides from Mt. Vernon on various errands; drive across the great Key Bridge to Arlington, the house built by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, a few years after his death, and that beautiful little red brick house of earlier date, the very history of which is wrapped in mystery, called sometimes Little Arlington and sometimes Windsor, where the Custises are said to have lived during the years that the Arlington house was under construction.

Because George Washington covered so much territory in his goings and comings, because he doubled so on his tracks, in his campaigns, in his surveying expeditions, in his explorations, I can hardly undertake to lay out any itinerary for you; if you come with me you must agree to accompany a vagabondish female of uncertain age, who, like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, is now here, now there, with a shabby old sketch-book under her arm and a six-year-old granddaughter by her side; who stops to chat with a laborer along the way, to wade out into a swamp in search of an orchid, to count the variety of thrushes or kinds of oak tree identified in Fairfax County, and otherwise wear the brakes, waste the gas, fritter away valuable time, and perhaps wear your patience to a frazzle.

But if you will trust me, I can show you things which otherwise you may miss; for I have lived and loved

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

in this green world, I have laughed and wept over poor dear old Virginia; I have been laughed at and wept over, in her midst, by the descendants of those mighty great ones gone—the Washingtons and Lees and Nelsons and Pages and Carters and Fairfaxes of my own generation, who see in me an F. F. V. fallen from grace, married to a Yankee, contaminated by associations north of Mason and Dixon's line, the playmate of Scotch Presbyterians whose canniness puts us to the blush—we spendthrifts of life and of wealth, of time and of health——

But really, I have slept from my childhood in great old four-posters sacred to the memories of stately visitors of days gone by; I have had genealogy banged into my head from the day I was born; and I have learned to know the trees of the forest, the birds of the air, the flowers of the field, through all this sweet district. If you want to know the flowers of the Shenandoah valley, ask me. Every gracious thing blossoms there and goes to seed, just as anywhere else—in the valleys of Colorado, in the canyons of Utah, on the shores of Lake George, at the foot of the Alps—it is all one world!

If you love trees, you should go on a tramp through the woods of Fairfax County. You need go no farther than Vauxcleuse. For right here in the sixty acres of forest which I watch with jealous care, are six varieties of oak.

And between here and Leesburg, as we roll into the mountainous district, we will weep together at the gaunt corpses of the giant chestnut trees, still standing erect

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

and reaching tragic bare arms to the relentless heavens. We will get the odor of the honey-locust in its delirium of white bloom, and see the great heart-shaped leaves and masses of white and purple blossoms of the palaunia and the catalpa. The common old volunteer pines which take possession of the unclaimed lands are our good friends when the snows lie deep and there is no green for us, nor for the juncoes, or the cardinals. And of all the features of this immediate landscape the pinnacled cedars are the most grateful. They are slow growers, but hard to kill. The tramping of cattle is the most destructive agency of their undoing, so the clever things get the birds to drop their seed along the old fences, as they rest in their migrations and perch to view the world. And there germinating, under the protection of the old stone or "worm" fences, the cedars grow into perfect symmetry until they stand marshalled like dark soldiers in splendid formation. The rolling character of the country, hills beyond hills, like the bosoms of sweet mothers, and the rolling cumuli above, create a riot of undulating lines, to which the magnificent upright of the cedar trees is a splendid foil. And in all the light and sparkle of a summer day the dark accent in its rich tone is also of value to the seeker after a motif, the lover of contrast.

As you roll toward the Potomac approaching the Mt. Vernon section, you will love the dogwood and the holly. The holly is very abundant, and the laurel, throughout these lowlands. But I cannot tell you all I know about these things.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

You must, however, know that right here, in the Mt. Vernon gardens, I dare say, as well as around my own house, there are seven varieties of thrush and five of woodpecker. The mocking-bird is king of thrushes, though the less popular cat-bird, his cousin, can equal him as a singer, if he will but forget to be so quarrelsome, and surrender himself to his better moods. The little house wren, tiniest of the thrushes, is a delicious singer and such a companionable little body; the wood-thrush is shy. He wears in maturity the dark spots on his breast which mark the fledgling robin; he builds low, and is not often seen. The wood-thrush cannot be much of a flyer, his tail is so short; he resembles a half-grown robin. But the brown thrasher, or sandy martin as he is sometimes called, has a long tail, which he switches in great style, and he is a fearless fellow, haunting the tangles of shrub and honeysuckle along the quiet roads. The robin is perhaps the best known and, except for the house-wren, the most domesticated of all our thrushes. He builds a saddle nest, squarely upon a pine branch, and attends to his duties regardless of humankind.

The last of our seven thrushes about here is the blue-bird. He who builds in the hollows of the old apple trees and in any low fence-post in which he can find a hole. The weather often does his excavating for him. He is a dear, friendly and melodious and beautiful. He bears a trace of the earth upon his breast, the color of the freshly-plowed fields; and on his back and wings a dash of heaven.

I shall leave you to find out for yourselves about the

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

others; you may read John Burroughs. I find that readers sometimes accuse me of dragging in irrelevant matters. But what is, what can be, irrelevant? It is all so thrilling. It all starts vibrations today, just as in the beginning. And these features of the George Washington country were not lost upon George Washington.

.

A soldier he was, not a philosopher; a man of affairs rather than a dreamer of dreams, but it is still understandable that the beauty of his surroundings appealed to him.

As a boy, he no doubt scratched under the damp brown leaves in the woods for the first wax-like, pale blossoms of the arbutus, and stepped aside from the wind-flower—the anemone, and the blue hepatica at his feet in the spring woods, and in autumn the red berries of the pipsissewa in the moss. He wondered as all youth must wonder at the fecundity of nature, the passionate persistence of all things to continue; he saw the jack-in-the-pulpit and the lady's slipper in the rank shady places, and again in the fall their weird red seed; the abundant bloom of laurel and dogwood; the latter gorgeous in death, with crimson fruit and foliage.

In the swamps the cat-tails, pickerel and water-lilies under a cloud of dragon-flies, for there were vast areas of marsh in the land where he lived; and he knew the butter-and-eggs, the blazing star, the bouncing Bet, the Joe Pye weed, the black-eyed Susan, the Queen Ann's lace, the Painter's brush of the roadsides, by their sweet familiar names—dear sturdy old weeds, defiant of all persecution.

CHAPTER II

The Madam

Introducing Mr. Isaac Weld.

The Madam—Earliest remembered joy rides—Introducing Dearest-my-Dear, who enquires the difference between sweat and perspiration—Daisy and I sing hymns and nibble sandwiches—Recalling the fox-hunts of old times, and our cousin Rozier's blooded horses—Hay-rides and camp-meetings—How they got religion—Ball in Hal Dulany's barn—The long ride home with the Mason boys—Mr. Weld of England, 1795, criticises the Virginians as to horsemanship—Their specialty—The custom among the negroes of adopting children, and their "perkisutes."

THE MADAM

(Overheard in a Virginia Kitchen and done into verse by
an eavesdropper)

*We kin tell you 'bout the Madam, ef you listen to de tale;
Her hair is gray and scanty an' her face a leetle pale;
Her step ain't jes' so lively as one time it use' to be,
An' her eyes looks way off yonder whar dey ain't one thing to
see.*

*Yet she's quick enough, an' steady, an' she got a mighty way
Of attendin' to her business as if duty wuz all play;
'Cause she tek de bull right by de horns an' rastle rough wid
he,
'Cause she hasn't got no wish-bone whar her back-bone ought
to be.*

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*Her mother wuz jes' lak her an' her gran'ma wuz befo',
An' Ah guess the whole three of 'em had a hard ole row to
hoe;*

*But you better b'lieve they hoed it, 'cause dat's de F. F. V.
Dey hasn't got no wish-bones whar dey back-bones ought to
be.*

THROUGH the courtesy of my friend, Mr. Allen C. Clark, president of the Historical Society of the District of Columbia, I have had some delightful hours with Isaac Weld, an English traveller who, on horseback, on foot and by chaise, made a tour of Virginia some ten years after the close of the Revolutionary War. The fact that the country was sparsely settled, still open in many parts to trouble from wild animals and wild Indians, that it had been the battlefield, in a great degree, of a devastating though victorious war, seems not to have explained to him the conditions with which he met. He is very critical, while at the same time drawing graphic and amusing pictures of all he saw, and pointing the contrasts, unsparingly, between the usages here and in a long-established society such as that of England.

He atones, however, for all his quarrels with us, by his ample and continual use of commas; an inexperienced and careless correspondent such as I, addicted to sprinkling my own sentences with this irritating little mark to the unbounded disgust of the professionals who must prepare my manuscripts for the press, thank him for his commas. He may describe the run-down condition of the Episcopal churches in Virginia, he may say

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that there is next to no religious observance among us, that our women are ugly and our men ill-mannered; he may describe horrible fights in which ruffians "gouge" each other's eyes out, and cock-fights and other low forms of amusement—just as Thackeray describes the same class of people in the same manner of diversion, in the old mother country; he may go so far as to express disappointment in the beauty of the Blue Ridge country, and contradict Thomas Jefferson's eulogiums on Harper's Ferry; he may do worse, and affirm that the Virginians—horse-raisers and riders who pride themselves on the quality of their stock and the expertness of their equestrianism—are *the poorest riders and the worst horsemen in the world!* But because of his commas I love him. His book, printed in London in 1800, has survived the millions of commas and become a rare treasure and an authoritative portrait of our early society.

On, on, through many years, one rides on many errands, wise or foolish!

Those earliest remembered joy rides, when one was permitted at the last minute, to go too. Being so little, one took up hardly any room. The waters of fifty years have run under the bridges and on my joy rides now I often hold a moist little hand in mine, and a clear treble voice asks unanswerable questions about birds and flowers in old gardens, about men and women in village streets, about God and angels in heaven.

Fifty years ago, little May on her occasional jaunts sat on the back seat, squeezed in between Aunt Ida and

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Grandma, very quiet indeed, with eyes wide open and mouth close shut; or better still, sat on the front seat beside "Uncle Robert" or "Uncle Joshua" with the privilege of engaging in conversation with that functionary—watching the play of the reins, the straining of the horses, the bobbing up and down of the yellow fly-nets, hearing the buzzing of the horse-flies against which the net was small protection, and the other evil little creatures the old coachman called "sweat-bees" which he could swat so dexterously with the tip of the whip. Thus journeying on to spend the day with somebody, and eat ice-cream!—Today little Mary Lord, aged six, and known as Dearest-my-Dear, a rather sophisticated small person, draws on her little gloves and sits in an automobile to share a joy ride and see the world.

Through the sleepy old Virginia towns, where the street cars run on single tracks and wait patiently for panting ladies who have forgotten their pocket-books; where the conductor, who is also the motorman, descends like a true cavalier to help one up with a market-basket, or when asked to open a window exclaims, "Yes, *Ma'am!*" and stops the car to do it; towns where old buggies and daytons and phaetons still are seen, and "teams," wagons and ox-carts, rumble up Main Street over the cobble-stones, drivers chewing tobacco meditatively and spitting with admirable skill right into the gutter—philosophically indifferent to modern rush and jazz, deaf to the imperious honking of Packards and the profanity emanating from Fords.

Stopping to poke about in little gardens crowded

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with roses, larkspur, zinnia, wistaria and hollyhocks, where Dearest-my-Dear asks fearless questions of perspiring old ladies in sunbonnets, busy with trowels and hoes.

"What is the difference," she asks, "between sweat and perspiration?" For I had been telling her about the sweat-bees. Which was indiscreet—a thing I should not have done. I made it clear to her, as "Uncle Robert" had made it clear to me fifty years earlier, that horses sweated and ladies perspired.

"This lady," she announces with delightful candor, "needs to powder her nose, Grandma."

Riotous old gardens of abandoned houses, giant lilacs and box bushes crowding each other without ceremony, and colonies of iris and jonquil. Regiments of hollyhocks defiantly reproducing themselves in the middle of the streets and blue larkspur crowding the broken fence corners, long self-sufficing, beyond the need of human care; and greedy grape-vines and trumpet-vines choking the life out of larches and maples. Thus we poke about in places where we have no business. Snakes should be in these deserted gardens; and poison ivy. But they never are. Calamities do not overtake Dearest-my-Dear and me, when we joy-ride together. All of our joy rides start from Seminary Hill, Fairfax County, Virginia.

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Daisy and I have jitneyed through much Virginia mud, valiantly trying the dirt roads in February, and sometimes dependent on the chivalry of the "chain

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gang" to help us out of the Sloughs of Despond. We do not care; we are incorrigible; it would not disturb us in the least to put up overnight in any near-by cabin, if need be; we accept the hospitality of bootleggers with appreciation.

Whether we roll through the Shenandoah Valley in apple-blossom time—or in mid-summer when the grain-fields are ready for the reapers—or in January when the undulating generous land is at rest, it is always lovely.

It was soothing in the old days of toll-gates to have the toll-taker peer under my widow's bonnet, and observe, "Why, you ain't so old as you might be, is you?" But it was exasperating to have Daisy, only a few years my junior, giggle at this familiarity. I never have been able to make toll-takers understand that I am a personage.

Daisy and I singing hymns and nibbling sandwiches on the front seat, talking between selections, comparing notes between bites, appraise the days of our infancy; the views, manners and ethics of our elders.

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When we were little girls we were now and then permitted to joy-ride with these our "betters," and observe the ways of the world. It might be that we were squeezed in between our "betters" on the back seat of the big rumbling carriage to go to Welbourne or Middleburg when a fox-hunt was to be, to join the company watching the hounds start off; it might be a crisp Indian summer day, and all preparations made; permis-

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sion granted to ride across certain estates; the fox ready to be turned out a few minutes in advance of the hounds; gentlemen in red coats flourishing their riding-crops, girls excitedly awaiting the grooms who were leading their hunters from the stable, grinning servants passing mint-juleps; the whipper-in very important, the hounds impatient at his heels—then amid gay chatter and laughter—away over the brown fields, taking the ditches as easily as a bird on the wing—away, away, the hunter instinct spurring them on—disappearing into the forests—jumping the stone fences, worm fences, barbed-wire—tearing through gardens and orchards!

Men, women, horses and dogs mad with the lust to run down the panting, brave small creature that still eludes them—he doubles on his track, throwing them off the scent—uphill, downdale—till he takes his last stand and is killed before a triumphant jubilant crowd—his bushy tail the trophy due to him who was first in at the death. Sometimes they run down a snarling little vixen, giving her a grand chase; sparing her, to make sport for the following day.

Daisy and I would make big eyes at each other in the midst of all this yelping of hounds and halloo-ing of men; but in later years she, being a country girl and a sportswoman, came to share in it.

Sometimes we were taken to the horse shows in our beautiful Piedmont Country, where Robert Neville's steeple-chasers, *Good-and-Plenty*, *Herculoid*, *Ticket-of-Leave*, and *Sir Wooster* were our pride and delight; as

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Rozier Dulany's *My Own*, *My Dear*, and *One of the Few*, were the delight of my children when they, still another generation following the customs of our people, motored to Upperville, Leesburg and Warrenton for the racing events. Joy rides of a more modern nature!

I was a very little child when I witnessed the horrible sacrifice of one of Rozier's beautiful, thoroughbred yearling stallions, broken to be first a hunter and then a steeple-chaser. He had been the special care of one groom who schooled him, dieted him, weighed him, cared for him, in his box stall when the weather was cold, exercising him on the long lunge walking, trotting, galloping, running until he was in a sweat, then rubbing him down until his hide was dry and glossy. I cannot remember the name of this aristocratic creature; I can only remember the circumstances of his death.

We had a guest from Philadelphia at Oakley—a charming gentleman who had been one of a party at the White Sulphur Springs, singing delightfully as the young people went boating on the river, making discreet love to the loveliest, and applauding wildly as the beautiful Gertrude Rives, now Mrs. Allan Potts, jumped this horse of Rozier Dulany's right over a table at a lawn party, where were assembled "the beauty and the chivalry" of the old State. As this daring young woman on this handsome animal vaulted lightly over their heads, "the beauty and the chivalry" scattered to places of safety—behind trees, into verandas—anywhere to

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escape the hoofs of this Pegasus and the laughter of his rider.

When they returned to Oakley, the charming Philadelphian asked Rozier to let *him* jump this horse; the groom's eyes pled in silent agony for his master to refuse; but a gentleman in his own house could not refuse the request of a guest. Rozier's thoroughbred stallion was impaled and disembowelled on a fence-post and was shot before our eyes.

And we went now and then on hay rides. There has never been a joy ride to rival a hay ride; and if a small girl was to be trusted with a very good servant, she might now and then witness a baptizing or a camp-meeting. The baptizings took place in the river, the old colored preacher in his long-tailed rusty black coat and big spectacles wading out knee-deep in the water, the candidates for baptism following in all their best clothes, to be immersed, choking, spluttering, panting, to lift themselves dripping and chilled, but praising God. Along the banks stood the spectators, the glory-glory-hallelujas ripping the very vaults of heaven.

Roll, Jordan, roll! Roll, Jordan, roll! I'se 'bleeged to go to Heaven when I die, Jest to see ole Jordan roll!

The camp-meetings were still more exciting. It was quite customary for the "quality" to go and look on. Once, as a tremendously fat "Sistah" knelt to lead the company in prayer, there was some tittering and whispering outside. On her great knees, her eyes upturned,

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her hands lifted in supplication, the sweat rolling from her face, this inspired sister importuned high heaven for mercy on them as wuz a-giggling an' a-snickering outside the tent.

"They won't be so tittivated, O Mah Lawd, when they is roasting in hell-fire, O Mah Lawd!"

On another occasion I recall the calisthenics of a young mulatto woman who had just been "converted." She hopped about, screaming and groaning, while "Praise de Lawd!" "Glory be to Gawd!" rose in chorus to accompany her motions. When in her frenzy she swayed back and forth and was about to fall, a very black, crooked, leering old brother stepped forward—"Allow me fer to hold you, mah Sistah," he said in a sing-song voice, approaching her with open arms. Suddenly she broke into a wild dance, pointing to our cousin, John, who stood "outside." She stamped, she slapped her thighs, and in a deep wonderful voice sang like an incantation, rhythmic sound to rhythmic gesture, "Git away from me, Nigger! Don't want *you* fer to hold me! I wants Marse John fer to hold me! O-o-o-h! A-a-a-h! Glory, glory, halleluja!"

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In a recent letter Dick Mason writes asking if I remember Hal Dulany's barn-party. How could anyone forget it?

I would have written of that joy ride long ago, but somehow just didn't want the Yankees and our grandchildren to know how we F. F. V's behaved! Of course, being *cousins* does make a lot of difference!

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How the champagne flowed that night! Hal Dulany was our richest and our handsomest relative—and whether he was driving tandem down Connecticut Avenue with the reins thrown loose on the neck of the leader, or buying a sewing-machine for some old woman on top of the mountain, whatever he did was well done!

"May," writes Dr. Mason—"I wonder if you remember coming back from Hal's barn-party, Tom Michie and Beverley on the front seat, you, Lucy and I on the back seat, I between you two girls with an arm around each trying to make up my mind which of you I liked the best! For twenty-eight years, as a country Doctor, I have been so busy ushering people in or out of this world, I rarely write a personal letter, and it is amusing to have recalled to memory events now forty years past!"

The ride was long and cold; the little sisters were shabby. They were chaperoned only by each other and their cousins; from 6:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M., they were on the long ride or at the party. Dick's arm was no inconvenience.

Horse racing is a favorite amusement in Virginia; and it is carried on with spirit in different parts of the state. The best bred horses are imported from England; but still, some of those raised at home are very good. They usually run for purses made up by subscription. The only particular circumstance in their mode of carrying on their races in Virginia is, that they always run to the left; the horses are commonly rode by negro boys, some of whom are really good jockeys.

The horses in common use in Virginia are all light, chiefly adapted for the saddle; some of them are handsome, but they

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are for the most part spoiled by the false gaits which they are taught. The Virginians are wretched horsemen. They sit with their toes right under the horse's nose, their stirrups being left extremely long, and the saddle put about three or four inches forward on the mane. As for the management of the reins, it is what they have no conception of. A trot is odious to them, and they express the utmost astonishment at a person who can like that uneasy gait, as they call it. The favorite gaits which all their horses are taught, are a pace and a *wrack*. In the first, the animal moves his two feet on one side at the same time, and gets on with a sort of shuffling motion, being unable to spring from the ground on these two feet, as in a trot. We should call this an unnatural gait, as none of our horses would ever move in this manner without a rider; but the Americans insist that it is otherwise, because many of their foals pace as soon as born. These horses are called "natural pacers" and it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to make them move in any other manner. But it is not one horse in five hundred that would pace without being taught. In the *wrack*, the horse gallops with his forefeet, and trots with those behind. This is a gait equally devoid of grace, and equally contrary to nature; it is very fatiguing also to the horse; but the Virginian finds it more conducive to his ease than a fair gallop, and this circumstance banishes every other consideration. From *Weld's Travels*, page 139. 1795-1797.

The fashion of adopting children has always been in vogue among our affectionate southern colored people. Possibly, because relationships were traceable as among primitive peoples through the mothers more often than on the paternal side; the feeling is so kind, the mother inclination so strong with them, they who have so faithfully mammied and wet-nursed us all.

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"Ef a woman ain't got no chillun, it's jes' natchel she want' t' 'dopt 'em; bleege' to have comp'ny. Man, he 'way all day, ef he wuth the salt in he' bread an' she settin' roun' all by 'erse'f all day. An' ef she got plenty chillun of her own, den one or two mo' don't make no speck o' diffunce—ten is jest same as nine, an' 'leven is jest same as ten. Now, ain't it?"

The little adopted ones may be relatives, in those easy-going conditions to which we are all accustomed; too many questions are not asked; accidents happen in the best regulated families and "engagement babies" or maybe mere poor relations, all are gathered in; (I assure you that well-to-do colored people have their poor relations, "even as you and I"). They draw their full share of the ham-fat and the bacon, the corn-pone, hominy and cabbage. Corn-pone and cabbage! Fried chicken too, much oftener than we ever see it.

Life is very easy for them; the season is long and the ground productive; they raise their own poultry right along with their own progeny, and so many, many hands and feet make the slip-shod life hardly a tax on anyone. One of a family may work for a few days at a time, and the ready money thus acquired lasts a long time. If the mother cooks in some house where provisions are ample—stingy people cannot keep a cook—she takes home each night enough to feed the little mouths; big dishes of vegetables are prepared and enormous bakings of bread, and all that is left over is regarded as perquisites and lawful prey. The simple process of baking daily in excess of the requirements, supplies with-

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out obvious loss a second house. It is the exceptional cook who does not resort to this simple expedient. She cannot be in two places at once. She cannot cook for me, and feed her own houseful at the same time. If I want a cook I accept this condition—a matter of general agreement.

Quality folks don't like cold roast beef and soup made out of ham bones. These left-overs are lawful "perkisutes." The Lord provides the meat for the house, hot, and for the cabin cold. And a little informal borrowing does no harm. White folks is mighty careless, keeping no account of their pots and pans and preserving kettles and wash-tubs; hoes and spades and scythes and rakes take legs and wander of themselves, away from the barns where they belong. The Lord permits this happy-go-lucky system to prevail among the Sons of Mary, in order that the Sons of Martha may also be provided for. And in spite of all meddlesome propaganda and sentimental trouble-making, there is plenty of good feeling still between the white people in the big houses and the colored people in the little houses, and there will be, so long as there is good food and plenty of it.—Glory be to God.

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CHAPTER III

We start from home, the Old Virginia Seminary, on all our joy rides—Phillips Brooks a student here—Bishop Meade on the First Families of Virginia—Missionaries, do not try to missionary them, let them missionary you—The buildings used as a hospital by the Federal forces during the Civil war—The negro preacher a born orator, he expounds the difference between knowledge and faith.

TWO hundred and fifty feet above the Potomac, three miles west of Alexandria, seven miles south of Washington, there is a green hill from which rises a queer old tower—a heathenish old tower arched like a Moorish mosque, capped like a Chinese pagoda, but surmounted by a Cross. The Theological Seminary in Virginia. From this same unspeakable tower, which in spite of its architectural grotesqueness we could not spare—it has dominated the sky line for so many years—it has always been the fashion for young ladies with a predisposition toward Episcopal theological students, and young gentlemen with the laudable ambition of becoming bishops, to view the sunset, the National Capitol, the Potomac River, the beauties of nature—especially as reflected in each other's eyes. Also by moonlight and starlight—an admirable place for meditation: for the surrendering of the soul to holy moods, the arousing of worshipful emotions, in no way interrupted by the holding of a sympathetic hand.

Phillips Brooks—one of the most distinguished graduates of the institution—brought his New England



THE SEMINARY GATE, MINNIGERODE MEMORIAL

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY E. F. ANDREWS

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conscience into Virginia at an unseasonable time, and has described his impressions of the Seminary in no very flattering terms; he was at first quartered in the low-roofed attic of the old house known as The Wilderness where, being over six feet tall, he could not stand up. The missionary zeal he displayed on behalf of the negroes whom he little understood, did not tend to make him popular at a time when partisan feeling was running high.

When later he moved from the attic of The Wilderness into a room in St. George's Hall, where he could at least stand up to all his inches, he adapted himself somewhat to the customs of the community and became reconciled to such tasks as cutting his own wood and bringing in his own water (such students as wished to wash and be warm were expected so to do); he became quite happy, devoted more time to well-bred girls, and less time to negroes, and overcame some of his preconceived ideas.

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The first President of the Virginia Theological Seminary was Bishop Richard Channing Moore, second Bishop of Virginia; somewhat austere as holy men are prone to be; the second President was Bishop William Meade, third Bishop of Virginia, who knew not only all the thirty-nine articles backwards and forwards, up and down, but was an encyclopedia of the First Families of Virginia—an even more intricate study! He wrote a book about them, which remains an authority even

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unto this day. If by any chance, you, Reader, live in Virginia, and fail to find some of your forebears listed in this book, let me beg of you, as one well-versed in the psychology of this great old state—depart hence, before you are found out!

The first Dean of the Seminary was the Rev. Ruel Keith, he who married Robert E. Lee to the heiress of Arlington that rainy June evening in 1832—when, arriving drenched at the mansion, there was no alternative but that he, a very tall man of God, should don some dry, though abbreviated habiliments belonging to the master, George Washington Parke Custis, a jolly gentleman whose legs were short though his head was long and who was by no means ecclesiastically inclined. Dr. Keith was succeeded by Dr. William Holland Wilmer, member of a family widely beloved; so on down through a long list of good men to the present Dean, the Rev. Berryman Green, who has uncomplainingly married and baptized and buried the members of my own connection in four generations.

Great stress has been laid upon the name, "The Theological Seminary *in* Virginia" rather than "of" Virginia! And as far back as 1856 the Alumni were of thirty states! Between the years 1830 and 1905 there were fifty Bishops who had been Virginia students, and the pride of the old place has ever been its foreign missionaries.

The negro preacher is a born orator, and sometimes a logician.

Brother Jackson, famous in our county as a shepherd

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of the sheep, one who I fear, was not averse to gathering the lambs into his bosom, though that is not here nor there—confessed to both these gifts. His most famous sermon was on Knowledge And Faith. The text, "Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen."

"Dat mought seem lak a hard sayin', mah Bredderen an' mah Sisteren; but to de seein' eye and de incompatible mind an' de ornstandin' heart it ain't no puzzlement whatsomever. Knowledge am KNOWIN'; Faith am GUESSIN'. Dat's de circumventions of de whole matter. Now, dem six leetle chilluns yo' see in dat pew, wid Sis' Susan Jorhnson at one en', and Brudder Sam'l Johnson at 'udder en',—well Sis' Susan, she know dem chilluns is hern; dat's KNOWLEDGE. Brudder Jorhnson, he b'lieve an' he hopes dem chilluns is hisn—dat's FAITH."

Tall and of ebony hue, blue in the high-lights as he mops his perspiring brow, and surveys the awe-struck congregation over the tops of his enormous spectacles, Brother Jackson is a type not soon to be forgotten. He makes a mighty show of turning the pages of the big, shabby old Bible, moistening his great flat thumbs and fluttering the leaves of the Holy Book. He has memorized many passages and he strings them together, having finally gone through the motions of finding the place, and he mixes the subtle reasoning of St. Paul with the amazing symbolism of St. John in Patmos, throwing in a bit of the prophecies of Isaiah, and as much of terrifying hell-fire as the nerves of his hearers can stand.

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The volume of melody that rises from the poor little church and fills the night air around as the congregation unite in the singing of the sweet old revival hymns, compensates the stranger for any inconvenience of any nature whatsoever, attendant upon his having visited the church. A real negro religious service is something to see. It is, to the interested observer, a piece of psychological experience.

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The weird sweetness of the negro melodies entered into the very soul of the southern child. Often the hymns were improvised, first one singer and then another, adding a verse, until the songs became an interminable recitative. Very popular was the repetition three times of the same line, with a refrain; as in the case of the familiar "Way over in de Promis' Land."

This will be remembered by most southerners of my generation for we heard it rising and falling, in kitchen, field and nursery, sometimes as a solo, sometimes as a chorus, and sometimes with intense dramatic interpretation in the litany form, thrice repeated interrogation answered in chorus by the assurance in a mightily volume of sound, that the person or persons, referred to, are " 'Way over in de Promis' Land."

In this particular song, great rivalry was registered as to knowledge of biblical history, and it was surprising that those who could not read, were able to carry in their memories so many names, often in correct chronological order.

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Beginning with Adam running through the Kings and Prophets to the New Testament and ending with St. John in Patmos—from Genesis, truly, to Revelation.

Where, oh where, is Father Adam?

Where, oh where, is Father Adam?

Where, oh where, is Father Adam?

'Way over in de Promis' Land!

So the inquiry is made as to "Cain an' Abel." Where, oh where, is Mistah Noah? Where, oh where, is good ole Moses? Where, oh where, is de Hebrew Chillum? Where, oh where, is Jephthah's daughter? Where, oh where, is Jeremiah? And after the thrice-repeated question the always vociferous announcement in chorus, "'Way over in de Promis' Land!"

Exhausting the Old Testament, the query follows—

Where, oh where, is the Virgin Mary?

Where, oh where, is the Virgin Mary?

Where, oh where, is the Virgin Mary?

'Way over in de Promis' Land!

Where, oh where, is John de Baptis'? Where, oh where, is Saul o' Tarsus? Where, oh where, is dem *E*-phesians? Where, oh where, is dem *Co*-rinthians?—until having thoroughly investigated the whereabouts of the apostles, saints, converts and martyrs, we arrive at the Isle of Patmos with a final inquiry as to the venerable St. John—(in Patmos), phonetically rendered:

Where, oh where, is Johnny Pat-i-mus?

Where, oh where, is Johnny Pat-i-mus?

Where, oh where, is Johnny Pat-i-mus?

'Way over in de Promis' Land!

CHAPTER IV

Prowling in Alexandria with Cousin Sally and a "Northern Lady"—Rivalry of May and Daisy to astonish the "Northern Lady"—The old slave "Pen"—We pick up Cousin Sally—She discusses Abingdon, birthplace of Nellie Custis, and brags of the official crimes committed in Alexandria—How the early Baptists fared—National Masonic George Washington Memorial—"The Blue Door"—A great-grandson of Jefferson—Old Colross and the Carlyle House—The Braddock Road.

AS we leave the Seminary, our Northern guest tucked in between us, we bear down hill, passing Malvern, the home of the beloved Bishop Johns, which Gen. Phil. Kearney of the United States Army used as his headquarters during the Civil War. The view from this old house is enchanting, overlooking the river and the flats known as Hunting Creek, between Alexandria and Mt. Vernon, which, by the way, derived its first name from these low waters, having been called Hunting Creek until the name was changed to Mt. Vernon. Lawrence Washington changed the name in honor of the great English Admiral.

Just as May points this out to the Northern Lady, Daisy calls her attention to an old house where General Washington is supposed to have gone to school and next to it on the left, the site of a Federal Camp, on the estate of General Samuel Cooper; the breastworks and trenches, covered with honeysuckle, running par-

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allel with the road: and beyond, homes built by the grandsons and great-grandsons of the Confederate Adjutant General, a small paradise on the spot of the ancestral mansion, razed to the ground in 1862.

Turning left, we follow the Little River Turnpike, a historic road right into Old Alexandria. On Duke Street we show her a plain brick building known in old days as "The Pen." This was the Slave Market, the headquarters of slave-dealers. The house was commandeered in 1862 by the Federal Army.

Such a place was in itself a disgrace to humanity, viler than the vilest prison of our day. The wretched creatures crowded together, the air insufferable; on market days the auctions, the block, the drinking, the bargaining. Thank God, our country has passed from under *that* cloud! A member of the Virginia Legislature, we tell our friend, is reported to have said, in the House, on Lincoln's birthday, 1928, that "every southern gentleman today holds Abraham Lincoln's views on slavery."

We show her where on the stairs of the old Marshall Hotel, on King Street, a young Federal officer was shot down by James Jackson, the proprietor, when he tore down the Confederate flag. This was the handsome Major Ellsworth, of that great old family of whom our friend's grandmother was one. His soldiers bayoneted old James Jackson through and through. A good man, too.

We have picked up Cousin Sally; she is well bundled up—her habiliments as historic as her blood. She is a

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leading member of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. She is wearing all of her insignia. The Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede, the Daughters of 1812, the Daughters of the Confederacy. She is loaded "for bear."

"Cousin Sally," says Daisy, as she humps her in—"fasten your coat—you will get pneumonia." But Cousin Sally makes a gesture mysterious and significant by which we understand that the stranger's attention must be first directed to all these dingle-dangles, even at the risk of pneumonia.

"Cousin Sally," says May, "haven't you a new badge on?"

"Yes, my dear," says Cousin Sally, opening her coat and displaying the array of baubles, "The United Daughters of Jericho!" Whereupon she looks important, buttons her coat, and Daisy steps on the gas.

Alexandria is now a city of many banks, says Cousin Sally, yet not a bank president of them all knows even where the Bank of the Old Dominion stood. She has a picture of it for the benefit of the Northern lady, the Federal soldiers grouped about its Doric portico, a few negroes loafing near, one holding a "hoss for a gent'man—" and the cobble-stones, the cobble-stones—now almost, but not quite, passed into history!

Cousin Sally is fond of collecting photographs and making extracts from reports and histories; her bag pops open with them instead of money. She always hopes to provoke an agreeable argument by their means.

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"I make a collection of these quotations from official sources," says Cousin Sally, "because it is hard to convince people that when we make statements we are not speaking from prejudice."

Always a little suspicious of anyone born north of Mason and Dixon, Cousin Sally assures the Northern Lady that Alexandria has as many official crimes to its discredit as Salem, Massachusetts. Cousin Sally wishes to boast of her own town, even of its historic cruelties.

"We never had any witches here," she announces as a sort of challenge, "or we would have burned them; but we had the pillory and the whipping-post, and our criminals were dealt with as they deserved." Putting her two thin hands around her scrawny throat, she demonstrated the fashion in which the head of the offender was clamped in the pillory—"and his hands and feet too," she explained, "while his, or her, naked back was flayed with the cat-o-nine-tails, just as he deserved, with all the town looking on."

At the Court House, Cousin Sally reminded us that in 1768 Alexandria handled with some severity the new sect of Baptists, led by a convert from the Anglican church. Their leader, Jeremiah Moore, was accused of preaching 'some heresy called *religious freedom*; in fact he may have put the idea of the Statute for Religious Freedom into the mind of Thomas Jefferson. He died in 1826, the same year as Jefferson. At any rate, the tradition is that having narrowly escaped a

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ducking he was put in jail, and being a hard-headed Baptist, poured his unorthodox oratory forth into the street from the jail windows to the edification of the proletariat of Alexandria and the irritation of "persons of the better sort." Patrick Henry found him a client recalcitrant and obstinate. He seems to have been of the type of Martin Luther and John Bunyan, yes, with a little dash of Brigham Young, for he was a pre-potent old fellow, too, and his descendants are as many as the sands of the sea.

This old fellow, as you may have gathered, was constitutionally "agin the government." He delegated to no one his responsibilities and answered to no one but God for his opinions, creed or conduct. His final word of defiance was thrown back from the grave to the rulers of the land, by a striking comment upon the courts of justice incorporated in his will:

. . . All the remainder of my estate I give unto my beloved wife, Lydia Moore—but she shall not be required to take out letters of administration, give any security, or have any appraisement, whatever the law may say to the contrary notwithstanding; for I have more confidence in her justice, integrity and uprightness, than in all the courts that ever *set* either in this commonwealth or elsewhere.

This choice tid-bit Cousin Sally disgorges triumphantly from her bag, copied in her neat hand from some old record. Her items may savor slightly of unpleasantness, but they are authentic. She prowls around in her spare time (and all her time is spare time) digging up disconcerting information from parish registers



TUDOR PLACE, GEORGETOWN

HOME OF THE PETERS FAMILY, DESCENDANTS OF MARTHA WASHINGTON

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and court records, from musty old files and ledgers, with which she springs at the throat of a self-satisfied and too complacent society.

With her weather eye upon me, she asks—and there is a challenge in her tone—"Have you taken your friend to see the birthplace of Nellie Custis?" To which in a cringing spirit I reply, "Well—no, Cousin Sally. You see the old house is off the line—of course when the new Mount Vernon Memorial Boulevard comes through—and then it is really such a wreck—until a Henry Ford or somebody falls in love with it—"

Ignoring me, Cousin Sally turns her attention to the Northern Lady: "Well, you should go to Abingdon¹ at any rate, as it was the original home of the Alexanders, who owned every inch of this territory from Washington to Alexandria and from whom General Washington bought this house for his wife's son when he married Eleanor Calvert. Four children were born to them, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Law, Martha, who married Thomas Peter, and lived at Tudor Place—that's how the Peters got so many Washington relics—Martha inherited them from her grandmother and namesake. Eleanor, this Nellie, who was a great favorite with the general and on her father's death was

¹ "Abingdon," the house in which Nellie Custis was born, the oldest colonial house in the vicinity of Washington, was burned to the ground in the spring of 1930. It had been a mere shell for many years, railway barns, soap factories, and other places of that sort closing it in. Nothing is now left but the site, Alexandria garden clubs having bought the old brick for the restoration of the wall around the garden of Gadsby's Tavern, Alexandria, a place rich in historic association.

adopted with her baby brother by General Washington—her step-grandpa. The baby brother was born at Mt. Vernon, and named George Washington Parke Custis—we have a way of giving family names in the South—I have been told this is less customary in the North”—and so in her disjointed sentences and always with the tincture of disapproval of something or somebody, Cousin Sally rambled on with her reminiscences, some things that she knew, some that she guessed at—finally returning to Jeremiah Moore.

While the Baptists in Alexandria celebrate his incarceration with memorial exercises, and give pageants of his life and the persecutions he endured, and mark with tablets the places where he preached, Cousin Sally declares to us that the story is an invention, that old Jeremiah Moore got no nearer Alexandria than Fredericksburg. But she proudly informs the Northern Lady that at this very Court House in the same year, we put the heads of several negroes upon spikes atop the chimneys—slaves who had been convicted of a plot to murder their over-seers—in fact, *had* poisoned them—and had been hanged in consequence.

Parking the car, we walked along the docks, into the little by-ways leading to the river, snooped around some fine old houses fallen upon evil days, and discussed the development of this river port, itself a thing of the past, which had profited tremendously by the ill fortune of its neighbor, the little town of Dumfries, through which we soon expected to pass.

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Just before the tourist turns into the old town of Alexandria, forerunner of Washington as one of the chief ports on the Potomac, he sees the towering structure of the new Masonic Temple, to be completed by the two hundredth birthday of the greatest of American Masons, an enterprise of the George Washington National Masonic Association. The building is on the crest of Shooter's Hill, a handsome elevation on the outskirts of the city, commanding an extensive view of the Potomac valley and the thickly populated district lying between Alexandria and Washington, all of which is a development of the past forty years. I well remember the stretches of swamp, the scattered cottages, and the extensive uncultivated tracts that lay between the two cities.

In this Memorial Temple will be housed priceless Masonic treasures and precious Washingtonia, toward which the reverent feet of all America, but especially of the Masonic Orders, will wend their way on pilgrimages for many generations to come.

We were thrilled to see, as we crossed the Highway bridge (successor to the historic old "Long Bridge") one September day, the first scows unload the stone for the "rip-rap" or retaining walls. Starting at the west end of Arlington, at the south end of the Lincoln-Lee bridge, this boulevard will skirt the Potomac on the southern bank, passing the ruins of "Abingdon," following Washington Street, Alexandria, its full length to Hunting Creek.

The Blue Door, on Wolfe Street, had intrigued our

Northern guest; one of the oldest houses in Alexandria. She said it has a New England atmosphere. It is a small house, its walls are of solid brick covered with weather-boarding, its garden is full of crippled old shrubs, its paling fence is here and there deficient but curves gracefully and hospitably toward the entrance, on either side of a walk of heavy stone slabs. Within one wanders about among high-boys and low-boys, Sheraton tables and Eli Terry clocks, and covets the bits of lustre and Spode and Canton and Minton which the enterprising little great-great-granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall has collected. The low-roofed kitchen with its gigantic fire-place and ponderous iron crane, its tripod and old spits and skillets and iron and copper pots, has been converted into a studio, and there the Northern Lady found the descendant of the great Chief Justice repainting the breeches of two iron Hessians—andirons of the early Continental period.

After the Revolutionary War the "embattled farmers" enjoyed using these effigies of Great Britain's hirelings in so humble a capacity, and relieved their feelings by spitting tobacco juice upon them. The affluent Northern Lady unbosomed herself of a good round sum and ordered the Hessians to be sent to her northern address as souvenirs of Alexandria along with the Paisley shawl which had taken her fancy. Glory be to God, it was Cousin Sally's shawl! The best use she could make of it was to put it on sale at the Blue Door—some Yankee might buy it! The Northern Lady also asked to stop and cash a check, so we stopped at Burke and Herbert's, and met Harry, who is a great-great-



RUINED COLROSS, ALEXANDRIA

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grandson of Thomas Jefferson and looks exactly like him; Cousin Sally winked at Daisy, as much as to say, "I wonder how all this blue blood impresses her?"

Her own mother having been a Schuyler and her father a Morris, she never thought of it at all!

In my childhood an old house called Colross stood on the outskirts of Alexandria, and was the home of Mr. William A. Smoot, whose daughter Betty was a schoolmate of my sister and myself. Mr. Smoot's wife was a lovely woman, of the great McGuire family, who have furnished generations of beloved physicians to the state of Virginia. Everybody was at home at Colross, but in the carelessness of youth none of us concerned ourselves as to the history of the great old house. There was the usual hall running through it, the slave quarters to each side, and the arched corridors from the outside kitchens and rooms where the heavy work was done. All of the best old brick, and the best type of Georgian architecture.

The section of Alexandria in the direction of Washington had not then been built up with lumber yards and coal yards and cheap tenements; the railroads had not hedged the house in on both sides; Colross was more than aristocratic, almost isolated, a fine suburban residence which we regarded with great respect.

Its history, as I acquainted myself with it long years after our childhood's familiarity, is interesting. In 1785, a gentleman from Massachusetts, answering to the famous name of Jonathan Swift, arrived in Alexandria, and soon became what is termed a "prominent

citizen." In his official capacity as Consul for several counties, he was efficient during the war of 1812-14, in protecting property in the town during the occupancy of the British, for which the citizens held him in great esteem. His marriage with a daughter of General Robe-deau further endeared him to the community, and after building Bel Air, as Colross was first called, and raising a large family, he was accounted a true son of the soil. The ground on which he built, however, belonged to the great Alexander estates, and when he died in 1824, considerably in debt on the ground rent, the Alexanders again took possession.

The joint owners were Gustavus Brown Alexander and his sister Mrs. Susan Pearson Chapman. Gustavus was addicted to looking upon the wine when it was red and he was also a notorious gambler. One night he got into a game with Thomson Mason, and they played till morning. After losing everything negotiable that he possessed, Gustavus in the spirit of the sportsman, staked, and lost, his mansion. Large sums of money had changed hands during the night, but the slave who served the drinks witnessed the secreting of the funds in a sideboard drawer, and when his masters were unobservant, being finally quite overcome with wine, this wily individual got away with the cash and was never heard of again.

Morning brought to Gustavus a painful realization of the predicament into which he had got himself, but all efforts to reason with or appeal to Mr. Mason were without effect. He would have his pound of flesh. Then

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a brother, Lee Massie Alexander, the family lawyer, advised Gustavus that a loophole might be found in the fact that his sister, Mrs. Chapman, was joint heir with him, and he could not hypothecate nor gamble away what belonged to her. Therefore Mr. Mason's claim was not valid.

But here enters the female of the species—not always reckoned with. It seems that the sister, Mrs. Chapman, was just at this inconvenient moment a convert to religion, having been recently confirmed at Christ Church, and taking the matter very seriously. She therefore in this financial crisis, made a most edifying and unexpected example of faith, steadfastly refusing to assist her brother in evading his obligation, a debt of honor, as it was considered; no, Mrs. Chapman stood to lose her interest in this handsome inheritance, rather than take advantage of the law! And Thomas Mason took, and kept, Colross.

His superstitious neighbors saw, in many tragic happenings that overtook him and his, a vengeance of the Lord upon him. The wise ones shook their heads and quoted from Romans XII, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord." His children met with fatal accidents, his house fell into dis-repair and neglect. Finally the unmarked graves of his family were plowed up and the bones removed. It was a melancholy tale, of which remains but a few vague memories in the minds of surviving octogenarians, and the fallen walls of the once noble house he won on a gamble.

After the death of our childhood friend, Mrs. Smoot,

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and the establishment of her children in other homes, Colross fell indeed upon evil days; long after it was not even weather-proof it was inhabited by very poor and miserable persons. But in the spring of 1929 this masterpiece of colonial architecture was rescued from its desolation by Mr. John R. Munn, by whom it has been bodily removed to the last brick and bit of copper guttering, for re-erection on a large estate near Princeton, New Jersey.

Of these wealthy Alexanders who owned all the land between Washington and Alexandria, for whom Alexandria is named, there is much to be told. The finest houses throughout this district were theirs, or built by them. Many of these are again in the possession of descendants—Mrs. William A. Smoot was a descendant, and when Colross was bought by her husband, it was ancestral property to which she returned. Mount Ida, a beautiful home on a hill between Washington and Alexandria, now occupied by Richard Washington, was an Alexander place, also a case of the descendant securing after many changes an ancestral home.

Our cousin Mollie, who at the age of eighty commenced to write the History of Alexandria, illustrating her book with her own pen-and-ink drawings, lives with her pretty daughter on top of a high terraced hill at Braddock Heights, viewing the Potomac Valley, to the north, the city of Washington, to the south the town of Alexandria, as she pursued her pleasant task. The

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very road along which General Braddock travelled passes by her door, and she is familiar with the story of Braddock's disasters to the last moment of his ill-starred life.

He had drilled his men in the Market Place, he had visited Mr. John Carlyle in his fine mansion, and had wine and dined at Gadsby's Tavern, across the way. The great men of that day gathered under the hospitable roof of Mr. Carlyle, who though born in Scotland, had come early as a pioneer to Dumfries, and thence to settle in Bellhaven, as Alexandria was known in that day; by his marriage with Sarah Fairfax of Belvoir he had identified himself with the cream of the aristocracy, and he built a house which soon became a social center.

A staunch Presbyterian, at the same time a wine-merchant, was this John Carlyle; a not impossible combination in that era of good living. His wine cellars are a sight to see, great stone cellars under the old house, said to have been sometimes used as prisons for slaves, but really never put to that use, though they served as strong dungeons for the Hessian prisoners confined in Alexandria. The mahogany woodwork of the Carlyle house, and its outlook over the river, across a terraced garden, are all matters of romantic interest to architects, historians and horticulturists, today as then, and one of its handsomest rooms is reproduced in the Metropolitan Museum in New York in the American Wing.

It was here that many important conferences took place, and from this house General Braddock, pom-

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pous and opinionated, went forth to meet his fate in 1755. The line of Braddock's march starting from Alexandria, bears this way, toward the Virginia Theological Seminary, through Alexandria County and Fairfax County, winding around the hills and bearing due west. The Colonial Dames have put a marker at the intersection of the highway and the Braddock road, a pile of the infamous cobble-stones which mark this section of the country, out of which the Hessian prisoners managed to build the indestructible but all-destroying paved streets of Alexandria. This pile of stones is surmounted by a cannon, and bears the inscription necessary to commemorate the passing of Braddock's army. All that remains of this road is three miles of concrete roadway, ending at the cross-roads, and becoming a red dirt lane, almost impassable in bad weather. It runs another mile and a half, with Araby, the home of the George Wises, on the left, and Menokin, the estate of Cassius Lee, on the right, both properties now in other hands; here the old road reaches The Fort, a Federal fort of Civil War times, with the trenches and breastworks still standing, the red clay reminding one of blood. This land is all owned since the Civil War by colored persons, whose ancestors took title soon after the Emancipation, and among whom, generation after generation, the original holdings have been divided and subdivided. At The Fort, the Braddock road ends in a pocket, or blind road; it goes no further; a scrub forest has closed it, and the lovely views of Washington and the surrounding country are almost lost.

CHAPTER V

In a tobacco factory, 1860—We hear from Mr. Weld again—The lost port of Dumfries, built by Scotch merchants in 1748—Allan Macrae gives to the town a tract of many acres—Davy Burns—Alexander Henderson—George Mason of "Gunston Hall"—Ledgers in the Congressional Library show small sums of money advanced by the local merchant, Richard Dunlop, to one George Washington—Letter from George Washington, mentioning two weddings—Letters of the hard-boiled uncle, Richard Henderson, to his nephew, Alexander Henderson—And a letter from George Mason to Mr. Henderson, advising him as to the mixing of mortar for his house—Preamble to George Mason's will.

IN A TOBACCO FACTORY, 1860, VIRGINIA

We're crowded, crowded, crowded, all together,
It's a' awful nasty place, a factor-ee;
Through all de golden, early autumn weather
We're packed like herrin's in a kaig, we be.
Them as is young an' spry, gits to de winders,
'Cause dey make better time dan you an' me;
Even when mah eyes ain't full o' snuff an' cinders,
Dis cornder is so dark Ah cyarnt ha'f see.
It's singin' he'ps to do de stringin', Honey.
Start up a hymn-chune—mek dem niggers sing;
Meks better time, an' time, you knows, is money,
An' fellow-feelin' is a pleasant thing——

There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Emanuel's veins—

An' sinners plung'd beneath dat flood

Lose all dere guilty stains,

Lose all dere guilty stains—

An' sinners plung'd beneath dat flood

Lose all dere guilty stains——

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The accommodations at the taverns along this road I found most wretched; nothing was to be had but rancid fish, fat salt pork, and bread made of Indian corn. For this indifferent fare I had also to wait sometimes an hour or two. Indian cornbread, if well made, is tolerably good, but very few people can relish it on the first trial; it is a coarse, strong kind of bread, which has something the taste of that made from oats. . . .

As for my horses, they were almost starved. Hay is scarcely ever made use of in this part of the country, but in place of it they feed their cattle upon fodder, that is, the leaves of the Indian corn plant. . . .

Throughout the lower parts of the country in Virginia, and also in that part of Maryland next to it, there is scarcely a petty tavern without a billiard room, and this is always full of a set of idle, low-lived fellows, drinking spirits or playing cards, if not engaged at the table. Cockfighting is also another favorite diversion. It is chiefly, however, the lower class of people who partake of these amusements at the taverns; in private there is, perhaps, as little gambling in Virginia as in any other part of America. The circumstance of having the taverns infested by such a set of people renders travelling extremely unpleasant. Many times I have been forced to proceed much farther in a day than I have wished, in order to avoid the scenes of rioting and quarrelling that I have met with at the taverns, which it is impossible to escape as long as you are in the house where they are carried on, for every apartment is considered as common, and that room in which a stranger sits down is sure to be the most frequented.

Whenever these people come to blows, they fight just like wild beasts, biting, kicking, and endeavoring to tear each other's eyes out with their nails. It is by no means uncommon to meet with those who have lost an eye in a combat; and there are men who pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can scoop one out. This is called *gouging*. To perform this horrid operation, the combatant twists his forefingers

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in the side locks of his adversary's hair, and then applies his thumbs to the bottom of the eye, to force it out of the socket. If ever there is a battle in which neither of those engaged loses an eye, their faces are however generally cut in a shocking manner with the thumb nails in the many attempts which are made at gouging.—From *Weld's Travels*, page 137, 1795–1797.

BETWEEN Alexandria and Fredericksburg—near Quantico, the joy rider passes through a shabby village, which, unless advised beforehand, he might scarcely notice—Dumfries. Broken paving, muddy side roads, fallen walls and melancholy chimneys left standing guard over the wrecks of ancient homes; old cemeteries, their gray slabs some of them two centuries old, fallen askew; old wharves on Quantico creek, groaning in their decay under the load of earth washed down upon them from the hills, destroying their purpose and burying them under a black alluvial soil as the years have passed. The Chappawamsic Swamp spreading beauty and miasma, a breeding place for mosquitoes, a foreground for artists, who can but love the tall cat-tails and arrow-shaped leaves of the pickeril, the green scum with its swollen bubbles, the clear patches of water reflecting the sky in broken bits—such broken bits of heaven as earth throws back. The straggling population of this little village seems listless and discouraged. The futility of the place itself has stamped them; they are kindly and slow and seem to have dropped out of life, as Dumfries did when the river passed it by. They have no more to do with the rushing tide of traffic than

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the town has had to do, for many and many a year, with the triumphal pageants of the Potomac River.

Solemnity lies on this dead town; the unwatched winds have reaped and sown upon its slopes, the unbridled rains have stolen its harbors, driving down the soil that has filled them in, buried its wharves and laid low its pride.

Old Dumfries built by Scotch merchants in 1748 on a creek called by the Indians Quantico, at its junction with the Potomac, at the head of the tide water, was familiar with strange jargon and picturesque figures as vessels from Bremen, Calcutta, Liverpool and Glasgow unloaded their cargoes and took on freight for the return voyages.

The east met the west in these early days, and the Red Indian looked on in silence. Old records show that the exports in the year 1794 amounted to \$85,635.00.

It was a thriving town—with its wharves, its great tobacco warehouses, theatre and churches, until the shifting sands which have proved ruinous to many famous sea and river ports, proved its undoing too. Then the population deserted and the very bricks of its foundations were moved away. The little abandoned town became a prey to fire and flood.

Dumfries itself can never have been more than the port and business center of the aristocratic community of country gentry of Prince William County.

General Washington was a frequent visitor at Dumfries not only to his friends in that vicinity but to the taverns, churches and theatre. His diary of Janu-



Lavette, Margaret, Dix Post Ltd

THE HENDERSON HOUSE, DUMFRIES, VIRGINIA

Water Colour by A. L. Johnston

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ary 2, 1771, records a visit to the theatre, and March 16, 1775, found him in Dumfries reviewing the Independent Military Company of Prince William County.

The Virginia Gazette of May 16, 1777, shows that a military hospital camp for the inoculation of soldiers before they were regularly enrolled in the Continental Army was established here, printing an order by Col. Charles Lewis ordering such companies as have not generally had the smallpox to march by way of Dumfries where a Continental surgeon would attend to the inoculation of troops marching northward.

An interesting petition of December 2, 1762, was presented to the Virginia House of Burgesses by Allan Macrae offering a tract of many acres belonging to himself, in fee simple to the town for its enlargement and the public benefit.

Among these pioneer Scotchmen trading with the Indians were the ancestors of that Davy Burns who was the owner of the land where the present Capitol of the United States is situated, whose lovely daughter, Marcia Burns, the queen of all hearts in her day, married General Van Ness. The old Van Ness house was a favorite subject for the art students of my young days, the Pan-American, Red Cross, Continental Hall and Corcoran Art Gallery buildings now occupying its site and acreage.

Among the most prosperous families of early Dumfries were the Hendersons, whose solid old mansion built about 1784, still stands.

Before Alexandria, Georgetown or Washington had

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been thought of, Colchester and Dumfries were important towns, and Bishop Meade—grouping the churches and the First Families of Virginia in that delightfully intimate fashion of his, gives us the lists of the vestrymen of these old churches.

In the Congressional Library may be seen the ledger of Richard Dunlop, merchant, in which not only purchases were charged to the resident gentry, but small loans advanced, even to the illustrious George Washington.

In all these lists the name of Henderson recurs; stock of a peculiar vigor. Alexander Henderson married Sallie Moore of Colchester, George Washington refers to it in this letter:

(From the writings of George Washington)
Ford Edition II, p. 362

Letter to Colonel Bassett.

Mount Vernon, 15 February, 1773.

Dear Sir:

Your favour of the 5th instant came to my hands in course of post last Thursday, and filled us with no small concern at the indisposition of yourself and family. Equally concerned am I to hear of the unhappy state of our paper currency, and that the interposition of the Assembly is thought necessary. Should this measure be resolved on, be so good as to advise me, whether it be intended that the country business generally shall be proceeded on, or this alarming affair of the money only taken into consideration. In the former case, I shall come down; in the latter, as the session will be short and my business obliges me to the Gen'l Court, I believe I shall decline it.

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Could there have been anything favorable said on the subject of corn, I should not have neglected advising you of it till this time. I have scarcely heard the name of corn mentioned since I left Williamsburg, and nothing can contribute more towards keeping down the price than the mildness of the winter hitherto, having had no snow to cover the ground here yet, and but little hard weather. I have a few hundred barrels of my own to sell, but have met with no offers for it as yet.

Our celebrated fortune, Miss French, whom half the world was in pursuit of, bestowed her hand on Wednesday last, being her birthday (you perceive I think myself under a necessity of accounting for the choice) upon Mr. Ben Dulany, who is to take her to Maryland in a month from this time. Mentioning of one wedding puts me in mind of another, tho' of less dignity; this is the marriage of Mr. Henderson (of Colchester) to a Miss Moore (of the same place) remarkable for a very frizzled head, and good singing, the latter of which I shall presume it was that captivated our merchant.

Mrs. Washington, Patsy Custis and Jack, who is now here, are much as usual, and the family not sicklier than common. Hoping this will find you perfectly restored, and the rest of the good folks of Eltham in better health than when you wrote last, I am with best wishes to Mrs. Bassett, yourself and the children, in which all here join.

A letter to Alexander Henderson at Dumfries, a lad of sixteen, from his uncle Richard Henderson, a merchant of Bladensburg, Maryland, indicates the characteristics of that age and of that sturdy Scotch strain, the serious views of life with which their elders sought to impress the youth; traits handed down to twentieth century American life, adapted to present day citizenship, modified, but bearing still the stamp of a Scotch

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ancestry in the Campbells, the Hendersons, the Macraes, the Frasers, the Bruces, of Virginia.

(From Richard Henderson to Master Alexander Henderson)

Bladensburg Feb^y 12, 1793.

Dear Sandie

There is a snow, & I am out of work. I will therefore copy the Indentures of the Company's clerks or assistants, that you may know the terms you will be upon, if your father places you with the Comp^y. I hope you will become fit for business, tho' there is a circumstance in your father's breed against you, namely, the youngest is the cleverest—Your father is the youngest son. Your uncle Cato too, I believe is the youngest son, for I hear he has the good sense to put Harry to the Plough with Rich, Willis, having observed, that books & fiddles will not cloath boys.—In the close of the indenture you will see it is always taken for granted, that apprentices have been taught prompt obedience, either by the instruction of their parents, or the lash of their schoolmasters—but lest the partialities of parents, or the flattery of school-masters, should have spoiled the tempers of the boys, or made them saucy or self-conceited, the Company will not be pestered with them, but immediately dismisses them, & when dismissed, they never return. These rules you know, are necessary, to hinder humoursome boys, from interrupting the attentions of men.—In one instance the Comp^y, at Cap^t Ross's desire, became schoolmasters, but they will not again. A Cousin of his, was, by some fond woman, taught to regard his *blood* more than his *merit*. The boy was young, had no independent fortune, any more than I had, or you will have; so we put him to a Stone-Cart, under a strict disciplinarian, and after a year or two when he repented of his folly, he was advanced a little, & is now in the Forge, promising to be a capital workman—His fortune is therefore made, if he chooses to earn it, if not, he will be dismissed, & no more thought of.

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You are nearly as old as I was, & are now sensible. My mother had humoured me too much; and my eldest brother was once obliged to threaten that he would throw me into the River, and I really thought he would do that, or worse, if I did not mend—I had got Latin, some Greek, & a little Logic, just enough to make me conceited and pert, & I thought, differently from others, that I could dance well—But he soon taught me, that other talents were necessary for my comfort in life, and I tried to learn them, so heartily, that in two years I got the management of a store. You are very conceited as I was yet I have no doubt but you have sense enough to surmount that, and not be called *manikin*, as the professor of Logic called *Homunculus*, for I did not then know the importance of modesty, nor had observed how many more were superiour to me, than inferiour, in all the qualities of real use to social happiness—In short I was a little conceited pedantic boy then—I conclude with great affection and hope to be with great esteem

Your loving uncle
R^d Henderson.

Master Alexander Henderson
Dumfries—

This Indenture made the day between A B——
of with the consent of his father C B hereto, signified
under his s^d father's hand and seal of the One part, & R H
& Co owners of the Works &c of the other part Witnesseth
that the same A B who will be 16 years of age on the 16th
day of March 1794 hereby binds himself an Apprentice to
the s^d R H & C^o & their successors until he shall be of full
age, during which time he shall faithfully, & in an honour-
able manner exert himself for the service of the s^d C^o, observ-
ing their directions & the directions of their managers, at
the s^d Works, or elsewhere where he may be sent on their
business, finding himself wearing apparel. In consideration

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whereof, the s^d C^o shall endeavour to instruct him in their business, they shall find him usual board, lodging, washing, & payment of his reasonable travelling expenses when he shall be sent on their business. And shall place him at the same table with their clerks or assistants, of whom he is designed to be one, & therefore he shall not directly or indirectly, either by himself, or by or in concern with any other person or persons, buy, sell, traffic, barter or deal in any way for his own use or account, except only buying his wearing apparel, but shall apply his whole time and attention to the business of s^d C^o. And in consideration of his faithful performance the s^d C^o shall on the 1st day of April pay to the s^d A B at the rate of Five pounds Current money of Maryl^d per annum from this date on the same in 1794 L10—on the same day in 1795 L15—on the same day in 1796 L20—on the same day in 1797 L25 and on the same day in 1798 L35 in full of all demands But if the s^d C^o or their Managers should find that the business will not suit the disposition of the s^d A B, they may at any time dismiss him, paying the Wages due—Witness the hands & seals of all the parties above named this day of

(Addressed) Master Alexander Henderson
Dumfries——

(In handwriting of Alex. Henderson)
(Copy of my indenture from R H)

(George Mason to Alexander Henderson; advice as to the building of his house at Dumfries)

Gunston Hall 18th July 1763

Dr. Sir

I would advise you to have your Cellars quite up to the Water-Table laid wth sound Bricks; Salmon Bricks are very apt to moulder in a Cellar when there is any Dampness, few are without: it is usual wth workmen to stowaway their bad

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

Bricks in the Cellars, not because they will last better there than in the other parts of the Building, but because they are more out of sight. Salmon Bricks (ma)y do very well for Inside-work above the Water-table & in the Breasts & bulky parts of Chimneys. When I built my House I was at the pains to measure all the Lime & Sand as my Mortar was made up & always had two Beds, one for outside-work $2/3$ ds Lime & $1/3$ Sand, the other equal parts of Lime & Sand for Inside-work—it is easily measured in any old Tub or Barrel, & there is no other way to be sure of having your mortar good without waste, & the different parts of Yr Building equally strong. The above proportion of Lime is greater than is generally used: but when you consider how much heavier the sand is, & how much closer it lies in measuring than the Lime You will find it not too much. If you have any good pit sand, out of your Cellars or well, it will make your mortar much tougher & stronger than it will be wth other sand, & in that Case the proportion of Lime may be something less. Next to pit sand the River Shoar Sand on fresh water is best, & the Sand in the road worst of all; as being very foul & full of Dust.

I wou'd by no means put any Clay or Loam in any of the Mortar; in the first place the mortar is not near so strong & besides from its being of a more soft & crumbly nature, it is very apt to nourish & harbour those pernicious little vermin the Cockroaches, who can't so easily penetrate into the strong harsh mortar made wth Lime & Sand only; & this I assure you is no slight Consideration; for I have seen some brick Houses so infested wth these Devils that a Man had better have lived in a Barne than in one of them.

I am afraid You will have but an indifferent Acct of Rich^d Mason's & Rob't. Speaker's Crop of Tob^o tho' it is not all yet prized up, so that I can't be certain as to the Quantity: I think Speaker's Share will not exceed five or six hundred & his Balce upon my Books is at this time 66/6 after giving him Cr^d

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by you for 84/. Whatever Dick Mason's Share is will be entirely coming to him, as he has no acc't wth me; but he had handled his Tob^o in so careless & slovenly a manner that more than half of it is rotten, & even the best of it I doubt will run some risque at the warehouse.

I send you all the Hair I have except a little I kept in Case we should have any small job to do. Melford tells me there is 18 Bushels of it.

I am dr Sir

Yr most Hble Sevt,
G. Mason.

George Mason of Gunston Hall, author of the Bill of Rights, was a Christian, a gentleman and a statesman. The preamble to his last Will and Testament, now in the archives of Fairfax Court House, is a bit of English so stately and so scholarly, that I cannot resist sharing it with you, who may not have time to stop at the Court House to examine the document for yourself:

I, George Mason of Gunston Hall in the parish of Truro and county of Fairfax, being of perfect and sound mind and Memory and in good health, but mindful of the uncertainty of human Life and the imprudence of a man's leaving his affairs to be settled upon a death bed, do make and appoint this my last Will and Testament—my soul I resign into the hands of my Almighty Creator, whose tender mercy's are over all his works, who hateth nothing that he hath made, and to the Justice and Wisdom of whose Dispensations I willingly and Chearfully submit hoping from his unbounded Mercy and benevolence, thro' the Merits of my blessed Savior, a remission of my sins—My body I desire to be decently buried at the Descretion of my Exors. herein after named, close by the side of my Dear and ever lamented wife—and as for



GEORGE MASON
AUTHOR OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS

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all the worldly estate with which it has pleased God to bless me, I dispose of it in manner and form following:

Impremis——

Another clause of this noble document, through which the phrases of the Church of England Book of Common Prayer run like a crimson thread, is as follows:

I recommend it to my sons from my own experience in life, to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station to the struggles and vexations of public business: but if either their inclinations or the necessities of the times should engage them in public affairs I charge them on a father's blessing never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty or disgrace or the fear of danger or of death to deter you from asserting the liberty of your country and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

(1763)

In the summer of 1929 there was wide-spread sorrow throughout the George Washington Country, upon the death of Mrs. Louis Hertle, who had been the gentle mistress of Gunston Hall for thirty years, during which time the famous house registered anew for gracious hospitality and was a Mecca for all distinguished visitors to the National Capital.

CHAPTER VI

Again with the "Northern Lady"—And Cousin Sally—Who admits there are some "excellent names" in the North—But doubts if they are derived from legitimate sources—In the territory of the baronial Fairfaxes—"Belvoir," of which no trace remains—We picnic—And Dearest-my-Dear learns about the velvet bee—Kenmore in Fredericksburg—Memorial to James Monroe—Mary Ball's home—Chatham—Letters of the Grand Duke Constantine and Commodore M. F. Maury.

IT is not nice to say that an elderly, ailing, female relative is a nuisance, yet there was never a kill-joy to equal Cousin Sally. And of all times and occasions a joy ride is no time to annex a kill-joy.

Experience might have taught Daisy and me not to take Cousin Sally again. But you know how it is with a person like Daisy. She never feels justified in using her own car and going her own way on her own money without the attendance of several poor relations. Whereas I think she and I and my own guest a good enough party, without filling the back seats with fretful old ladies.

Daisy suggests to me, delicately of course, but firmly, that the day is not far distant when I shall be numbered among these aged, ailing, female women, and that it behooves me to think with malice toward none and charity toward all; and then I say, "Suit yourself!

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Your bus. But mind my words, Cousin Sally will spoil the trip!"

My Northern friend was our guest of honor; but when Cousin Sally joined us I saw she was again loaded for bear. All of her aggressive local prejudices had been polished up for the occasion; her bag was bustin' with clippings and photographs. Every time we passed another car she emitted a squeal—enough to have run us into the ditch; every time a Ford appeared above the distant horizon she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, I see a man in a Ford"—the man and the Ford being half a mile behind us lost in dust and distance before she had finished the sentence, in her drawling voice.

Cousin Sally never could see why I had so many Northern friends; she supposed they must be my husband's relatives; but now that I was a widow, it was straining a point, she said, to keep up with all these people—even though she *could* understand that in view of the fact that my children *did* inherit an occasional legacy from that part of the world—after all, the blood—

Cousin Sally knew, but just could not believe, that the Seldens and Lords and Elys and Dudleys and Coffins of New England were of the same original stock as those families in Virginia—"With us," she would say, "those are excellent names." We always try to avoid the subject of pedigree when Cousin Sally is along, unless we are a party made up exclusively of Bishop Meade's First Families of Virginia.

We are in the territory of the great baronial house

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of Fairfax. Though there is little left of material reminder, those of us who know our Bishop Meade, know that this First Family of Virginia held sway over all this part of the Colony. They were feudal barons indeed, and their lands were boundless; a powerful family, ruling the Northern Neck, as we have ever termed the stretch of land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers.

And this is all the length of Chesapeake Bay, over five million acres, a royal grant from Charles II, to his friend Lord Culpeper. Lady Catherine Culpeper Fairfax, his daughter and heir, bequeathed it to her son, Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, Baron Cameron—he whose portrait by Sir Joshua is a treasure of the Alexandria Masonic Lodge.

Robert Carter, known as "King Carter" acted as agent in Virginia for Lord Fairfax, but upon his death the succeeding representative proving untrustworthy, Lord Fairfax sent his cousin William Fairfax to the Colony.

There were wrangles and tangles over the vast territory, royal grants of unknown uncharted regions—and Fairfaxes and Byrds and Washingtons and Carys and Grymes and Conways conferred and discussed the surveys mightily; finally this William Fairfax built Belvoir not far from the present site of Mt. Vernon, a mansion of which no trace remains today.

Lord Fairfax, abandoning England, made his home at Belvoir with his cousin; a perennial bachelor, self-exiled because of an unfortunate love-affair, he took the

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keenest interest in his cousin's children; Anne, who married Lawrence Washington, half-brother to young George, his protégé; Sarah, who married John Carlyle of Alexandria—from whose house General Braddock started out on the Fort Duquesne expedition; one casualty of which was the death of Joshua Fry, and the promotion of George Washington to command, at the age of twenty-two.

Belvoir was partially destroyed by fire; then after William Fairfax had returned to England and Lord Fairfax had become established at Greenway Court, George Washington became agent for his friend. Strange must have been the scene, when he acted as auctioneer, under orders of his patron, and sold at public sale the contents of Belvoir, the gentry, the bourgeoisie, of all the surrounding district bidding in the rare old Fairfax treasures brought from England, some specimens of which are now to be seen at Mt. Vernon.

The British warships from the river bombarded this old house in 1812, completing its destruction. The Army Post known as Fort Humphreys, an engineer post, occupies part of the Belvoir tract.

It is impossible to assimilate artistic impressions and historic lore, without the proportionate supply of bodily nutriment—so there must be a judiciously planned luncheon; a feature of a joy ride which is to Dearest-my-Dear a matter of paramount importance.

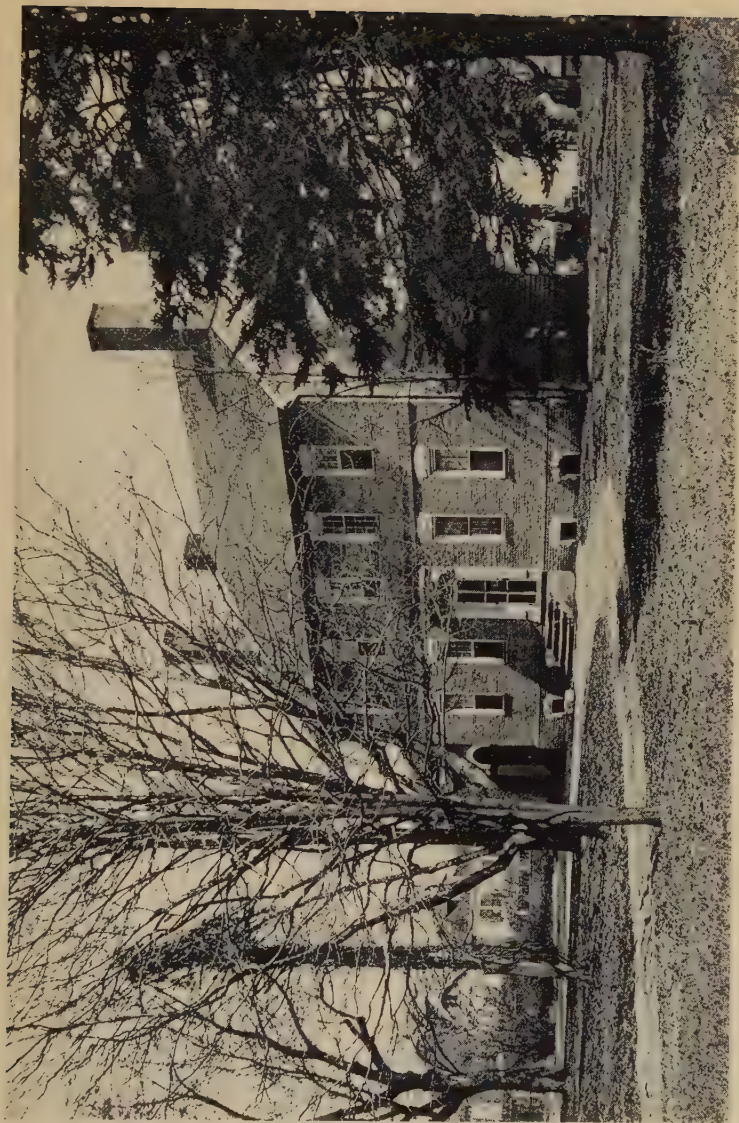
Big people have coffee in thermos bottles and cocktails in other some-sort-o'-bottles: and for a little per-

son, a little thermos of milk; big people have deviled crabs and lettuce sandwiches and fried chicken and Lady Baltimore cake and fruit cake and cheese. But for a little one there is a raw apple, a drumstick and a bit of bread and honey. The big basket is lugged out under a tree along the banks of any one of the little rivers, and the motor-rugs are spread out so that grasses do not tickle ladies' legs; worse things than grasses; poison oak or nettles *might* be there!

And everybody is so happy, no one begrudges the wasp a sip of the cocktail. Everyone has forgotten the chiggers, who before morning will make the human body a fiery furnace. There is a pleasant humming and bumbling in the air, and Grandma explains to Dearest-my-Dear how the fuzzy old bumble-bee carries the pollen from flower to flower; and just as the others are lighting their cigarettes and Grandma is teaching Dearest-my-Dear to memorize—"Oh, Velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow—you've powdered your legs with gold," a wild yell makes the welkin ring, and one more human experience is added to the life history of Dearest-my-Dear. She does not love the bumble-bee.

We have spun through little Falmouth and squealed with delight over its weather-boarded buildings, sagging lean-tos, additions patched on to the cottages, and its broken walls and crazy roofs.

To what twist in the human mind is due this enthusiasm for decay? Why does beauty come oftenest as Nature undoes the work of man's hands, the rectangular



KENMORE, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

THE FIELDING LEWIS HOUSE

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lines he measures so carefully, his clean paint and orderly garden walks?

Falmouth registered a solemn league and covenant against what this world dubs "progress" and the fine new road to Fredericksburg was interrupted where she asserted her rights and refused to allow the modern road to pass through. But the townsfolk reconsidered its ultimatum and now the new concrete runs uninterruptedly.

But to the artist it was well worth while, even when there was risk of being stuck in the mud. This is no toy village with window boxes and clean-clipped lawns, but it boasts of scraggy old box-bushes your soul covets, gigantic altheas that hold the whispered secrets of generations, stone walls that protected once the neglected little gardens that have fattened on the decay of years, and crooked little flag-paved paths that lead to nowhere.

Soon we cross the historic Rappahannock foaming around its many rocks, the cattle browsing on the little islands if the tide is low, the hills rising around it crowned with fine old houses, the spires of Fredericksburg inviting the soul.

Memory goes back to Kenmore when my cousins the Howards lived there. Cousin Carrie and her boys, Clarence and Randolph, before any of our generation had ventured into the fields of matrimony, art, philanthropy, literature, speculation, travel, business, or any of the pitfalls which beset our paths in later life. Dear old

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Kenmore, with its back porch never big enough for two couples of young persons at the same time!

Kenmore was built by Colonel Fielding Lewis for his wife, that Betty Washington, beloved sister of the immortal George. A stately old mansion, now a shrine, due to the patriotic efforts of a group of devoted women, residents of the town.

Twice in its history Kenmore has changed hands through loyalty to obligation; Colonel Lewis was appointed, by the Virginia Assembly, Chief Commissioner in the manufacture of small arms for the Continental army, and established in Fredericksburg the first factory in America for the making of guns and ammunition. But he became financially so deeply involved that he not only sacrificed his private fortune but borrowed heavily and sold Kenmore to meet these debts of honor. The fine old gentlemen of that day knew nothing of the modern expedient by which one declares himself bankrupt in order to avoid the settlement of a just debt.

And again in the same spirit later owners of the place sold it at a sacrifice to liquidate financial embarrassments; then it was that the Kenmore Association came into existence and the place was rescued just as it was condemned to destruction that a new "sub-division" might develop on the land. The women of Fredericksburg took up the matter.

With no capital but brains and courage in a good cause, in three years these women secured the property and dedicated it to the people of the United States as

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one more colonial landmark. That May day in 1925, when it was dedicated, a remarkably amusing pageant was staged, featuring coaches with their fair occupants, in all the periods from that day to our own. In 1929 an old trunk was found in the attic of Kenmore containing over two thousand letters and other documents of the Washingtons and Lewises.

On an April day but three years later in honor of the 170th birthday of James Monroe, almost the same group of persons assembled in Fredericksburg. "Ash Lawn,* his home in Albemarle County where the box hedges alone deserve a visit; "Oak Hill," his splendid mansion in Loudoun County, and No. 63 Prince Street, his New York home, are none of them open as memorials. It seemed a peculiarly auspicious occasion, then, that Lawrence Gouverneur Hoes, almost to be classed as a boy, dedicated to the memory of his great-great-grandfather the row of little brick one-story rooms in which James Monroe began the practice of law. Quaint and low-pitched, filled with the heirlooms we have come to know in the old home of the Gouverneurs on Rhode Island Avenue in Washington—things so brittle and so precious that our hearts were in our mouths when our own harum-scarum offspring invaded the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Hoes—the desk on which the Monroe Doctrine was drafted, the portraits of Monroe and his wife, her piano, music books and dressing-table, the costume worn by young James Monroe as

* Ash Lawn has been recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Jay W. Johns of Pittsburg and is being restored.

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envoy to the Court of Napoleon Bonaparte on the occasion of the negotiations for the Louisiana Purchase; with other costumes and many documents and letters of the greatest value. In all, a new museum of historic relics, the unusual and very intelligent disposition of inherited treasures.

And the hospitality of that day, when again, as during the Revolution and during the Civil War, the residents of the town of Fredericksburg delighted to honor their guests—*such* a luncheon, for the diplomatic and official guests, such general cordiality toward everybody from everybody, such a gallant assemblage at the ball that night in which Mrs. Monroe was pictured at various ages by her own descendants in her own costumes. It is past midnight on a moonlight night as we speed homeward, the headlights tearing their way with a splurge of gold through the silvery light and the tender spring landscape carved in half, clean and cold, by the new road, every inch of the way except through little hardheaded Falmouth.

On, on, in a sort of trance, with a delicious warm bundle in one's arms, tucked under comfortable robes! Dearest-my-Dear has ceased to ask questions, the other passengers have ceased to comment upon the folly of a grandmother who takes a young child on such an excursion; the child breathes evenly in my arms, and all the old joys connected with her name, and all the young hopes vested in her sweetness, and all the gratitude to God for her intelligence and charm, fill my mind. The starlight and ozone and friendliness are hers

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and mine to have and to hold; she has forgotten that moment of agony and that treacherous bumble-bee, as I have forgotten old hurts in present compensations.

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The quaint little home of Mary Ball Washington is perhaps the most interesting spot in Fredericksburg; it is a simple home, dedicated to his mother by George Washington, who if rumor is to be believed, delighted to work out the details of the building of it with his own hands. It is a well-built little house, and time has made small inroads upon its security. It is in the midst of a dear bit of a garden, a spot in which the independent old lady busied herself mightily with bulbs and slips; digging and pruning and transplanting as is the happy hobby of serene old ladies who still have the will and the wit to advance the world, if only by the growing of two blades of grass instead of one.

This little old house was taken over many years ago by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, an organization frequently referred to in these pages, without which many of Virginia's most interesting landmarks had been lost. They not only restored the building, but have year after year seen to it that relics specially identified with the mother of George Washington, should be assembled there in the house her loving son gave her. Like all good housekeepers, Mary Ball Washington loved her own utensils and treasured her ornaments and household gods; and it is pleasant to see that so many of them have come home

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from the various heirs who received them under her will, and whose descendants have generously restored them to Fredericksburg.

The very bed she died in, a four-poster long familiar to the public as a treasure at Mt. Vernon, was recently returned by the Lady Regents of Mt. Vernon, to the little memorial dwelling in Fredericksburg.

The name of "Chatham" was properly a most honored one about the time of our first struggles for independence; many homes, now become landmarks, were being built at that time, and not a few were given the name of the brilliant English statesman who fearlessly defended the rights of the colonists.

Of these, the "Chatham" nearest to Fredericksburg, now the property of Col. and Mrs. Daniel B. Devore and most closely associated with Washington family history, is the most important. It is one of the fortunate old houses, rich in romance, the scene of famous courtships, witness of battles, survivor of wars, preserver of beauty, shelter of presidents and rendezvous of counsellors; it, too, has changed hands many times, but each successive chatelaine tells with pride of the courtship of George Washington and the lovely Widow Custis, who was born Martha Dandridge, guest of the reigning Fitzhugh; of the courtship, after two generations, of her great-granddaughter, Mary Custis, by Robert E. Lee, again that famous garden serving as the setting of the stage; and in the bitter siege of Fredericksburg,

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during the Civil War, when the Federal General, Burnside, made "Chatham" his headquarters, and received President Lincoln within its walls, how during the battle General Lee ordered the Confederate artillery to spare the house.

It is a sacred spot. Nowhere in all Virginia are more intimate, at the same time more precious, memories enshrined. For there the two out-standing sons of the Old Dominion won the women who contributed so materially to their greatness; and through them, as women do, to the onward march of events.

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The interest with which foreign governments watched the progress of the Civil War situation in the United States was marked. From Russia just as the war opened came a high courtesy and an act of great personal appreciation to Captain Matthew Fontaine Maury, the great scientist who had until the beginning of the war been in the service of the United States government and stationed at the Observatory in Washington, where his researches were adding steadily and peacefully to the sum total of human knowledge.

This letter from the Grand Admiral of Russia is so noble, I am moved to quote it here. Captain Maury's answer, in which he gratefully declined the offer, is but one more evidence that unfortunate circumstance and lack of discrimination draw a man sometimes into a vortex of confusion from the highly specialized work which he alone can do.

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St. Petersburg,
27th July, 1861.

My dear Captain Maury,

The news of your having left a service which is so much indebted to your great and successful labors, has made a very painful impression on me and my companions-in-arms. Your indefatigable researches have unveiled the great laws which rule the winds and currents of the ocean, and have placed your name amongst those which will be ever mentioned with feelings of gratitude and respect, not only by professional men, but by all those who pride themselves in the great and noble attainments of the human race.

That your name is well known in Russia, I need scarcely add, and, though 'barbarians' as we are still sometimes called, we have been taught to honor in your person disinterested and eminent services to science and mankind.

Sincerely deploring the inactivity into which the present political whirlpool in your country has plunged you, I deem myself called upon to invite you to take up your residence in this country, where you may in peace continue your favorite and useful occupations.

Your position here will be a perfectly independent one. You will be bound by no conditions or engagements, and you will always be at liberty to steer home across the ocean, in the event of you not preferring to cast anchor in our remote corner of the Baltic.

As regards your material welfare I beg to assure you that everything will be done by me to make your new home comfortable and agreeable, whilst at the same time the necessary means will be offered you to enable you to continue your scientific pursuits in the way you have been accustomed to.

I shall now be awaiting your reply, hoping to have the pleasure of soon seeing here so distinguished an officer, whose

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personal acquaintance it has always been my desire to make, and whom Russia will be proud to welcome on her soil.

Believe me, my dear Captain Maury, your sincere well wisher

Constantine,
Grand Admiral of Russia.

To His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine,
Grand Admiral of Russia,
St. Petersburg.

Richmond, Va.,
29th October, 1861.

Admiral—Your letter reached me only a few days ago. It fills me with emotions.

In it I am offered the hospitalities of a great and powerful Empire with the Grand Admiral of its fleets for patron and friend. Inducements are held but such as none but the most magnanimous of Princes could offer, and such as nothing but a stern sense of duty may withstand.

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The State of Virginia gave me birth within her borders; among many friends, the nearest of kin, and troops of excellent friends, my children are planting their vine and fig-tree; on her green bosom are the graves of my fathers; the political whirlpool from which your kind forethought sought to rescue me has already drawn her into fierce and bloody war.

. . . Thus my sword has been tendered in her cause, and the tender accepted. Her soil is invaded, the enemy actually at her gates. . . . The path of honor and duty is therefore plain. By following it with the devotion and loyalty of a true sailor, I shall, I am persuaded, have the glorious and proud recompense that is contained in the "well done" of the Grand Admiral of Russia and his noble "companions in arms."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

When the invader is expelled, and as soon thereafter as the State will grant me leave, I promise myself the pleasure of a trip across the Atlantic and shall hasten to Russia——

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M. F. Maury,
Commander Confederate States Navy.

Great letters, from great old gentlemen of the by-gone days.

One of those exceptions which prove the rule, is the fact that in his own country and among his own people, Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury was a prophet greatly honored and long remembered. The old church in Albemarle County where his ancestors preached and prayed is ever associated with his memory, while in Fredericksburg, once his home, an old house, rather shabby now, its once lovely garden a prey to devouring weeds, bears bravely at its entrance a tablet:

HOME OF MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

1836-1842

Pathfinder of the Seas

Projector of the Atlantic Cable

Founder of the National Observatory

Commander, C. S. N.

CHAPTER VII

Mary Ball, mother of Washington—A description of her from *Letiers to Young Ladies*—A horse-chestnut tree in Fredericksburg—How the little boy went to school—You must find out for yourselves his ancestry—Mt. Vernon originally known as "Hunting Creek"—Pamela Cunningham, savior of Mt. Vernon—The old garden—One of the greatest social distinctions in this country is to be on the Board of Lady Regents of Mt. Vernon—My own old decanter there, and a cup in congratulation of General Washington having raised a very superior Jackass—Precautions in safeguarding Mt. Vernon.

There was a fine character of dignity, in the manner of females of the higher classes in the olden time. We, of modern days (1837), think it was sometimes carried too far; but we are verging to the other extreme. So anxious are we to be *entertaining* in society, that we reserve no power by which its follies are to be checked, or its tendencies elevated.

The mother of Washington was pronounced a model of true dignity in woman. She possessed the lofty characteristics of a Roman matron, with a heart of deep and purified affections, and a majesty that commanded the reverence of all. At the head of a large household, whose charge, by the death of her husband, devolved solely upon her, the energy and dignity of her character preserved subordination and harmony. To the inquiry what was the course pursued in the early education of her illustrious son, she replied: "The lesson to obey." When the war of the Revolution terminated so gloriously for his country and for him, and when, after an absence of nearly seven years, he hastened to pay his filial respects to his venerated parent, the officers of the French and American

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armies were anxious to see the mother of their chief. A splendid festival, given at Fredericksburg, to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis, furnished them with an opportunity. "The foreign officers," says Mr. Custis, in his *Recollections of Washington*, "had heard indistinct rumors of her remarkable life and character, and forming their judgments from European examples, were prepared to expect that glare and show, which would have been attached to the parents of the great, in the countries of the Old World. How were they surprised, when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room dressed in the very plain, yet becoming garb, worn by the Virginian lady of the old day. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions that were paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the brilliant assembly much enjoyment of their pleasure, retired as she had entered, resting upon the arm of her son. Such an effect had her simplicity of garb and dignity of bearing, upon the officers accustomed to the heartless pomp of European courts, that they affirmed it was no wonder that "America produced the *greatest men*, since she could boast of such *mothers*."—*Letters to Young Ladies*, published in 1837—From chapter on "Manners and Accomplishments," page 107.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON knew the pitfall and the gin and many other temptations beset the road he was to wander in. That he was what he was, is sufficient to satisfy posterity, which has learned to take the fraction of human frailty along with the genius and the force; we no longer apologize for Shelley or Edgar Allan Poe, whose enemies made capital for a

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short time of their weaknesses, until history had appraised their real worth.

We no longer demand that facts should be garbled, and that men of the vigor and mental robustness of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson should be handed down as passionless, faultless patterns of conventional virtue. As was said of Grover Cleveland by Mark Twain, "We love him for the enemies he has made," so we love these great Americans for their few faults as well as for their many virtues. Tempted in all things like as we are.

But if the story of the cherry-tree makes us laugh, we are not without a living souvenir of the boyhood of the Father of His Country right in old Fredericksburg where so much of his childhood was spent. One day this promising infant—infant at least in the eyes of the law—had a pocketful of horse-chestnuts and being of a constructive mind he decided to plant thirteen of these and name them for the thirteen colonies. Of the group one tree survives, a powerful old tree near a barn in Fredericksburg. Possibly the unlucky number accounts for so many deaths among the group!

There are few letters from George Washington to his mother in existence, and only a few of those he must have written to Martha Custis have escaped destruction. Such as there are, are written in the stilted style of the eighteenth century, formal and deferential; the following love letter, on the march with General Braddock, is perhaps as graceful as any letter now in preservation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

To Mrs. Martha Custis, July 20, 1758.

We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another Self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend.

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It would be fortunate for the tourist in this quaint old town to which we can only point the way, should we happen to arrive on the great day of the Dog Market—an ancient custom dating back to the era of kennels which equaled the great stables of the estates, and which has been recently revived.

Instead of the painted coaches and liveried postilions, automobiles with smart chauffeurs are parked near by; yet the public, men in snappy riding togs, girls in gay abbreviated one-piece frocks, without gloves or parasols, are quite as attractive as their be-wigged and be-flounced ancestors. These pass the cigarette case as freely as they offered the snuff-box and drink the forbidden cocktail as nonchalantly and with much less ceremony than that with which their forebears passed the mint julep in the frosted loving cup.

Without stretching the imagination we can picture in any little urchin keenly interested in the dogs, a little lad whose name was George, nearly two hundred years ago an enthusiastic member of this group.

By a visit to the Congressional Library, the seeker after knowledge may verify her loosely assembled thoughts

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and memories, examining many priceless manuscripts. Among such relics are the school exercises of George Washington, done at the time when he was a boy of thirteen—at which age his school career seems to have ended. He was then rowing morning and night across the Rappahannock to attend school in Fredericksburg; having prior to that time been accustomed to a horse-back ride of ten miles or more and back, to which he was promoted after his instruction from that queer old man who was known by the name of Hobby, who acted as sexton, schoolmaster, and pedagogue in-ordinary to the Northern Neck of Virginia.

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George Washington, himself, took small interest in his own pedigree, as witness his snub to Sir Isaac Heard, an English genealogist who approached him on the subject; yet he did give the matter such attention as he could, following the inquiry, as his later correspondence proves. It behooves the reverent reader therefore to find out for himself about the Washingtons of Sulgrave manor and John Washington the Immigrant, who held a deed from Lord Culpeper in 1674, which deed hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon today, to the Mount Vernon estate then called Hunting Creek. You may study up on George Washington's own father, Augustine, who was born at Wakefield; and on his own early childhood there beginning with his birth in 1732, and moving later to Hunting Creek. You may straighten out for yourself the long and bitter controversy as to when he actually *did* live in Fredericksburg—I do not know, and cannot find out. I was not there, and have

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not undertaken to elucidate knotty problems of history; all I offer you is glimpses of the country once familiar to him. If you knew what a situation a man places himself in who deliberately or inadvertently engages in a debate of any genealogical or historical question in the State of Virginia—but of course you do not!

This Washington family at Hunting Creek were *people*. They were "the people." It is probable that Augustine Washington was a shipowner—Dumfries was close at hand, a fine port—and that he sent his own tobacco to England in his own ships.

The ballast these old merchants used was English brick and stone; of which brick were builded stable and elegant homes, as sound today as then; and sometimes sand, on their westward voyage, which was carelessly thrown overboard, eventually ruining the port of Dumfries on the Quantico, as it ruined the fine harbor at Elkridge on the Patapeco, in Maryland.

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Ann Pamela Cunningham was a grand-daughter of that William Bird, jr., well known in old Alexandria through his marriage with the daughter of William Dalton of that ancient burg upon the Potomac, a vestryman of Christ Church, and a much respected citizen. It was his daughter who married Robert Cunningham, also a vestryman of Christ Church at the time General Washington attended it.

Little Pamela when just the age of Dearest-my-Dear, that is to say all of six, had visited at Mount Vernon with her mother.

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Years later, many years, the mother passing in a boat saw the old house deserted and going to ruin apparently, for it made a sad impression on her as she recalled that visit of long ago; she wrote Pamela how she felt, and that it was said the property was for sale. "I will buy it," said Pamela, an invalid at the time; and true to her declaration she was actually carried from state to state to lay the question before the women of America. Then she went to Congress. First, to the women; then to Congress.

The property was bought from John Augustine Washington, and the first contribution was received from the town of Cross Hill, a few miles from Richmond.

In 1790 Pamela's grandfather Bird had moved from Alexandria to Georgia, and her own parents lived in South Carolina; so she was well known in several states and spread her propaganda with such success that in 1860 she was able to invite both houses of Congress to visit Mount Vernon. Referring to the visit, the Hon. James P. Cochran of New York said, on March 7th:

The tomb in its dilapidated state was a matter of grief to every philanthropist, every patriot. The woman of America has achieved her desires, has accomplished her aims, and Mount Vernon with its sacred ashes reposes under the custody of the Women of America, the property of the American Union.

The memories of a little girl growing into the determination of an invalid woman, made possible to later generations this delightful playground, this sanctuary for

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rest, peace and inspiration beside the smoothly flowing Potomac.

Every traveler who stops there loves his country and all that she should stand for, better, understands her hopes and problems better, for having spent some hours at Mount Vernon. All honor to Pamela Cunningham!

Augustine Washington bequeathed Hunting Creek to his son, Lawrence, who changed the name to Mount Vernon in admiration of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies. On the death of his brother, Lawrence, George Washington inherited the estate, paying to his brother's widow 15,000 lbs. of tobacco as an annuity until the year 1761.

Mount Vernon is owned by an Association of Ladies, and has been in this possession since 1856. At the time that the movement was started by Miss Pamela Cunningham, and strongly supported by the eminent Edward Everett, the terms in which it was described were not attractive. "Uninviting approaches, weather-beaten buildings, falling columns, corroded pavement, ruinous offices; irreverent exposure, premature and untidy decay—"

The work these women have done is beyond all praise; see for yourself. The place is the playground of America. Its lovely lawns sloping down to the peacefully flowing Potomac, its beautiful trees and forests, and the dear old garden. The garden has been a model for many gardens, with its box labyrinth, its old-fashioned borders, and its generations of cultivation. The



MOUNT VERNON
CARRIAGE DRIVE APPROACH

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Lady Regents, all women of the greatest distinction, here and there reproduce the Mount Vernon garden. This has been done in Denver, Colorado, by one of them, my cousin Mrs. Horton Pope.

There is no greater social distinction open to women in America than a place on the Board of Regents of Mount Vernon. One for each state. So if you remember how many states there are, you know how many regents there are. And during the month of May when they assemble there and are quartered in the house and adjacent buildings, tourists not only see the home of Washington and the beautiful surrounding country, but a galaxy of aristocratic women, who might have just stepped out of the frames of eighteenth century portraits, stately and imposing at all times as dames of high degree, but at this time especially so, bringing back as they do the tender grace of a day that is dead.

More and more the furnishings of the house become of value, as new contributions are made to the collection. From various sources portraits, china and other authentic Washington relics come home at last; among which are some amusing tokens. I have myself an old cut-glass decanter there, which was given me in my girlhood by a faithful swain, a relative in some way of the Washingtons. I loaned it to Mount Vernon some forty years ago, in my innocent and ingenuous patriotism. I have long, long ago, lost the receipt Mr. Harrison H. Dodge gave me at the time, and now not only would be afraid to ask for it back, but doubt if I could identify it. A quaint testimonial to General

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Washington came from the South Carolina Agricultural Society in 1790, presented to him in congratulation for his achievement in having raised the largest jackass in America. It is a silver cup, bearing an inscription to that effect.

Another relic at Mount Vernon is a pin-cushion made of the satin of Martha Dandridge Custis' wedding gown. I feel as though I have seen enough material from this same wedding gown to have outfitted a dozen brides.

There is a garden than which there is none more distinguished in the whole country. It breathes of the delight which General Washington took in planning it, after the weary years of the war, when he rested and enjoyed the quiet life of Mount Vernon, before assuming the responsibilities of the Presidency. The names of his great contemporaries are associated with this garden, some of the plants having been brought from the Bartram gardens of Philadelphia, others having been sent by Thomas Jefferson, and bearing the names in giant calycanthus shrubs, of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, while rose bushes, still bearing, are called for Martha Washington and her sweet grand-daughter, Nellie Custis. The custom of inviting guests to plant some bush or shrub in a private garden is an old custom in Virginia, and as the years go on, the beds of flowers and hedges of box, privet and barberry, commemorate visits of friends of long ago.

It would appear from the diary of General Wash-

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ington that in planning the grounds at Mount Vernon he went himself into the forest and selected among the young trees choice specimens, the five or six varieties of native oak, beech, ash, maple, sweet gum, red gum, poplar (the beautiful tall tulip tree), aspen, dogwood, redbud, pine, cedar, holly and laurel. The lists mention also the elm, the mulberry and magnolia but these trees are not found growing wild in this district; these elms must have been sent from the North, while from further South must have come the mulberry and magnolia.

It appears also that in the designs of both house and garden General Washington exercised an astonishing ingenuity in reproducing the various emblems of the Masonic Order, of which he was an out-standing member.

The squares and circles, the triangles and pendants, the numbers and sections, the symbols of wisdom and consecration, of resurrection and humility, all seem to find repetition in the spaces of this famous garden. These suggestions have been made, and seem not unreasonable, though the casual visitor would find some difficulty in substantiating them. Certain it is that Washington, zealous always in the cause of Masonry, and connected with many Lodges throughout his native state, might have interested himself in his hours of leisure with just such an experiment.

I recall on the occasion of our first "Monticello Breakfast," a subscription party in the interest of the preservation of Monticello—when each table was taken

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and named for a distinguished family—the Washington table was presided over by the beautiful Mrs. McComb, a Dandridge by birth, and very like Martha Washington, who made the place-cards in the forms of tiny ladies, each skirt being made from a bit of Martha Washington's wedding frock. The satin was gray with age and brittle as glass; these cards were greatly valued as souvenirs.

At Valley Forge a needlebook is treasured, also made of her wedding dress, the backs covered with blue silk of the General's waistcoat, with two bits of red from the draperies of the room at Mount Vernon, in which he died.

The veneration with which the custodians of Mount Vernon guard their sacred traditions and safeguard the house itself, would furnish material for a book twice the size of this. The precautions against fire, no heating apparatus in the house itself, but at a considerable distance, the heat brought by pipes; the asbestos under the roof, the regularity of the sprinkling of the roof, the fact that the house is closed at evening, and no lighting system is installed; when the Regents are staying in the house, a guard brings into each bedroom a small electric battery and light, by which means the individual rooms are lighted without a central electric plant; the immense supply of water, not only there in a great reservoir which aviators describe as a lake, not only the volume of the Potomac so near, but a complete connection with the Alexandria water supply; the system of signals, the heat of one match any-

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where on the premises being sufficient to start the alarm; the fire-drills, the watchmen, day and night, and many other details of thought and care are explained to us at dinner by one of the Regents, as she daintily butters her dry toast and consumes her fruit salad.



CHAPTER VIII

Crow's Crossin'—Toward Mount Vernon—We dash past "Woodlawn"—Built for Nellie Custis when she married Lawrence Lewis—Sold by Paul Kester to Miss Sharpe—At whose death it was purchased by Senator Oscar Underwood—Mr. Underwood's initiation to the Knights of Pythias, second degree, in Birmingham, Alabama—Old Pohick Church, shelled in two wars—Rebuilt—And Bryan Fairfax, the eighth Lord, who took holy orders himself that the parish of Truro be not without benefit of clergy—Gunston Hall—Also owned by Paul Kester and sold to Mr. and Mrs. Hertle—A modest home, perfect in detail—A fine spirit stamps it—Paul Kester and his mother.

CROW'S CROSSIN'

A row of shabby cabins, called Crow's Crossin',
A Baptis' Church, a leetle Cross-roads sto'—
Right here we lives an' moves an' has our bein',
Right here our leetle ones is born, an' grow—
Crow's Crossin'—Yas 'm—even as you sees it,
Is all we an' our leetle chilluns know.

Yo' moters pass—the muddy water splash us—
We hopes to git some better roads some day;
Jes' now, repairin' 'em ain't so cornvenient—
It seem there's sich a lot o' things to pay;
An' road-taxes is white folks business, ain't it?
Leastways they does for colored folks this way.

Yo' shofers now an' then, they kills a baby,
Or some ole pusson that ain't none too bright;

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An' killin' folks along the country roads, Sah,
Don't seem—to dem gits kilt—exactly right;
Leastways—I thanks yo', Sah—an' begs yo' pardon—
Leastways—it don't jes' seem to be—perlite.

THE George Washington country is widespread, but the region adjacent to Mount Vernon will be understood as most intimately identified with him—all the generous stretch of plantations along the Potomac.

One rolls smoothly across the Hunting Creek bridge, leaving Alexandria behind—the old Point where we used to sketch in our Art Student days still running out, a green tongue into the river; though now abandoned and blackened mills and factories, relics of the World War activities, have spoiled the background.

The blue pickerel or water hyacinth with its arrow-shaped leaves, the cat-tails and yellow water lilies fill the foreground—the Maryland hills lie across the river, the Theological Seminary of Virginia lifts its pagan tower to the right. A few loafers hang over the bridge fishing.

We have dashed past Woodlawn, the home built for Nellie Custis by her indulgent step-grandfather, General Washington, when she married his nephew, Lawrence Lewis. It is a fine old mansion of the colonial type, brick, with wings, but it has always, to me, stood too boldly upon its green hill. It lacks coziness, homelikeness, it needs shrubs and trees in front to break the lines, and a different sort of planting to bind its masses to the soil. This is heresy. Paul Kester,

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whose fad it has been for years to buy old houses, hold them until he found a purchaser, and then dispose of them, sold it to Miss Sharpe of Pennsylvania, who maintained the place with elegance for years but never with the informality which would have supplied that quality of easy grace so necessary to a real Southern mansion. The Oscar Underwoods of Alabama bought it after the death of Miss Sharpe; it still has that strange expression of material stability and spiritual insecurity. One feels that ownership is temporary; that Woodlawn will be ever changing hands—and that whoever lives there must feel the stranger and the sojourner! This, one of the most choice tracts of the Mount Vernon estate, amounting to two thousand acres, and including an elevation above the river, was willed by Washington to the Lawrence Lewises, and their house designed by himself.

Suddenly we come upon old Pohick Church, a square box of a colonial structure originally Truro Parish, church of the father and brother of George Washington. When the first old frame building went the way of all things, Col. George Washington made a survey, selecting a site for the proposed brick church, equidistant from Gunston Hall and Mount Vernon. Later, in 1765, this church, Pohick, became one of the three Episcopal Churches known as the Parish of Fairfax, that is to say, Christ Church in Alexandria, Pohick and Falls Churches.

Bryan Fairfax, the eighth Lord, whose home was Mount Eagle, near by, during the not infrequent failure

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of the Anglican Church to furnish the Colonials with "benefit of clergy" felt as a conscientious squire that the people of the community should have ecclesiastical service; he therefore went himself to England and took holy orders, abandoning for the time his convivial habits and neglecting his blooded horses; and so became a priest, though he had small talent for homiletics, and little inclination toward doctrinal theology. When officiating in any one of these three old churches, Bryan, Lord Fairfax, was wont to don a robe of royal purple taffeta, with the full sleeves of a bishop, but the white "bands" of a priest; this being his own design, and worn without sanction of any other authority.

Pohick Church has endured many indignities, attacks and counter attacks, both in the Revolution and during the Civil War.

Its roof was partly gone, its walls bear witness to heavy bombardment, even though, through the generosity of friends, North and South, it has been handsomely restored in recent years. Peculiarly exposed because of its position; so near Mt. Vernon and Gunston Hall, so near the Potomac, and at the intersection of old roads, it focused attention and bore the brunt of vandalism.

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Dropping abruptly downhill toward the Potomac, on the woodland road just back of Pohick Church, we drive to Gunston Hall.

Altogether different from Woodlawn is this house, built by George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights—

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PROPERTY OF 7715
Fort Lee Public Library.

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which was the corner stone of the Constitution. Gunston Hall was also a purchase of Paul Kester, who with his mother lived there many years, until he sold it to the Louis Hertles of St. Louis and Chicago.

A more enchanting spot can not be dreamed. A low-roofed dwelling with invitation in every line, and welcome in all its perfect proportions. A modest home, but perfect in detail. High thinking and plain living is quite its atmosphere. Our old friend Sylvester, a retainer from Paul Kester's day, and earlier, welcomes us. Sylvester is as black as ink, but his gloves and his teeth rival the driven snow.

The autographs in the guest book range from Maréchal Foch and Lloyd George and Clemenceau, to Marietta M. and Dearest-my-Dear! A visit to Gunston Hall is an unalloyed pleasure. The dear little rooms, the old wainscoting discovered by the Hertles and restored after many layers of paint had been removed, the good judgment shown in removing additions, in restoring house and gardens to their original plan and in the charming terraces down to the river, approached through walks hedged by magnificent boxwood! One is impressed by the manner in which the retaining walls, the tea-house, the brick work, walks and walls, the boat landings, have been laid out, carrying out and supplementing the perfection of the place. Gunston Hall speaks to our generation of much that has gone before, of the taste, the culture, the ethics of the group of men who were the founders of America. Clear and stable, George Mason's thought has tintured all Amer-



GUNSTON HALL ON THE POTOMAC

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ican history; his personality has stamped all his descendants. Every mother's son of them resemble him, some even to this fifth and sixth generations, being so identically himself that with long hair, a stock collar and embroidered waistcoat, the portrait of him might pass for any one of them!

The first pictures we took of Gunston Hall were failures; the dear Hertles were with us, and a goodly company of their friends, and the gardens were so entrancing that it was no wonder minds wandered and plates were light-struck and motifs out of focus. But the day we went alone—only Dearest-my-Dear and I—we got better results. Mr. and Mrs. Hertle were away, but Sylvester received us as so famous a retainer naturally would; we found him at work in the lower garden, on the Potomac, and he welcomed us with—I had almost said, open arms—with his own beaming smile, while the beautiful collie, Shep, tore 'round and 'round Dearest-my-Dear, in wild delight to see a playmate.

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Paul Kester is the playwright who wrote "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" in which I saw Ellen Terry in the title rôle a good many years ago, in London; entrancing, as poor Nellie Gwynn. He dramatized "When Knighthood was in Flower" for Julia Marlowe, in which she made a great success; he has written for Margaret Anglin several clever things, "Beverley's Balance" and a later play featuring Charles Dickens' Lady Deadlock—and he has done delightful essays, of a very Robert Louis Stevenson quality, on ethics, politics and other

subjects, and a powerful novel dealing with the race problem, a thing misunderstood in the North and suppressed in the South and emasculated by editors—"His Own Country." A great novel, more than a novel, a study which one day will come into its own.

But nothing that Paul Kester has done equals himself. Here in Virginia, their adopted home, he and his mother have been greatly beloved, shining like twin stars in the murky firmament of daily life. Such kindness, such straight thinking, as marked them—such a dear disregard for the cheap and artificial conventionalities, such innate recognition of all that is high in thought, word and deed.

Old houses have been their fad and fancy, their study and delight. It has been necessary for these two persons, harmless as doves and wiser than serpents, to have plenty of room, broad acres, old trees, high ceilings, spacious apartments, suites and suites of uninhabited rooms. Space has been absolutely essential, without it neither of them could function. So they have bought big houses, old houses, houses gray with age and rich in history, in England, Canada and Virginia. These they hold for a time, assimilating all that can be drawn from their charm and their traditions, and then move on, conveying their Lares and Penates elsewhere, to again absorb much of interest, and pass the property on, the better for their temporary ownership.

Their personal belongings have not been easy of transportation; carpets of immense size, fit only for the walls of museums; millions of books, pictures and

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engravings; about three teacups, and these disabled veterans. Mrs. Kester, a painter by profession, started the now flourishing Art Academy in Cleveland with her own little enterprise many years ago; she was by nature a virtuoso and lover of phrases; wrote delightfully; studied the life and work of George Mason of Gunston Hall during the years they owned that lovely place but could never concern herself with sordid things or even decent details of daily life. She looked at a common teapot in an abstracted, dreamy way, as though vaguely wondering what it was and why it was there in front of her; she was the embodiment of spiritual loveliness, such a thing of beauty that the very memory of her is a joy forever.

In their migrations these devoted friends, mother and son, who left their mark on both Gunston Hall and Woodlawn, took with them a retinue of cats; cats born under their protection, cats which were the descendants of their other cats in unnumbered generations, cats which adopted Paul in the highways and byways, cats rescued by him from the watery graves to which inhuman humanity had ruthlessly condemned them. These cats made their journeys by truck in specially constructed crates, and when they died were buried not in the ground, but like the ancient royalties of Egypt, in hermetically sealed caskets.

Paul and his mother also in their wanderings accumulated many family portraits of persons unknown to them—poor ancestors abandoned in attics and, when the ancestral mansion was sold, left to the mercy of

newcomers. There they encountered their reproachful gaze through a veil of dust and cobweb, and being themselves, were as merciful to the memory of the dead ancestors as they were to the existence of the live cats, and so adopted these poor painted people, cleansed them of the grime of years and hung them politely upon hooks in the halls once their own. Thus as they passed from estate to estate, they took with them an increasing collection of these forgotten works of art, bustiferous ladies and be-whiskered gentlemen whose names they never knew. These adorable people rented my country house for two seasons, during their transitions, and wrote one of the happiest chapters in its history.

The Kesters were occupying my house in the country after the sale of Gunston Hall, when Paul saw and fell in love with Belmont, the towered old red brick house on the hill, halfway between Washington and Alexandria—mid-Victorian, beautifully situated, very hideous, but imposing; a Lloyd property.

"I have had a great happiness to-day," he wrote me (and I thought at last he had been ensnared). "I wish to tell you of it myself." (Oh dear! I sighed—who is she?) "As I was taking a walk I entered a private driveway and climbing a hill under magnificent trees came upon just the sort of house mamma and I are looking for. Near the house I happened to meet a man and enquired of him if the place was for sale. Fortunately, he proved to be the owner, and it is for sale. I made him an immediate offer of ————— thousand dollars."

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On hearing this, I took the first train and bolted out to Vauxclease. At the lunch table I suggested that I had heard foreclosure was impending on this place of his choice and urged Paul to withdraw his generous offer, consult an agent and bide his time. He listened attentively, as he whacked large chunks off of the hock of a ham; his face was flushed. At last he spoke: "I have a real sympathy for the place; to me it will be worth the price I offered." He looked at his mother. Her delicate hands were busy with the mysteries of the teacups. She spoke: "We understand we might make a better bargain; but, dear Mrs. Andrews, we could never be happy there if we took advantage of this poor gentleman's difficulties."

Can you beat that? In this century of our Lord? No: but I can match it.

Two maiden ladies in a near-by city decided to sell their old house; their price was \$16,000.00. The only offer they had was from a business man, not a personal friend, of \$14,000.00. They accepted that. A few weeks later, they received a formal letter from the purchaser, in which was enclosed his check for \$2,000.00 with the brief statement that having just sold the property for \$20,000.00 he felt he could now afford to pay them their full price and please find enclosed ———

Please find enclosed ——— This happened, in this State of Virginia, in this twentieth century of our Lord.

But to return to the Kesters: their mark is indelibly upon this George Washington country. They owned

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Woodlawn, Gunston Hall and Belmont. They rented Vauxcleuse. They were largely instrumental in restoring old Pohick Church. Paul is a vestryman there, his mother is buried in that sweet old spot.

Belmont, their last home in this vicinity, became Saint Agnes' Episcopal School for girls: Dearest-my-Dear attends it. Her first year she was only five, and her activities were limited to making crayon pictures of apples and bananas and to stories of Chicken Little and the Ginger-bread Boy.

CHAPTER IX

Mr. Harrison Howell Dodge, paragon of mankind—The Custis children and the devotion of their adopted father to them—Dearest-my-Dear does not understand how "Miss Custis," aged six, could have so many pairs of kid gloves—The views of Philip Fithian, Princetonian, tutor in the family of Robert Carter of Nomini Hall, known as "The Councillor," and his pictures of life among the landed gentry along the Potomac—Social usage—Expenses of election, entertainment of voters.

THERE was a day in my early girlhood, when holidays were few, on which a dear friend asked me to accompany another girl, some years younger than I was, on a visit to Mount Vernon. She was a bride of a week, and this was her first visit to Washington.

We went down the river on the old boat, the old excursion boat that paddled slowly past Alexandria, past the old forts, past the historic manor houses of the Potomac, and we landed at the little wharf and climbed the green slopes that led us toward the farmhouse which has become one of the shrines of patriotism.

It was such a glorious day. A sweeping rolling sky, sunshine which streaked the lawn with shadows of great affectionate old trees that had opened their arms to helpless things for many generations; grass equal to the best in England, soft and brilliant in the early summer, before a Virginia drought had parched it to a russet tone.

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My companion had also been a breadwinner, and had carried a load not unequal to my own, so we "did" the house and gardens and then sat on the grass on the brow of the hill, in the shade of the trees, and watched the broad old Potomac flowing, flowing, flowing on. At first we were a little embarrassed. At least I was, I cannot answer for Marie. She was beautiful. She had the perfect profile, the heavy dark hair, of the Murillo Madonna. She was only eighteen, and married. Somehow as we sat there together we came to love each other and so began a beautiful and enduring friendship. She told me that Edward Davidson, who was a formal and rather stately personage, had captured the little blue ribbon with which she tied the end of her heavy braid at night, and carried it in his breast pocket. Well, ten years later I saw this bit of blue ribbon. He really did carry it in his breast pocket.

I recall having been a little cynical when she told me that, that day at Mount Vernon. But in my heart of hearts I was tremendously impressed. It must be wonderful, I thought, to have a man reverence such a trifle as a bit of string with which a girl tied her pig-tail at night. I tried to think it was foolish, but I could not.

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When I go to Mount Vernon one of my greatest pleasures is to see my old friend Mr. Dodge, during all my memory the Curator there. I am a grandmother and he a great-grandfather now. A dear fellow, to whom the highest diplomatic honors are due, for the

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skill, the efficiency, the grace, the tact, with which while submitting to the rule of forty-eight ladies of elegance and distinction, whose profiles should be kept there on file, he "holds the fort" and welcomes the world to Mount Vernon.

Myself—after a brief flirtation with this paragon of mankind—climb to the third floor—to the room the General died in.

"Man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes," says Thomas Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

That his wife's young grandchildren were a great source of happiness to General Washington cannot be doubted by such as follow even the simplest provisions of his care for them. Not only in matters of their bringing up and education, but in the little vanities which were also part of the system and the life of the old plantations.

A list of garments ordered from his London agent for "Miss Custis" who was six—the age of Dearest-my-Dear—is in part as follows:

- 1 Coat made of fashionable silk
- A Fashionable cap or fillet with Bib apron
- Ruffles and Tuckers to be laced
- 4 Fashionable dresses made of long lawn
- 2 *fine* Cambrick Frocks
- A Satin Capuchin, hat and Neckties
- A Persian Quilted Coat
- 1 P. Pack Thread Stays
- 4 P. Callimanco Shoes
- 2 P. Satin Shoes with flat ties

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6 P. Fine Cotton Stockings
4 P. White Worsted Stockings
12 P. Mitts
6 P. White Kid Gloves
1 P. Silver Shoe Buckles
1 P. Neat Sleeve Buttons
6 handsome Egrettes
 different sorts
6 Yards Ribbon for Egrettes
12 Yards Coarse Green Callimanco

Now Dearest-my-Dear listens to this list with a crest-fallen countenance; she has never even had one pair of White Kid Gloves. And the Silver Shoe Buckles and the Neat Sleeve Buttons have much impressed her. And what are Egrettes? and why did "Miss Custis" need so many? And what was a Harpsichord? For it undoubtedly appears that "Miss Custis" also had a Harpsichord.

Great as was the contrast between the training of the Southern child in colonial times and the Puritan child—for example the three little sisters who were named Return, Believe and Tremble—there was much that was uncomfortable and unchildlike in the bringing up of children; Philip Fithian, who was tutor in the family of one of my own velvet-coated and powdered-wigged ancestors, Robert Carter of Nomini Hall, gives in his Diary a graphic picture of home life in Virginia. Not an altogether noble picture; but authentic and amusing. Some dear friend has borrowed the book from me—privately printed, by Princeton, and bestowed upon me a quarter of a century ago by Ned Davidson.

The young Princetonian, Philip Fithian, spent but

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one year at Nomini Hall as tutor to the children of Councillor Carter, and some of the neighboring youthful gentry, of whom it seems he could not thoroughly approve. The manner of life was strange to him.

The manner here is different from our way of living in Cohansie—In the morning as soon as it is light a Boy knocks at my door to make a fire; after the fire is kindled, I rise, which now in the winter is commonly by Seven, or a little after. By the time I am dressed the children commonly enter the School-Room which is under the Room I sleep in; I hear them round one lesson, when the Bell rings for eight o'clock (for Mr. Carter has a good Bell of upwards of 60 Lb. which may be heard some miles, and this is always rung at Meal Times) the children then go out; and at half past eight the Bell rings for Breakfast; we then repair to the Dining-Room; after Breakfast, which is generally about half after nine, we go into School, and sit till twelve, when the Bell rings, and then go out for noon; the dinner Bell rings commonly about half past two, often at three, but never before two—After dinner is over, which in common when we have no Company, is about half after three we go into School, and sit till the Bell rings at five, when they separate till the next morning; I have to myself, in the Evening a neat Chamber, a large Fire, Books, and Candle and my Liberty, either to continue in the School-Room, in my own Room, or to sit over at the great house with Mr. and Mrs. Carter—we go into Supper commonly about half past eight or at nine, and I usually go to bed between ten and eleven.

Bob, every day at twelve o'clock, is down by the River Side, with his Gun after Ducks, Gulls, etc.—Ben is on his Horse a Riding, Harry is either in the Kitchen or at the Blacksmiths, or Carpenters Shop. They all find places of Rendezvous as soon as the Bell rings, and all seem to choose different Spots.

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Rose at seven. . . . Bob and Nancy before Breakfast had a quarrel—Bob called Nancy a Liar; Nancy upbraided Bob, on the other Hand, with being often flog'ed by their PaPa; often by the Master in College; that he had stol'n Rum, and had got drunk; and that he used to run away, etc.—

These reproaches when they were set off with Miss Nancy's truly feminine address, so violently exasperated Bob that he struck her in his Rage—I was at the time in my Chamber; when I entered the Room each began with loud and heavy complaints, I put them off, however, with sharp admonitions for better Behavior.

. . . Immediately after Breakfast Ben came over with a Message from Mr. Carter, that he desired me to correct Bob severely immediately—Bob when I went into School set in the corner and looked sullen, and patient; I gave some orders to the children and went to my Room,—I sent for Bob—He came crying—I told him his Father's Message, he confess'd himself guilty—I sent him to call up Harry—He came—I talked with them both a long Time, recommended Diligence and good Behavior, but concluded by observing that I was obliged to comply with Mr. Carter's request; I sent Harry therefore for some Whips—Bob and poor I remained trembling in the Chamber—(for Bob was not more uneasy than I—it being the first attempt of the kind I ever made—The Whips came—I ordered Bob to Strip.—He desired me to whip him in his hand in Tears—I told him no—He then patiently and with great deliberation took off his Coat and laid it by—I took him by the hand and gave him four or five smart twigs; he cring'd and bawld and promis'd—I repeated them about eight more, and demanded and got immediately his solemn promise for peace among the children, and Good Behavior in general—I then sent him down—He conducts himself through this day with great Humility, and unusual diligence, it will be fine if it continues.

This morning I put Ben to construe some Greek, he has

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yet no Testament, I gave him therefore Esops Fables in Greek, and Latin. . . . Ben seemed scared with his Greek Lesson, he swore, and wished for Homer that he might kick Him, as he had been told that Homer invented Greek. . .

In the evening I ran a Foot Race with Ben and Harry for Exercise, and a prize of ten Apples to the winner. We ran from the School House round the stable, and Kitchen and great House which distance is about 70 Rod—I came out first about One Rod; but almost wholly spent. . . . At Supper from the conversation I learned that the slaves in this Colony never are married, their Lords thinking them improper Subjects for so valuable an Institution.

This Evening the negroes collected themselves into the School Room, and began to play the Fiddle, and dance—I went among them, Ben, and Harry were of the company—Harry was dancing with his Coat off—I dispersed them, however, immediately.

Before Breakfast Nancy and Fanny had a Fight about a Shoe Brush which they both wanted—Fanny pull'd off her Shoe and threw it at Nancy, which missed her and broke a pane of glass of our School-Room, they then entered upon close scratching etc., which methods seem instinctive in women. . . . I made peace, but with many threats.

I informed the Colonel I did not think it will be convenient for me to continue with him longer than one year. . . .

It is rather amusing to find among the old accounts very precise entries as to George Washington's expenses for the entertainment of voters. Modern methods, characterized by the moralists of our time as utterly corrupt, seem to have ample precedent in the example of this greatest of all Americans and purest of patriots. And it will be noted that herein is contained, incidentally, a fine recipe for punch.

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1.	To 40 gallons of Rum Punch @ 3/6 pr. galn.	7	0	0
	15 gallons of Wine @ 10/0 pr. galn.	7	10	0
	Dinner for your Friends	3	0	0
2.	To 13½ gallons of Wine @ 10/	6	15	
	3½ pts. of Brandy @ 1/3	4	4½	
	13 galls Bear @ 1/3	16	3	
	8 qts. Cyder Royl. @ 1/6	0	12	0
	Punch	3	9	
3.	To 30 gallons of strong beer @ 8d. pr. gall.	1		
4.	To 1 hhd. & 1 Barrell of Punch consisting of	6	10	0
	26 gals. best Barbadoes Rum 5/	18	9	
	12½ lbs. S. Refd. Sugar 1/6	3		
	6 galls. best Madeira Wine 10/	3		

From time to time some question of modern usage arises, and we find ourselves referring to George Washington for light. In his official and private papers every possible cause of contention seems to have been considered for the welfare of the new nation. Religion, etiquette, science, education, foreign and domestic policies, military tactics, agriculture, engineering, waterways and highways, even down to the oft-recurring problem of social precedence which every few years and in almost every administration, rises up to confront the incoming big-wigs, and puzzle and often shock the public.

Washington realized that a great government could not function without some sort of order as to rank and dignity; while many persons were talking of titles of nobility in Philadelphia, and there was quite a splendid assumption of state in imitation of the monarchical system from which our country was not far removed, the

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President entered into a correspondence with Hamilton and Adams as to certain proprieties in the conduct of the Chief Executive, which were to be a happy compromise between royal privileges and Democratic ease of deportment. The opinions of Washington, Hamilton, Adams and Jefferson seem to have established a sort of code.

CHAPTER X

In cou't—Mr. Weld comments upon the multifarious military titles he met with in Virginia—As it happens in Washington markets—Do not miss visiting Fairfax Court House—And be attentive when there to all Mr. Richardson tells you—If possible, so far as lieth in you, listen to some native oratory—Quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore in old cemeteries—Markers for the graves of Washington's pall-bearers—Dearest-my-Dear sits on a Wall—Old Duck burying ground, Lyme, Connecticut—Mary who never was contrary—To a Mammy.

In every part of America a European is surprised to find so many men with military titles, and still more so in seeing such numbers of them employed in capacities so inconsistent with their rank, for it is not uncommon to see a captain in the shape of a waggoner, a colonel the driver of a stage-coach, or a general dealing out a penny ribbon behind his counter; but nowhere, I believe, is there such a superfluity of these military personages as in the little town of Staunton; there is hardly a decent person in it, excepting lawyers and medical men, but what is a colonel, a major, or a captain.—From *Weld's Travels*, page 173, 1795-1796-1797.

THE harmless fashion of bestowing a complimentary title upon any handsome elderly gentleman has long been a custom of the South. It happens even in Washington, in this twentieth century, that in the Center Market a liberal buyer is addressed quite handsomely by the dealers who serve him. If he buys a fourteen-

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pound roast of beef, the butcher smiles and addresses him as "General" or "Colonel." If he buys two pounds of sweetbreads or a dozen choice chops he will be "Major—" "Come again, Major." If he orders some small and plebeian viands for his family, he may thank his stars if anybody calls him anything at all.

But, of course, this stranger in our midst could not have known of this idiosyncrasy. And he seems not to have grasped it. There were many old officers, poverty-stricken as men are after any war, after the Revolution as after the Civil War, as we have seen them in our own country; and as he, this smugly superior English gentleman, might see them in his own country today, were he alive—doing their best, accepting employment "inconsistent with their rank"—probably exactly what he describes with that touch of irony, "captains as waggoners." The aftermath of dreadful wars sees princes selling shoestrings on the streets and duchesses in restaurants as waitresses, and many gallant spirits going to it, doing with their might whatever their hands find to do. But I must not quarrel with the old fellow. I have enjoyed seeing the era of the first decade of our independence through his eyes.

No one should be in this section of Virginia without knowing old Fairfax Court House, and if possible, some of its residents. There are well-shaded streets on undulating ground, comfortable old homes wherein one would gladly enter, and people walking leisurely and speaking in pleasantly drawling voices. It has not the immaculate character the visitor from New England re-

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gards as normal neatness. Far from it. It has not even the breadth of street and consistency of pattern of Falls Church—Falls Church being largely settled by Northern soldiers who after their four years of harrying us, ended by marrying us, contributing a dash of Northern neatness and efficiency to our easy-going world, at least until by the second and third generation they had capitulated to the social and climatic conditions and become as lazy, as amiable, as inefficient and agreeable as we are.

No. When you pass through the Virginia villages, do not say "How disgusting." Your villages would be the same if you had a three-fourths colored population, to take down the average. You might rank thirty-fourth, or fortieth, in the illiteracy rating, if you had it; and logically, it is you who should have it, with the enthusiasm which characterized your poets and orators sixty years ago, on the subject of racial equality!

You must stop long enough to see the Last Will and Testament of George Washington, the treasure of Fairfax County, kept here at the county seat. Note the quaint phrasing and spelling, and listen attentively to such information as our friendly Mr. Richardson delights to impart. And you must not miss the story of the first Civil War skirmish at this point—the tower of the Court House serving as a lookout for the Federal soldiers—as shown in the old reprint I have by courtesy of the *Washington Evening Star*. You should climb the hill to the cemetery—a sweet spot—for the view.

When I was very young I cherished a secret passion

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for budding orators and almost died of emotion when I heard them make political orations. Adjectives had great power over my imagination. I gloried in them. To quote 'Fiddlin' Bob Taylor of Tennessee, "Oratory poured from his mouth like molasses from the bung-hole of the universe!"

If it is in the resources of science for you to so arrange your time as to hear a southern orator orate, you should not miss it. It is an experience.

Here (Norfolk) are two churches, one for episcopalians, the other for methodists. In the former, service is not performed more than once in two or three weeks, and very little regard is paid by the people in general to Sunday. Indeed, throughout the lower parts of Virginia, that is, between the mountains and the sea, people have scarcely any sense of religion, and in the country parts the churches are all falling into decay. As I rode along, I scarcely observed one that was not in a ruinous condition, with windows broken, and doors dropping off the hinges, and lying open to the pigs and cattle wandering about the woods; yet many of these were not past repair. The churches in Virginia, excepting such as are in towns, stand for the most part in the woods, retired from any houses, and it does not appear that any persons are appointed to pay the smallest attention to them.

A custom prevails in Norfolk, of private individuals holding grave yards, which are looked upon as a very lucrative kind of property, the owners receiving considerable fees annually for giving permission to people to bury their dead in them. It is very common also to see, in the large plantations in Virginia, and not far from the dwelling house, cemeteries walled in, where the people of the family are all buried. These cemeteries are generally built adjoining the garden.—Weld's *Travels*, page 133, 1795–1796–1797.

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If social life in the early days centered around the Court days, it was even more associated with the life of the Church. As I look back over fifty years, spent by fits and in spots all over the world, but with my roots always in the soil of Virginia, I realize how delectable were the diversions of religion.

With my grandmother on the maternal side, religion was a dissipation. With my grandfather on the paternal side, it was a business; and with all the betwixts and betweenes it figured importantly in social life. As a small child, a rather greedy child, I fear, I watched preparations for the entertainment of ministers. Those preparations were of a material rather than of a spiritual nature. Food. Rich food and plenty of it. I soon understood about spiritual difficulties for I saw that persons never familiar with other gentlemen felt there was a certain immunity as regarded a man of God, and sometimes tearfully, sometimes tenderly, consulted holy men upon their earthly as well as their spiritual affairs and relationships.

I observed that the churchyard, prior to the services, was a place of social gathering, even in 1881; what must it have been in 1781? And when a big girl my own self, and hopeful of beaux, what a wonderful thing it was to know that big girls could catch beaux in church! So about the year 1886, I undertook to practice the methods I had witnessed, and attract the male of the species by means of assiduous church-going.

Sunday night church-going was the least expensive and most practicable mode by which a poverty-stricken

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youth could pay a delicate attention to an equally poverty-stricken maiden; if it happened to be a definite engagement, he was expected to have supper at her father's house; some slight preparation would be made in his honor, so he fared really better than he might have fared at home, for Sunday suppers generally were bread-and-jam-tea-and-ham affairs at best; we were all poor; two thousand dollars a year seemed a lot of money.

But more frequently, the boy did not come to tea; he met the girl at the sanctuary. As the congregation filed out, jabbering irreverently in the aisles as we Low Churchmen do, the anxious maidens cast their eyes out to the brick walk where the males of the earth were already assembled to look the females over. Near the church door one's true love sidled up to one, lifting his hat, and inquiring if he might see her safely home. Oh, what palpitations, what expectation, what an assumption of indifference, surprise, and all the maidenly virtues! No matter what the text might have been, love was not without dissimulation.

The old churches in Virginia, many of them now in ruins, witnessed gay assemblages of personages, some arriving by barges rowed by slaves, if the church happened to be near the river; some by coach, with postilions and outriders if the persons were persons of quality; especially the churches associated with General Washington, for after the Revolution many informal conferences took place on the Sabbath day, as those from a distance dined with those who were near at

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hand. Old Yeocomico, where George Washington was baptized; old Bruton, at Williamsburg, to which in later years he sometimes returned; Pohick, the nearest church to Mt. Vernon, and Christ Church, Alexandria, with which he was closely identified.

The landed gentry from miles around attended these various houses of worship, arriving an hour or a half-hour before the service, so as to have the pleasure of a good old gossip in the churchyard; their horses, cared for by their own grooms, hitched in the shade. They exchanged snuff and discussed the breeding of stock, the condition of crops, the price of tobacco, the runaway slaves, and the governmental policies in which they were all acutely interested at that time. Their own "distempers" and the "physick" recommended by their physicians, and the wider news of the world, as it filtered into their limited lives. Some of them corresponded briskly with distinguished foreigners, who after serving in the Continental army, wrote the news of Europe to their faraway friends. The beautiful handwriting of these old gentlemen is a thing to be remarked, though they had their own idiosyncrasies as to spelling. But dignified and noble correspondence marked the era of "good feeling" and letter-writing was a real art.

If the traveller is interested in the quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore, he will find a page or two in any old burying-ground he may happen to pass in Virginia. The newer ones he will recognize by the hideous designs of crosses and urns and angels, and by the lack of well-grown trees; for though we may decide to open a cemetery in a virgin forest, we are determined to

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cut down all the aged trees we find there, grade the ground neatly, and plant nice little maple switches from the nearest nursery.

The old graveyards will be known by their tablets fallen askew, their trailing draperies of morning-glory and periwinkle, the sturdy old trees and dark clustering ivy—and the dignified old yews and hemlocks that were planted generations earlier and have patiently fulfilled themselves. Here then, in spite of neglect, in spite of the lack of formal gardening, will be found a mellow grace and ample food for thought.

There is at Falls Church, third of those churches which with Pohick and Christ Church, Alexandria, formed the old parish of Truro, a dear old cemetery which one can visit on the way to Fairfax Court House, driving either from Washington or from Alexandria. There is the neglected old cemetery at Dumfries, there are several on the outskirts of Alexandria, one containing the grave of a Female Stranger, a lovely creature arriving with a male companion by boat at Alexandria and dying there without her identity being ever disclosed. The monuments of Christ Churchyard are worthy of inspection, profuse as the inscriptions are, recording the alleged virtues of the dead in every relation of life. If Edgar Lee Masters had never done his unparalleled Spoon River, I think Cousin Mollie Powell could do Alexandria along the same line—contradicting the epitaphs with fiendish glee. And I would, if she would not.

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Apropos of the almost universal neglect of the graves

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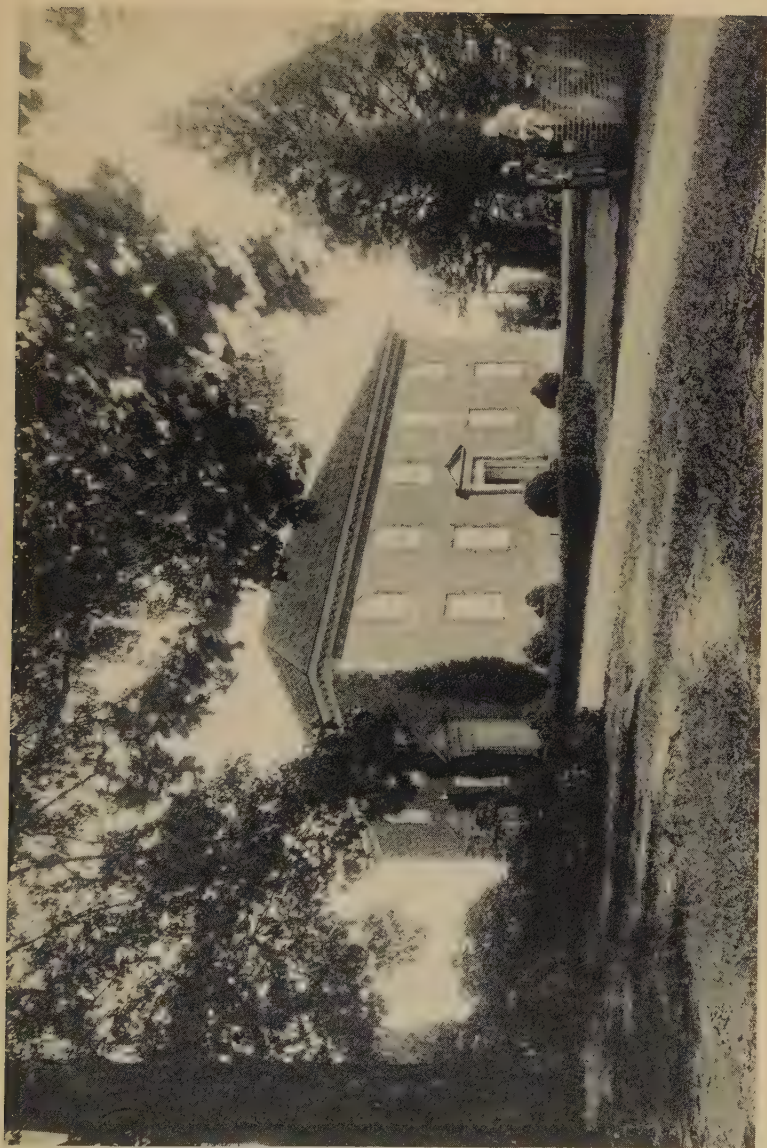
of historic personages in Virginia, it may be remembered that about twenty years ago a gentleman from Massachusetts, a Mason, kindly sent from his Lodge in Beverley, Massachusetts, to the Washington Masonic Lodge at Alexandria, Virginia, a set of "markers" with the request that one be placed on the grave of each of General Washington's pall-bearers.

This New England brother "started something," for it transpired that those Revolutionary officers who had acted in this honorary capacity at General Washington's funeral, though buried somewhere near Alexandria, had been so forgotten as the years had passed, that it was not possible with any certainty to identify their resting-places.

We were a little shamefaced when confronted with this delinquency, a sin of omission laid at our door by the well-intentioned intervention of a Yankee gentleman. So the Daughters of the American Revolution with the enthusiasm of patriots and the resourcefulness of females, set themselves the task of the amende honorable.

General Washington had been a vestryman of Christ Church; his pall-bearers were members of Christ Church; the Rev. Mr. Davis, who read the service at the funeral, was the rector of Christ Church; what then more appropriate than a tablet at the door of Christ Church; commemorating these neglected dead?

No sooner thought, than said; no sooner said, than done. And today the handsome bronze tablet at the front door of the old church announces:



OLD POHICK CHURCH



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IN MEMORY OF THE HONORARY PALL-BEARERS of GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

Fellow-townsmen, Brother Masons,
Trusted Friends, Comrades,
In the Cause of American Independence

Col. Charles Simms	Col. George Gilpin
Col. Dennis Ramsay	Col. Philip Marsteller
Col. William Payne	Col. Charles Little

IN MEMORY ALSO OF THE LIEUTENANTS

William Moss	Lawrence Hooff
James Turner, Jr.	George Wise

Of the 106th Regiment of the Virginia Militia
Who bore his body to the tomb, December 18th, 1799

Erected by the Mt. Vernon Chapter National Society
Daughters of the American Revolution of Alexandria, Va.,
in 1908.

Old Pohick, restored, breathes of peace and tranquillity, more stable, more lovely, than in its earlier days before it had suffered the wear and tear of two wars; for first it was shelled by British warships from the Potomac in 1812, 1814, and then again subjected to destruction and vandalism during the Civil War in 1861-1865. The names of Union soldiers and their regiments are chisled into its stone doorways, the marks of cannon and shell are in its broken walls.

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Few of the old fine trees, few of the old aristocratic graves, remain; but the ivy clings to its walls as to Kenilworth castle, and the cedar trees and oaks throw long shadows over its smooth lawns, within the protection of a handsome wall of brick. Tourists trip along its grassy walks, and on the old gray flag-stones, worshipers assemble within its cool white walls, the sunshine floods it and the birds are at home in its tangles of honeysuckle and undergrowth, where the lawnmower and the scythe invade not the remoter corners.

Dearest-my-Dear sat on a bit of old wall with her grandmother beside her and bit her finger-nails a little tiny bit, because she was nervous, sitting on so high a perch. Usually she does not bite her nails; only just nibbles them now and then when she hears big people talking as if some of them were thinking about spanking her. That makes a girl uncomfortable, and she must have something to do to take her mind off of such a painful possibility.

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Wandering further afield, we come to the Old Duck Burying Ground in Lyme, Connecticut, which is also in George Washington's beloved country, in the more far-reaching sense; there, in 1888, I stood beside the graves of Captain Reynold, or Rennold Marvin and his two wives, little dreaming that the children the future held in store for me, would be descendants of those worthy Puritans.

A delightful old spot, full of charm and poetry. The

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poetry here is of the sterner sort, but what is that to me, who know my Milton? Not that the metrical efforts of the survivors reach the Miltonian heights, but the ballad, descriptive of the courtship of Reynold Marvin and sweet Phoebe Lee, written by one of their descendants, Miss Martha Noyes of Lyme, has a Miles Standish flavor.

My children's great-great-great-great-grandfather, Reynold Marvin, was responsible for the inscription on the tomb of his first wife:

HER BODY ONLY
RESTING HERE.
HER SOUL IS FLED
TO A HIER SPEAR.

A few lines of Martha Noyes' poem:

More than two hundred years ago one summer afternoon
When bird and bee and spinning wheel all hummed a drowsy
tune,

And butterflies on idle wing were floating in the air,
And not a zephyr to disturb the stillness anywhere,
Leaning against the half-open door, comely and fair to see,
And bathed in yellow sunlight stood blue-eyed Phoebe Lee.

She wore no gems nor golden gauds; what use were gems,
forsooth,

When most esteemed were jewels such as purity and truth?

Then riding quickly to the gate came Reynold Marvin bold,
Called unto her to come to him, and thus his story told:

"Phoebe, in vision hath the Lord declared his will to me,
That I should take myself a wife—and sent me here—to thee."

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She calmly listened while he spoke; then quaintly, one by one,
Forth from her lips there dropped the words, "Reynold, His
Will be Done."

She quietly retraced her steps; he turned and rode away;
The spinning wheel went droning on that calm sweet summer
day.

. . . Her mother took from out her chests
Some richly wrought brocaded silks she brought across the sea,
And fashioned out the wedding dress of comely Phoebe Lee.

Still further afield, in English soil from which the
house of Washington is sprung, a cannily confident
husband has prepared for no disappointment when the
trumpet shall finally sound and the dead be raised in-
corruptible. In old Orpington, in Kent, a beloved Mary
reposes, enclosed in a safe palisade, under an ancient
stone. The illuminating inscription tells the whole of
life's story in a few words:

HERE LIES MARY
WHO NEVER WAS CONTRARY.
TO ME NOR HER NEIGHBORS AROUND HER.
LIKE TURTLE AND DOVE
WE LIVED IN LOVE
AND I HAVE LAID HER WHERE I KNOW WHERE TO
FIND HER.

And now back from these digressions to Virginia, to
one of the many graves and monuments to faithful
servants. The Mammy is a type which, as we knew it
in my youth, might well exhaust our superlatives. And
of those dear and faithful friends, Evelyn Williams was
one. She was born in the year 1799, a slave, who stood

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by her "chillun" through thick and thin. The honor in which they held her is recorded on her tomb in one of the Page family lots in the cemetery at "Old Chaple," near Berryville, Virginia.

EVELYN WILLIAMS COL'D.

Died Nov. 21, 1882, age 83 years. She was sincerely mourned by the members of the family who had loved and honored her as nurse and Mammy.

For two generations she filled almost the position of loving mother to those she called her children, and at her death her kind ceased to exist.

Faithful unto death.

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Weld on the "Northern Neck" of Virginia — —
We turn at Fredericksburg into the Northern Neck—
Wakefield, birthplace of George Washington—Stratford,
birthplace of Robert E. Lee—Sabine Hall—The descendants
of the Washingtons—Tuckers and Lawrence Washingtons
—Notes by Cazenove G. Lee on Stratford—Characteristics
of the late Robert E. Lee III, grandson of the General—
John Drinkwater's play.

This part of Virginia situated between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, is called the Northern Neck, and is remarkable for having been the birthplace of many of the principal characters, which distinguished themselves in America, during the war, by their great talents, General Washington at their head. It was here that numbers of English gentlemen who migrated when Virginia was a young colony, fixed their residences; and several of the houses which they built exactly similar to the old manor houses in England, are still remaining, particularly in the counties of Richmond and Westmoreland. Some of these, like the houses in Maryland, are quite in ruins; others are kept in good repair by the present occupiers, who live in a style which approaches nearer to that of English country gentlemen than what is to be met with anywhere else on the continent, some parts of Virginia alone excepted.

The principal planters in Virginia have nearly every thing they can want on their own estates. Amongst their slaves are found taylors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, turners, wheelwrights, weavers, tanners, etc.

I have seen patterns of excellent coarse woolen cloth made

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in the country by slaves, and a variety of cotton manufactures, amongst the rest good nankeen. Cotton grows here extremely well; the plants are often killed by frost in winter, but they always produce abundantly the first year in which they are sown. The cotton from which nankeen is made is of a particular kind, naturally of a yellowish color.

The large estates are managed by stewards and overseers, the proprietors just amusing themselves with seeing what is going forward. The work is done wholly by slaves, whose numbers are in this part of the country more than double that of white persons.

The slaves on the large plantations are in general very well provided for, and treated with mildness. During three months nearly that I was in Virginia, but two or three instances of ill treatment toward them came under my observation.

Their quarters, the name whereby their habitations are called, are usually situated one hundred or two hundred yards from the dwelling house, which gives the appearance of a village to the residence of every planter in Virginia; when the estate, however, is so large as to be divided into several farms, then separate quarters are attached to the house of the overseer on each farm. Adjoining their little habitations, the slaves commonly have small gardens and yards for poultry, which are their own property; they have ample time to attend to their own concerns, and their gardens are generally found well stocked, and their flocks of poultry numerous. Besides the food they raise for themselves they are allowed liberal rations of salted pork and Indian corn. Many of their little huts are comfortably furnished, and they are, themselves, in general, extremely well clothed. In short, their condition is by no means so wretched as might be imagined. They are forced to work certain hours in the day; but in return, they are clothed, dieted, and lodged comfortably, and saved all anxiety about provision for their offspring.

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What I have said here, respecting the condition and treatment of slaves, appertains, it must be remembered, to those only who are upon the large plantations in Virginia; the lot of such as are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the lower class of white people, and of hard task-masters in the towns, is very different. In the Carolinas and Georgia, again, slavery presents itself in very different colors from what it does, even in its worst form in Virginia.

I am told, that it is no uncommon thing there, to see gangs of negroes staked at a horse race, and to see these unfortunate beings bandied about from one set of drunken gamblers to another.—From *Travels Through The States of North America, during the years 1795, 1796, 1797, by Isaac Weld, Jr.* Printed by John Stockdale, London, 1800.

THE automobile, in spite of the frequent charges brought against it as a corrupt institution, has added to the safety of the roads. One is not often out of call—as they say in North Carolina, measuring distances, “a whoop and a holler and a whoop—” someone is always passing, near enough to hear one whoop, or one holler—as well as a whoop and a holler and another whoop.

We hope you will travel peacefully and without anxiety through our highways and byways; you will get the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple from any cabin at which you may stop; the passing colored laborer will offer to help you change your tire; the little boys will tip their ragged caps if you look at them in a friendly way.

Further into the country—not so near Washington—much of the old courtesy remains. Everyone greets

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the passersby along the roads; but the old easy spirit has faded out of urban life—the mutual kindliness and good-will has been too great a tax on time and patience; has the number of the understanding hearts decreased?

The transitions which are sweeping us along confuse us; the ever-increasing complexities of daily life.

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Bound for the Northern Neck to investigate some of these matters, we piled into our ancient Studebaker early in the morning on the longest day of the year, and set forth in a driving mist. Himself and Herself were on the front seat, and I, with sandwiches and grand-daughters, in the back.

Leaving Fredericksburg and the hill country we bore toward the Bay, through a region becoming ever more level and more productive. There seemed to be, for some reason, an unusual supply of rye this season. I wondered if it had anything to do with the coming election? Certainly the grain fields, waving in the wind, ripe to the harvest, were beautiful in every light.

It is pleasant to ride with grand-daughters. Their conversation is entrancing. And for such little tots they were intelligently concerned as to Wakefield, the birth-place of General Washington. We walked along the crest of the hill, acres of reservation which include the cemetery where rest the forebears of the illustrious one, and a forest of old juniper trees unlike anything I ever saw anywhere. We speak of this tree as the cedar, but it is not; it is a true juniper. The perfect symmetry of

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these trees and their rich dark color strike the senses as the perfume does; and the untroubled expanse of Pope's Creek, more like a lake than a creek, adds a fine background. The bank fringed with very ancient crooked deciduous trees, drops a sheer thirty feet or more to the level of the water. A pretty place. And the neglected old burying-ground near by.

A respectable shaft has been placed to mark the spot supposed by some to be where the original farmhouse stood—the house in which George Washington was born. Patriotic Americans will see to it that before long the spot is appropriately marked.

An association of several years' standing exists which plans with Federal Aid to restore Wakefield by the two-hundredth anniversary of George Washington's birth, and make it a memorial. I had somewhat disapproved of this undertaking which I understood was to attempt to reproduce the original house in which he was born; but since going to the spot and falling head-over-heels in love with it, I am ready to add my widow's mite to the proposition, along whatever lines may seem best to the majority of those interested.

Personally, as an artist and after some experience in preserving historic properties, I do not find myself in sympathy with the new building; and I am not alone in my opinion. As a matter of sentiment and of taste, I feel very strongly that the original foundations of the Wakefield house, now overgrown with weeds and choked with litter, should be uncovered, and a moat, or some other suitable enclosure, surround it, to hold at



YEOCOMICO CHURCH, WESTMORELAND COUNTY
WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BAPTIZED

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bay that American Monster, the relic hunter. This, I can see, would preserve the genuine sentiment far better than a new house, said to be a reproduction of the old one.

The state of Virginia owns the burying-ground, still in a condition one can but call discreditable—and the United States owns the actual site of the house and the monument placed there to mark it.

With Sulgrave Manor in England, Wakefield, Valley Forge, Mount Vernon, and the City of Washington, George Washington will not soon be forgotten.

Not many miles further is old Yeocomico Church where he was christened, the same font being in use today. This house of worship dates from 1706, and is second only to Bruton Parish, at Williamsburg, as the oldest church in Virginia. Surrounded by a fine wall of old brick and shadowed by noble trees, it is as quaint and picturesque a church as one will find in the Old Dominion.

Just as we crossed the body of water known as Nomini Creek, we met the travelling dentist of Westmoreland County. An improvised office on a truck body, going through the country in command of a negro dentist, who halts in every village to give the colored citizens such care as they may need. He has his office and operating room in one, his tiny cooking equipment and bed; and in view of the fact that white doctors do not attend colored dental patients, this practitioner does a humane and lucrative business. A combination not often met with.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

Throughout this country the fashion exists of holding reunions and memorial services in honor of the ancestral dead: Old Christ Church in Kilmarnock is the scene, on the finest Sunday in June, of an all-day service—rather, a morning service followed by a picnic lunch, and an afternoon service, in memory of "King Carter," as Robert Carter of Corotoman was called; on which occasion the clan, to the remotest descendant, assemble.

At Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, there is also an annual gathering, the old graveyard at Mount Pleasant being visited, where his grandfather, Richard Henry Lee, is buried. Richard Henry Lee was father of "Light Horse Harry," who was father of Robert E. Lee. From the Lees, Mount Pleasant passed to the Newtons, and from them to J. Emerson Randolph Crabbe. The original house was destroyed by fire. The hundred-acre field where it stood is still known as Burnt Field.

Throughout this narrow Northern Neck were many of the finest of the old estates, some of which remain in excellent condition, with their great parks and gardens. Of these Mount Airy, a Tayloe property, and Sabine Hall, a Carter place, are examples of distinction.

Sabine Hall is presided over with grace and distinction by my cousin, Ida Beverley that was, now Mrs. Harrison Wellford. The entrance is through a virgin forest, lovely beyond the power of words, in several hundred unbroken acres of sunshine, shadow, silence and perfume. A fine old brick house, with but one wing; the second wing is but now being added, after more than

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two hundred and fifty years, according to the original plans.

Passing through the house, high walls covered with very ancient family portraits, one sees Ida's garden at the rear—one of the great gardens of Virginia. It is Ida's special, personal care, and returns to her in health and interest, good measure and pressed down. Ida, by the way, is a grand-daughter of my Aunt Ida—she of the "Poor Relation" and of the "Scraps of Paper," Mrs. Henry Grafton Dulany. Her daughter Rebecca married John Hill Beverley, and Ida Beverley Wellford is their daughter.

Here and there through this section, if you have an enquiring mind, or are in search of picturesque bits of forgotten architecture and horticulture, or if love among the ruins appeals to you—as it does to me—you will turn aside from the hard, blue concrete roads, and risk your motor in some overgrown lane which instinct tells you leads somewhere. And thus you startle ghosts, for you chug through almost impassable jungles of honeysuckle and old roses, escapes from gardens once as wonderful as Mrs. Wellford's. Lilac bushes, altheas and calicanthus deserted during sixty years have grown to trees, and fling themselves about in an abandonment that makes you envious. And so you reach the spot. The very identity of such a place is lost. Crumbling old walls, the foundation outlining such an establishment as Westover or Sabine Hall; some bits of wall standing, a prey to owls and bats, draped in poison ivy and Virginia Creeper, eaten up with the ravenous trum-

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petvine. Old paving shows where porticos must have been, old flagstones outline overgrown garden walks—down in the garden an enclosure and a few forgotten graves. There will be an old brick well—do not step near it—and where once the garden was, a riot of things gone wild from lack of pruning discipline. Grapes reverting to the wild fox-grape and chicken-grape familiar in the woods. Hyacinths, once of heavy, fatty stalk and bloom, but gone back to the English bluebell, which is nothing but the hyacinth in its natural state, before the earlier Burbanks overfed it. It takes possession in whole colonies, of a tract of ground, as one sees it in May in the woods in Kent, each stalk slender and frail, its freight of small, delicate blue bells weighing it down. The lemon lilies are crowding each other so they cannot bloom, and the jonquils have doubled and trebled as the years have passed, and the competition underground has resulted in a congestion because of which there are too many bulbs, and none come to fulfilment. These ruins are dreary reminders of the Civil War.

We landed for luncheon with another relative, Mrs. Harry Tayloe, a daughter of Mount Pleasant, now established with a large family of her own in a comfortable home built on the old Mount Pleasant estate. We sat down fifteen at table to a delicious home dinner, everything from the chicken and vegetables to the raspberries and ice cream, products of the place, raised by her own sons. A summer rain-storm was the event of the afternoon, not disturbing the two tables of bridge

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on the front porch, nor the group of little cousins romping on the side porch, nor the drowsy grandmother idly ruminating in the hammock.

Then home again when the downpour ceased a little, Himself and Herself on the front seat, Grandma literally covered with sleepy little grand-daughters on the back seat.

.

Two families, the Washingtons and the Lees, have the strongest hold upon the affections of their native state. For from them sprang the outstanding Virginians, George Washington and Robert E. Lee. The families have spread throughout the country in many ramifications as the generations have passed.

George Washington left no direct descendants though the names of the collateral branches are Legion. Now and then we hear of persons who are "descendants" and once when Cousin Sally and I were prowling in Alexandria we beheld in the show-case of a "shoe-shining parlor," a large pump—one lone old pump—with a silver buckle upon it, and the flamboyant inscription, placed there by an ambitious young Greek, "This shoe was worn by a son of General Washington." The Lawrence Washingtons of Alexandria who occupied in old Christ Church the last pew in the left-hand Amen corner, as my mother's numerous progeny occupied the corresponding pew in the right-hand corner, number twelve—a fine group of people in early middle life, all living at this time. A sister of Lawrence Washington

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was the wife of the late Bishop of Virginia, the Right Reverend Beverley Dandridge Tucker, and their family numbers thirteen, all living; several of the sons follow the profession of their father, and have distinguished themselves in the Episcopal ministry.

When we all were young it seemed to a girl visiting Norfolk that the banks were full of Tuckers, and the churches, and the dances, and the streets, and the sea—all full of Tuckers; a remarkable family. Each one of them counted for a dozen. They were omnipresent. Virile stock. And during the World War these two families, twenty-five first cousins of the old Washington blood, sent one dozen of themselves into the service. All who were old enough to go.

Many years ago the youngest son of Lawrence Washington, Ryland, aged six, was discovered by a sympathetic lady weeping bitterly on the street-corner. Ryland did not often register agony of mind—he usually endangered his life every minute of the day by hanging on to the tail of the ice-wagon, or pretending he was going to jump off the wharf, or running across the track in the face of an oncoming train—but today he was in tears.

"Ryland, darling," said the ministering angel, bending over the sobbing child in the fashion of ministering angels in picture books, "what in the world is the matter?"

Ryland rubbed his sleeve across his eyes and looked into her loving face. He suppressed his sobs so as to speak. "Those Tuckers," he gasped, "those Tuckers has

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got another baby——” here his grief completely overcame him—with a roar he completed the statement of the case——“an’ now they got *thirteen chillun an’ we’ve got only twelve!*”

A sister of the late Lawrence Washington and of Mrs. Beverley Tucker is Mrs. Eleanor Selden Washington Howard, a resident of Washington and a leading member of all patriotic associations, as well as an authority on the history of her distinguished connection. From my own seat in the Amen corner of old Christ Church, Alexandria, I have looked right into Mrs. Howard’s face as she sits in one of the upper pews, during many years in which her attendance has been one of exemplary regularity, and my own, alas! somewhat intermittent.

Mrs. Howard dresses in black, and follows the service according to the time-honored observances of the Low Church Episcopal form of worship; she has a strong countenance with a profile of the Roman type, not at all unlike that of her great kinsman; of such things as she conscientiously disapproves, she speaks her mind without fear or favor; to all matters of which she does approve, she lends her support, backing it with time, intelligence, prestige and money. Mrs. Eleanor Selden Washington Howard is a personality to be reckoned with, a friend to be cultivated; in whom combine these five qualities laid down by John Adams and Thomas Jefferson as the foundations of true aristocracy—beauty, genius, birth, virtue and wealth, the wealth consisting chiefly of treasures which are secure from

moth and rust, and which thieves cannot break in upon and steal.

The direct descendants of General Robert E. Lee are few, but again the other branches of this great family are widely distributed. General Lee's oldest son, General George Washington Parke Custis Lee, heir to Arlington, died a bachelor. The second son, General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, known as "Rooney," left two sons born of his second marriage with Tabb Bolling, Robert E., III, and George Bolling. Robert died childless, and Bolling has a little son, Robert E. Lee, IV. General Lee's third son, Captain Robert E. Lee of the Confederate Army, whose *Letters* of his father were first published some twenty-five years ago, and have recently appeared again, left two daughters. His wife was Juliet Carter. General's Lee's daughters, Mary and Mildred, lived to a good age as spinsters of great distinction, feared a little and loved much. Other daughters died in youth.

The very air of Westmoreland County is freighted with memories. And it is undeniable that traditions of this kind maintain in later generations a certain *noblesse oblige*.

From Cazenove G. Lee, editor of the *Magazine of the Society of the Lees of Virginia*, I have received the following brief synopsis of the Lees in the state, and a comparison of certain situations in the lives of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. Cazenove is a close student of history, and the society of which



Courtesy of Casenove G. Lee, Esq.

STRATFORD, HOME OF THE LEES

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he is president keeps watch and ward over the treasured family tree.

NOTES BY CAZENOVE G. LEE, JR.

"Stratford," the venerable seat of the Lee family in Westmoreland, is one of Virginia's cherished shrines. With a haunted look and an air of mystery, it stands in isolated grandeur awaiting the coming of the restorer and a return to its former splendor.

The building of this sturdy mansion was begun about 1725 and the family moved in about five years later, when it may not have been completed. It was built by Colonel Thomas Lee for his bride, Miss Hannah Ludwell of Greenspring and Jamestown Island.

The first child to be born beneath its roof-tree was destined to offer the resolution in the Continental Congress which led to the Declaration of Independence. Long before the Revolution, he showed his detestation of slavery in a speech, said to have been the strongest indictment of that institution ever delivered by the lips of a Virginian. This man was a century ahead of his time; he was one of six distinguished brothers; his name was Richard Henry Lee.

In no American home, save "Stratford," were two Signers of the Declaration of Independence born; no family except the Lees can boast of two brothers who were signers.

Seventy-five years passed and there came the last of the Lees to be born at "Stratford." This boy grew to be the incomparable leader of the Southern Confederacy, and his laurels are as fresh and as green today as when they were gathered by Fame on the fields of Chancellorsville.

It was on Christmas Day, in 1861, that General Lee, then in South Carolina and far removed from his family and the home they would see no more, unburdened his soul to his wife in these words: "They cannot take away the remembrance

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of the spot and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase 'Stratford.' You and the girls could remain there in quiet."

Three years later a negro regiment from Massachusetts was landed in Westmoreland. Hardly a "quiet" place for the ladies of his family, yet the New York papers record the courage with which the matron at Stratford faced this situation and saved both herself and her home.

Stratford, then known as "Cliffs Plantation," on account of its frontage on the Potomac, was first patented in 1651 by Colonel Nathaniel Pope, of Pope's Creek, the progenitor of the family of that name. In 1716 this plantation was sold to Colonel Thomas Lee, who changed its name to "Stratford" in remembrance of his grandfather's home in England. Colonel Pope's daughter, Anne, married the first of the Washingtons, hence he enjoys the distinction of being the first to own "Wakefield," the birthplace of Washington, and "Stratford," the birthplace of Lee.

There are a number of interesting parallels in the lives of these two great Americans:

They had a common ancestor in Virginia, Augustine Warner. They were born in Westmoreland on lands once belonging to Nathaniel Pope. They were taken from their places of birth when three years of age and never lived in them again. They were associated with Alexandria for fifty years; there they worshipped in Christ Church, Lee being the better churchman of the two. Washington never left his country save for a few weeks spent in Barbadoes; Lee spent a few months in Mexico. Washington aided in improving the navigation of the Potomac by means of the Great Falls canal; Lee worked on the Mississippi. Both renounced their allegiance to the flags under which they were born and fought against commanders with whom they had once borne arms.

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Washington served with great credit under Braddock; Lee was the inspiration of Scott's triumphs. Washington married Martha Custis; Lee chose Mary. Each had a father who was twice married. Under Washington's orders, Lee's father commanded the troops sent to put down the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania. Lee was sent to put down the John Brown affair at Harper's Ferry, and in so doing, rescued Col. Charles Washington, who had been captured by Brown. The last of the Washingtons to own Mount Vernon fell by the side of Lee in an early battle.

The first of this family to settle in Virginia was Colonel Richard Lee, who came over in 1641. He became a member of the Council in 1651, a distinction which his son, the second Richard, achieved in 1676 and his grandson, Colonel Thomas Lee of "Stratford," in 1733. Finally, Thomas' son, Philip Ludwell Lee, was elevated to that august body in 1757. The second Richard reached the Council in his 29th year and was the second native-born Virginian to be thus honored. Only one other Virginia family, the Wormeleys, saw this distinction pass from father to son during four generations.

There are many arguments as to who are and who are not Lees. I would not advise any person, accidentally but of course lawfully possessed of the name Lee, to claim, or let it be thought, or inadvertently give the impression that he or she is a LEE of Virginia—not unless he or she is quite sure their line is down in the book and straight as a string. Very disconcerting situations arise from such mistakes; and an unhappy stranger, classified as a LEE when he or she is but a *Lee*, is liable to flounder in deep waters.

Among the intricate genealogical tangles of old Virginia none is more confusing than that of the Lee con-

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nection in Westmoreland County, and their relationship with the Stuarts, from whom the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation has purchased the property, July 19, 1929.

The preliminary transaction had taken place on January 19, of that year, the birthday of Robert E. Lee, and this formal taking over of title was on the date of the two hundredth anniversary of the building of the house. Among the hundreds attending the impressive ceremonies the question was asked, "How did this property pass from the ownership of the Lees, whose forefather received the money to build it as a mark of royal favor, into the hands of the Stuarts?" Far be it from this deponent to answer such a question, except upon the authority of one of the Stuart clan.

The signer of the title transferring the property to the Foundation is Charles E. Stuart, son of Dr. Richard H. Stuart and grandson of Charles E. Stuart. Harry Lee, owner of "Stratford" had borrowed money from his sister-in-law, a Mrs. Stark, born Betsy McCarthy, and never having the ready money to repay her, in spite of the disposition so to do, he was visited by her step-brother, Dr. Richard H. Stuart of Cedar Grove, uncle of the aforesaid Richard H. Stuart of Stratford and advised in the authoritative manner of the great old gentlemen of his day, to adjust the matter of this indebtedness by leaving Stratford in his will, to Mrs. Stark. She in turn willed it to her two nephews, Richard and Charles E. Stuart. Charlie Stuart was a lawyer in Alexandria, married to the beautiful Ruth Yeaton, and

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had no use whatever for the half of an old house in inaccessible Westmoreland County; he sold his interest to his brother Richard for \$10,000, who in turn bequeathed it to his son, Charles E. Stuart, from whom the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation has bought it for \$240,000.

Among the handsome Richards, Charleses, Douglasses and Alberts of these Westmoreland Stuarts, we wander in a sort of maze; hard-working gentlemen farmers on ancestral acres, a tribe in which that royal Stuart blood has crossed and re-crossed in endless intermarriages as happens in localities wherein few strangers are met, whose inhabitants do not travel far, and where social distinctions are ironbound.

The joint elaboration of the birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson on January 19th of each year has long been customary in the South, the dates being within a day or two of each other. Bull Run and Appomattox, "Marse Robert" and "Old Stonewall" are words on every tongue, even of those whose fathers had not seen the light of day until long after the surrender. Throughout the South, a legal holiday; the beautiful flags of the dead Confederacy proudly flying, much assembling, much parading and oratory. The few remaining veterans marching gallantly in full uniform of gray, old men all past their eightieth milestone; then guests of honor at the banquets, responding in voices shaken by emotion, to the toasts to the brave memories of other days.

On the 121st anniversary of General Lee's birthday.

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January 19, 1929, the announcement was made that Stratford Hall, his birthplace in Westmoreland County, had been bought by the William Alexander, Junior, Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Connecticut, to become a shrine similar to Mount Vernon and Monticello.

Thus one more famous house will be secured from the possible vicissitudes of private ownership to become an object lesson in culture, a repository of tradition and an inspiration to patriotism for those who come after.

A worthy representative of his noble old grandfather and namesake was Robert E. Lee, III, a southern gentleman of the true type. In fact, just a little bit out of date in the world in which he found himself, and this no one knew better than he. He once told me, as he drove me over to Tudor Place to call on our old friend Mrs. Peter, that he was sorry he had not been born a generation earlier, lived out a normal life as a country squire, and been killed at the battle of Gettysburg, when about eighty years old. Certain it is, he made no success of politics or of the practice of the law in the state of Virginia. He could not and would not make the compromises which his political rivals regarded as part of the game, they who envied him his long lineage and assured position. In legal practice he did no better, for he could not turn the confusions and quarrels in the affairs of others into business for himself.

"Tut, tut," he would say in his expansive fashion to the young wife talking of divorce. "Why, what are you

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thinking of? None of your folks ever thought of such a thing. I'll see him." If the question were one of litigation over a will, this attorney-at-law would urge a compromise, assuring the anxious client that the father was his own old friend and a man whose intentions were always just and noble. Of course, no one would dispute that! And the brothers and sisters of the client were among the finest people Bob had ever known; nothing had happened with any unfair intention, it was a little misapprehension which would be set all straight in a friendly interview. "Settle out of court, my friend, don't bring your father's name up in court. I don't like family disagreements. *Brothers always play fair!* I will have a little talk with the others and everything will be settled in a friendly way."

When John Drinkwater's play, "Robert E. Lee," was first produced in Washington, the management of the theatre tendered Mrs. Robert E. Lee, III, a box, into which she invited me; our escorts were old Confederate veterans in the Confederate gray uniform, and really the occupants of our box divided the attention of the house with the actors. Opera glasses were leveled on the box and our cavaliers were much admired. One of them was Judge Howry, now gone to his long rest—always a good soldier. He ran away and entered the Confederate army at the age of fourteen, taking with him a body servant, a negro boy, who hardly found himself in camp before he developed small-pox.

The officer in command ordered him into quarantine. "But who will take care of him?" queried his anxious

young master. "Well, that's a question," was the hesitating reply, "there is no provision in this camp for such a situation." "I will take care of him myself," said the boy soldier. "He is my servant." And he nursed the negro through the illness, with no ill effects to himself, and covered himself with glory for so little a chap, by the manner in which he cared for his suffering slave; at the same time respecting the safety of others, and paying strict attention both to his patient and to the safeguarding of his fellow soldiers.



SHIRLEY ON THE JAMES RIVER
HOME OF THE HILLS AND THE CARTERS

CHAPTER XII

Mr. Weld again—On the James River—Describes "barbecues"—But not as I remember them—Estates familiar to George Washington—Relatives and friends—"Westover," home of the Byrds—"Shirley," home of the Carters—"Arlington" on the heights above Washington—Proposals to refurnish it—Nothing can ever make it again the home of a gentleman—The legend of the first military interments there—No chance of acquiring the Lee relics—"Sunnyside" or "Little Arlington" or "Windsor"—A pleasant place that has known many names—Now owned by Hon. Philip Campbell of Kansas—He tells an anecdote at his own expense—The Freedman's Settlement of 1865—the present lookout across what was once the flats on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

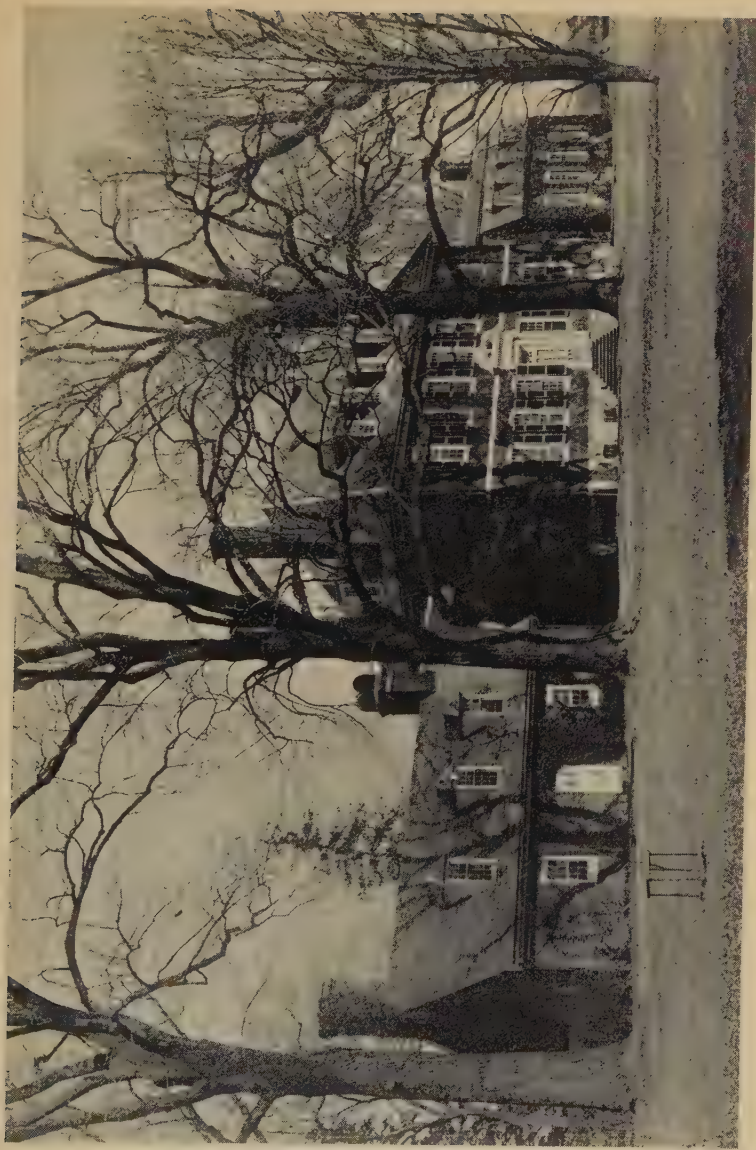
The people in this part of the country, bordering upon James River, are extremely fond of an entertainment which they call a barbecue. It consists in a large party meeting together, either under some trees, or in a house, to partake of a sturgeon or a pig roasted in the open air, on a sort of hurdle, over a slow fire, this however, is an entertainment chiefly confined to the lower ranks, and like most others of the same nature, it generally ends in intoxication.—From *Weld's "Travels,"* 1795, 1796, 1797, page 140.

OF the estates along the James River most were familiar to George Washington as the homes of his friends. Through the meetings of the Garden Clubs and the ever-increasing interest in architecture and history, and the modern facilities for travel by motor, most of them are now familiar to a large part of the public.

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Glimpses of the George Washington country would be incomplete without a run into this beautiful James River section, where hostesses have long been accustomed to permit visitors, with introductions, or upon occasions, to see the premises. We have not yet evolved a system, in some respects admirable, in others execrable, similar to the European custom, of commercializing the exhibitions of private properties. The average tourist would greatly prefer the paying of a fee under licensed guidance, to the obligation of taxing a stranger's kindness; the owners of historic places would in a measure be recompensed and prepared for the upkeep of the property, by thus meeting the cost of service; but it is a thing so uncongenial to Virginia custom that it would seem almost unethical.

Shirley, originally Hill property, passing into the ownership of the Shirley Carters, is one of the outstanding gems of the section. As has been the case with many other estates, more identified with the name of the house which came into possession by marriage, than with the name of the founder; as for example Arlington, built by Mr. Custis, but from the fact that his daughter and heir was the wife of Robert E. Lee, always spoken of as a Lee estate. Shirley has just passed from the possession of my cousin Marion Oliver, born a Carter of Shirley, to her nephew, whose name fortunately combines the family names of Hill and Carter. Shirley is not only a rare type of the Southern Colonial house, but boasts a treasured gallery of family portraits, and a garden which has been a joy to generations, with



WESTOVER ON THE JAMES RIVER
ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE BYRDS

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its formal setting in box, its lovely roses, and the view of the James River.

Westover, built by the second William Byrd, is one of the oldest homes of its type in Virginia. It was built in the same year as Belmont, the Bruce Howard estate in Howard County, Maryland, originally known as Moore's Choice. Situated on the winding river, stately in its proportions and made more so by the grace of its protecting magnificent trees, with its private chapel, its venerable graveyard and its beautiful gardens, Westover lives serenely superior to chance and change. Indians, Colonial soldiers, Continental troops, French, British and American visitors, have left their memories upon it. It has been desecrated by rude invaders, horses have been stabled in its church, but with its gardens, it has arisen in new beauty from the wreck of Civil War. The atmosphere is charged with romance, and the men bearing the name of its builder have gone forth upon great adventures in these days of the twentieth century; and in preservation of its beauty and traditions, owner after owner, as in the exigencies of the time it has changed hands, have done their utmost to preserve its material welfare no less than its historic associations. The old family whose ancestors built Westover maintain their prestige even to this day; for a Governor of Virginia and his gallant exploring brother spring from that stock. I saw the Governor last at a function in Richmond in the autumn of 1928, when he was host to Lady Nancy Astor. The guests engaged in a march round and round the ball-room, I

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prancing along with Robert Woods, in the same Navy uniform which was made for him in an earlier incarnation, and has served him all his life for dress occasions, without so much as a speck or a rip. We marched along with the college boys and debutantes to excellent music; the formation became a V, opening toward the main door, as the Governor's party entered, he with Lady Astor on his arm. They then led the march, she gayest of the gay; it was a very pretty scene. Lady Astor's young daughter, Phyllis, followed her.

Young Richard bears as his middle name the name of the lovely Evelyn, whose grace and beauty are historic, and whose portrait was done by many masters.

Between Mount Vernon and the city of Washington are three handsome homes, established by the grandchildren of Martha Washington, all of whom were born at little Abingdon, a plain house near the river between Alexandria and Washington, where her son John Parke Custis and his wife, who was Eleanor Calvert, resided. Nearest to Mount Vernon is Woodlawn, where the sweet Nellie Custis presided as Mrs. Lawrence Lewis; then Arlington, built by George Washington Parke Custis on the hills overlooking Washington; and in old Georgetown, Tudor Place, the home of Martha Parke Custis, who became Mrs. Thomas Peter; whose descendants still own it.

The following joint resolution, authorizing the restoration of the Lee mansion at Arlington, was introduced in the House of Representatives on May 13, 1924.

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Whereas the era of internecine strife among the States having yielded to one of better understanding, of common loyalty and a more perfect Union; and whereas now honor is accorded Robert E. Lee as one of the great military leaders of history, whose exalted character, noble life and eminent services are recognized and esteemed, and whose manly attributes of precept and example were compelling factors in cementing the American people in bonds of patriotic devotion and action against common external enemies in the war with Spain and in the World War, thus consummating the hope of a reunited country that would again swell the chorus of the Union, therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: that the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed, as nearly as may be practicable, to restore the Lee mansion in the Arlington National Cemetery, Va., to the condition in which it existed immediately prior to the Civil War, and to procure, if possible, articles of furniture and equipment which were then in the mansion and in use by the occupants thereof. He is also authorized, at his discretion, to procure replicas of the furniture and other articles in use in the mansion during the period mentioned, with a view to restoring, as far as may be practicable, the appearance of the interior of the mansion to the condition of its occupancy by the Lee family.

The above resolution is indicative of good feeling, and on that ground commendable; but it seems lacking in some essential qualities. To begin with, Arlington is not a Lee mansion, but was built by George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington and the adopted son of General Washington; it was only through his marriage with the heiress of Mr. Custis

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that General Lee occupied the house—the Lees had ample estates—and it was left to the oldest son, George Washington Parke Custis Lee, because of his name. The final restitution by the Government of a sum of money in consideration of the confiscation of the property, was made to him. This was fair, but could not undo the ruin of the property, wrought by the purpose to which the United States Government dedicated it, that of a military cemetery.

The house is inexpressibly desolate in its present condition, amid all the natural beauty of its surroundings; no furniture, no equipment, can ever again make it the home of a gentleman, nor the scene of gracious courtesy and hospitality.

The house in its bleak emptiness, is pathetic. Its denuded rooms speak louder than words in subtle reproach of the thing that was done. War. Hell. This emptiness is emphasized by the beauty of the mansion and of its natural surroundings; but the crowded hill-sides with monuments of every description, broken columns, lofty shafts, urns, angels, crosses, boulders, spheres, for officers, and the acres and acres of small plain stones for "men," have changed the character. Little temples and summer-houses that do not hang together at all with the architectural plan of the main building, bearing in big letters painted with fresh paint the names of Robert E. Lee's classmates at West Point, of men who served under him in Mexico and others who had eaten his bread and drunk his wine and slept safe under his roof. Flower beds in studied forms that



ARLINGTON
ONCE THE HOME OF CUSTISES AND LEES

are, supposedly, ornamental. Arlington now is the last word in bad taste and inelegance; and the crowning mistake to my mind, would be to furnish it in imitation of the home of the Custises and Lees.

In my book, "The Memoirs of a Poor Relation," I told something of the home-life at Arlington, in which my own grandmother, Marietta Fauntleroy Turner, shared; and of the wedding of Robert Lee and Mary Custis at which she was a bridesmaid.

Since the organization of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation and title taken to Stratford, birthplace of the Lees, it is less probable than ever that genuine Lee relics will be returned to Arlington, unless throughout the whole country articles removed from the house as souvenirs during the Civil War, should be voluntarily restored. And in such an event, they should logically be returned to the heirs of the Arlington house. Overtures of this kind have been made to the Lees by conscientious ex-enemies; one gentleman writing General Lee of the whereabouts of a family Bible, in possession of a lady who had bought it from the soldier who had acquired it during the occupation of the mansion as Federal headquarters. This lady, the gentleman suggested, would return it on the request of General Lee. His reply to the hint was to thank his unknown correspondent for the information, and to say that it would be unsuitable for him to attempt to recover any of his possessions lost in this way from his various estates; that as his name was in the Bible, the lady doubtless had seen it; that being the case, if she read the book,

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which she was more than welcome to do, she would return it in due time of her own volition.

Near the Arlington mansion on the road toward Alexandria is a house which during many years had fallen upon evil days, but has in the last twenty years been rescued by a brilliant family from the Middle West, the Philip Campbells. This old house, high overlooking the river and the Capital, was a part, as indeed the whole tract between Washington and Alexandria was a part, of the Alexander estate; the old road that passed it to the west was the only road until a few years ago a new Federal Highway passed right under its handsome terraces, to the east—in fact, cut right through the estate; so that now the house is situated between two roads, on a V-shaped tract the very end of which is occupied by the Little Tea House, an enterprise of the Croker girls whom we first knew as rampant militant suffragists but who have turned their more than intelligent attention to feeding the hungry public upon fried chicken and hot waffles, rather than subjecting themselves to forcible feeding while on hunger strikes in the cause of suffrage, fine girls and friends of all the world.

The home of the Philip Campbells was known as Sunnyside long ago, when the Addisons, near connections of the Alexander family, lived in it. It was as aristocratic in those days as any home in this delightful section; Abingdon was but a few miles away, the Parke Custis home, where the sweet Nellie, beloved of her adopted father, George Washington, was born; and

Arlington less than two miles to the north, and all of Washington that then existed, and old Georgetown, while Alexandria was less than seven miles to the south.

There has been a legend that the Custises occupied this house while Arlington was under construction, but this can hardly be true, since there were no Custises at that time—only the builder himself, George Washington Parke Custis, who continued to live at Mt. Vernon with his grandmother during that period. My grandmother, a near relative, used to say that as a child she could remember chasing the chickens about in the foundations of the Arlington house before it was built—which cannot be true, for she was not born until 1812. This just goes to prove the vagueness and unreliability of memories, for a more strictly truthful human being never lived than she: in fact her uncompromising truthfulness was one of her most unpleasant characteristics.

And then this house was known as Windsor, and that within my own recollection. Immediately after the Emancipation the Government took a tract of land in the closest proximity to this house, and built there barracks for the enfranchised negroes, calling the place Freedmen's Settlement. It was a terrible community, vast numbers of the bewildered ex-slaves crowded into the flimsy tenements. Whoever had occupied the fine old brick mansion with its widespread wings, had refugeed, and of course under these new conditions, no gentleman's family could return; the old house fell upon evil days, abandoned by its owners.

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Within my own memory this charming old place passed through every stage of dilapidation and degradation; a rotten tenement, inhabited by promiscuous families; a tragic sight, its fine proportions telling of taste and culture, the miserable conditions of its surroundings promised little in the way of redemption.

And then comes Philip Campbell, the living embodiment of Sir Walter Scott. A Scotchman, too, whose children bear all the historic names of the Argyle family; and Virginia might have burst forth into song, with "The Campbells are coming," for they came, they saw, they conquered. Mr. Campbell was a Representative in Congress from the state of Kansas, and spent many years in that capacity; but the lure of the Virginia hills and the work of reorganizing a fine old home and improving a whole community, kept him more and more from contact with his constituency; so his constituency did as constituencies will do, failed to return him to Congress.

On a recent occasion when we had a free-for-all Sunday luncheon here at Vauxcleuse—one of my Grab-or-starve parties, when every man is for himself and the devil catch the hindmost,—we adjourned, after the feast, to the little *al fresco* theatre in the woods, that the Abigails might have an hour in which to put the dishevelled house in order; and there in the little natural stadium, where the field is shaped almost perfectly to lend itself to such a use, and on the stage built in the very mouth of a ravine, with the live trees coming right through the floor and making the loveliest imaginable stage properties, we entertained each other with

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a vaudeville; an entirely impromptu vaudeville. My granddaughters, three of them, aged six, four and three, opened the program with choice selections from Mother Goose and Robert Louis Stevenson, with a tribute to the Sabbath day in "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and to their native land with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee—" after which introduction from the mouths of babes, even the most self-conscious adult found courage to perform.

The Editor of the *Detroit News*, Cyril Arthur Player, and his clever wife; Charlie Drayton, descendant of the Signer, a Charlestonian who on that occasion wore the red badge of courage, and sang some negro revival hymns; Major Carey Brown (whom just to gaze upon would have been a treat) burst forth into melodious warbling; and so did his handsome wife, who trained her voice under Jean de Reszke; I, who made a fool of myself to contribute to the gaiety of nations; and Philip Campbell, who told in an inimitable manner the tragic tale of his last campaign.

He was struck with the fact, he said, that the band which usually at political gatherings gathers up its paraphernalia and escapes as soon as the preliminary harmony has started things off in order, on this occasion remained. This tribute touched the heart of the candidate for re-election, and inspired a more than usually eloquent outburst of patriotism. He thought he did well, dealing in the Spirit of Seventy-six, the War of 1812, the magnificent achievements of American Arms in Cuba, and the overwhelming glory of our country in

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1917. His gestures were graceful and his voice emotional, and the dearly beloved constituency rent the roof with applause. He sat down breathless and happy; until the soft strains of a familiar air smote his ear—What is the band playing? Is this the explanation of their lingering upon the scene? It was indeed the answer to his oration—it was the voice of the people—

Carry me back to old Virginia,

Da where de cotton an' de corn an' 'taters grow—

Da's whar de birds sing so sweet in de springtime,

Da's whar dis po' ole darky's heart would long to go—

In spite of the colored settlement which has become a village with churches and stores, the community around has been redeemed to a great extent; the liberal minds of the new residents of the historic mansion bear no objection to their humble neighbors. Forty years make many differences. The old barracks long have vanished; an electric railway runs through the settlement; the city of Washington has extended across the Potomac; many factories and plants along the river with the adjacent brickyards, give employment; Potomac Park has developed, and the experimental farms of the Agricultural Department of the United States; the channel of the river has been deepened, new bridges are being built. The swamp has been filled in, and the mosquitoes, with the beautiful water lilies and the cat-tails, are no more. There was the race-track for a time, and now the aviation fields and a big, cheap amusement place on the river, with roller-coasters and merry-go-

rounds and whirligigs, a bathing resort and refreshment booths; there the dump continues day by day to destroy beauty and receive the city's refuse—ashes, brick-bats, tin cans, decayed vegetables, old shoes, refuse from excavations and construction work, dead cats, packing cases, old paper, wrecked automobiles—all doing away with the cat-tails and the rich green bubbles that rise in stagnant scum but building soil for the future, and spreading a panorama of progress before the eyes of Philip Campbell.

CHAPTER XIII

In the Thomas Jefferson Country—On other people's gas—The poetry of a mountain landscape—Throughout all ages its influence—What the surrounding hills meant to the Sage of Monticello—The story of Joshua Fry—The Hessian prisoners in Albemarle County during the Revolution—And Mr. Jefferson's humanity—Their work in paving the streets of Alexandria and in building Saratoga, the home of General Morgan in Clarke County—The mountaineer who talked with me—Again Monticello—Jefferson as surgeon—Jeff Craddock and his canes—The choice of the site of the University of Virginia.

THE Thomas Jefferson Country is in itself delightful, lovely as landscape, heavenly for climate. Whether we drive through the Shenandoah Valley to reach it, via Winchester, rolling over good roads through a rich agricultural district, sweeping round the grand mountain curves, or take the shorter road through the historic towns of Fredericksburg and Orange Court House, we find it altogether lovely.

We were to go for Jefferson's birthday, April 13th, and I was to make an address in the Auditorium of the University of Virginia.

So then, visiting old friends by the way, chugging up mountain roads with Mary Miller in a Ford to locate a bootlegger, risking our lives on rotten bridges and in great gulleys where the torrents from above had fairly swept the road away—but finding some excellent stuff.

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Sometimes visiting the mountain schools and missions, always with Mary Miller, where wide-eyed strapping children stare at us—again gathering data in historic, gracious old homes where handsome male persons of indefinite age pour into our ears the romance of the region. So we come to know the Jefferson country.

Scanning the distances which met the gaze of Thomas Jefferson from every window of Monticello, one seems to find the clue to his breadth of vision.

The poetry of all ages, of all peoples, the inspiration of the world's outstanding events, from the days when the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, from the blessing of Jacob upon the head of Joseph which the dying father declared should endure to "the uttermost bounds of the everlasting hills"; from the Ten Commandments delivered on Mt. Sinai to Moses, to be through untold centuries the basis of all human law and rectitude; from the rhapsodies of the young David alone with his sheep in the wilds, rejoicing in the echo of his own songs as a voice from the hills, imagining as he watched the fleeting shadows that the mountains themselves were skipping like lambs—long years after, when life had taken its toll of him, when sin and sorrow had sobered him, still lifting up his eyes unto the hills from whence he gathered strength.

These things were breathed into the soul of Thomas Jefferson—a man whose minor faults have been emphasized, whose greatness has been belittled, as was the case with David too. Thinking of him there in the surroundings of his indefatigable life, one can but ponder

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on the power of the hills. Then we remember the little Syrian Mary, who was to become a mother—how she, a mystified country girl, “went out into the hill country alone”—to adjust herself to her amazing destiny. How He, her Son, from a mountain-top was shown the Kingdoms of this world by the Tempter, who there made his miscalculation, for had there been a residuum of human ambition in the nature of Jesus, it should have been from the valley, not the heights, that the appeal would come. There above His little world, looking down on its hills and lakes, its winding rivers and the walls and minarets of its villages, locating the homes of his friends, His perspective was too perfect, the proportionate values too clear; and it was from a mountain-top that He poured forth such wisdom, as mankind has not yet assimilated in those Beatitudes; how on a mountain-top He became transfigured, so that all his poor stupid followers could utter was the admission that it was good for them to be there.

How finally upon a green hill He paid the pre-determined price of a high idealism, and died that His philosophy might live.

Such thoughts and associations possess us, in this place; and it is no tax upon the imagination to see the dying man lifted on that 4th of July, 1826, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence—(the day, too, on which John Adams died)—to the window, for the last time to lift up his eyes to that beloved horizon.

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Among the Legends of the Jefferson Country we come upon the story of Joshua Fry, as we come upon the gaunt gray ruins of his home; for on the Scottsville road near Redlands is the oldest house in Albemarle County, said to have been his. Redlands, an ancestral Carter home of great dignity, has preserved all its old prestige; but the name of Joshua Fry is seldom heard, and Viewmont, his home, is now associated more with the memory of Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General of Virginia, who owned it at a later date.

Oblivion has swallowed up the memory of this worthy citizen. A fallen stone wall, surrounding a small area which seems to be an ancient graveyard, may encompass his mortal remains; no one seems to know. The skeleton of a magnificent old tree still guards the spot, defying death, though dead. Pathetic and heroic, the attitude of this old king of the forest. Its towering height, its widespread arms! A sense of the inevitable pervades the place, as weeds and briars riot over crumbling tombstones, fallen walls and rotting timbers.

Crossing the ocean in the early days was but the prelude to adventures. As the clergy came over from England, so the schoolmasters came, before the Revolution. And among the schoolmasters, came this Joshua Fry.

William and Mary College ranked high in those days, situated at Williamsburg, Virginia, not far from the first English settlement, and the center of the culture of the time. Our day sees the old school reviving

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its ancient distinction, though for a while its struggle was a bitter one.

To William and Mary came Joshua Fry, as Professor of Mathematics, in the days when Thomas Jefferson was a little lad, and his father, Peter Jefferson, a stout frontiersman, surveyor of the royal grants and much of the Virginia territory. Little time had these men for study, books were scarcely to be had, and the life was rough and ready; but it was the sort of life that sent through the American blood a most remarkable vigor, intellectual as well as physical.

Thomas Jefferson recognized the educational limits of his father, and also his mental power, and in his biography makes the following reference to Joshua Fry, as an associate from whom Peter Jefferson drew much that was of value and with whom he worked out some difficult problems:

"My father's education had been quite neglected," wrote Jefferson in his Memoir, January 6th, 1821, "but being of a strong mind, sound judgment, and eager after information, he read much and improved himself; insomuch that he was chosen with Joshua Fry, Professor of Mathematics in William and Mary, to run the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, which had been begun by Col. Byrd, and was afterwards employed with the same Mr. Fry to make the first map of Virginia which had ever been made; that of Captain Smith being merely conjectural."

Joshua Fry commanded the Virginia troops under Gen. Braddock, with George Washington as his Lieu-

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tenant, and when he was killed in that ill-starred expedition, at Fort Pitt, Washington succeeded to his rank. A gallant life, I should say, serving his country in many capacities; teacher, surveyor, soldier. A man worthy to be remembered.

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Here in the southeast hills of Albemarle County, Virginia, as in Pennsylvania and other sections of our country, there linger descendants of the Hessian hirelings who were sent over from Great Britain to fight against the colonies.

This Deutsche element has proven a law-abiding and thrifty strain in our citizenship, and there exist many landmarks of them as prisoners in the last days of the Eighteenth Century; the Hessians have been always great stone masons, as witness the paving of the streets of Cassel, and the work done by them in the early days in Virginia is still in evidence. The streets of Alexandria until but a few years ago were famous (or infamous) because of their cobble-stones, yet few of the fastidious tourists or rural shoppers, finding the nuts and bolts rattled out of their respective vehicles, knew that the Hessian prisoners laid those streets; having no Belgian block or granite in which to work, the only available material was utilized, the cobble sand stones, rounded by unknown ages of friction under water.

In Clarke County stands Saratoga, the famous stone house of General Daniel Morgan, named in honor of the second battle of Saratoga, and built by the Hessian

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prisoners held at Winchester. It is an interesting old house, and will probably live as long as the Pyramids.

Of the British and Hessian soldiers delivered by General Burgoyne, many were sent to Albemarle County, near Monticello. The people of the section were none too prosperous after the strain of the war, and reluctance increased to protest when they found themselves rationing their enemies; complaint was made to the Governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, that food was thus consumed which was needed by the Continental troops, and the Governor would have ordered these prisoners transferred, had not Thomas Jefferson intervened.

This was a characteristic mark of the magnanimity of Mr. Jefferson's mind, for the troops under Cornwallis had but recently wrecked his estate on the James River, Elk Hill, committing acts which were sheer cruelty and vandalism. These injuries Mr. Jefferson refused to lay at the door of the soldiers, but charged them to the indifference of General Cornwallis, and would not have them visited upon prisoners of war. His petition in behalf of these men is but consistent with his high humanity as manifested in public and private transactions.

"*Their* health is also of importance," he wrote the Governor. "But is an enemy so execrable that, though in captivity, his wishes and comforts are to be disregarded and even crossed? I think not. It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible."

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Naturally, the name of Jefferson is revered among the descendants of these Hessian prisoners, and many tales are current, and authentic, of his courtesies toward them. It is said that the Baron de Riedesel and his wife were frequent guests at Monticello, and that the athletic Hessian lady created no small stir among the natives of the hills by riding wildly, and man-fashion, over the Albemarle roads.

Mr. Jefferson's correspondence shows that he had the remarkable faculty of discriminating between actual and technical enemies, for he wrote often and delightfully to Phillips, a British officer, to the de Riedesels, and de Unger, treating of social and philosophical themes with a courtesy most charming, even to us. What must it have been to those weary, anxious prisoners of 1780?

And as I sat upon a log, listening to the discussion of this great man's small acts of gentleness, I learned from the old farmer whose Hessian ancestors had benefited by them, that Thomas Jefferson, reviled as an atheist by many of his own day and since, had truly studied the sayings of Jesus and had taken them to his heart.

In return I, as one who prowls about in the Congressional Library, told him how Jefferson's old age had been impoverished, due to his lavish hospitality—and how his private library had been sold to Congress, and was even now, the nucleus—(nest-egg, I explained) of the great Congressional Library, to which my venerable friend responded, "Wa-a-l, w-a-a-l!" "Some of the

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Congressmen," I told him, "thought the books should be bought by weight, so much the pound—others thought the big books ought to bring a larger price than the little books——" "W-a-a-l, w-a-a-l! and that's fit-tin', too, ain't it?" He nodded understandingly—"Ya, Ya!"

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Dearest-my-Dear is singing a little French song under her breath. She sits on my lap, because it is a comfortable place to sit on a long drive. Her own Daddy is at the wheel, and she starts out sitting between him and his mother, who, naturally, is the grandmother of Dearest-my-Dear; and being only a very small girl, and sunk down rather deep between the grown-ups, she is not able to see very much of the landscape. So after a while her small gloved hand steals into mine, and she suggests, politely, "Grandmother, would you mind if I sat in your lap, so I can see the world?"

And the world she sees is a brown world of old harvest fields and autumnal backgrounds of forest; a silly baby rabbit "freezing" as the car rushes by; a more than silly hen, safe on the right side of the road, but making frenzied effort to reach the left side before the car kills her; or, if on the left side, jeopardizing her life to reach the right side. Dearest-my-Dear observes these idiosyncrasies of conduct, as she observes the front yard of one who has no flowers blooming, and has made herself a little garden of cobble-stones painted red, white and blue.

The long blue macadam highway splits the world in



Courtesy of the Jefferson Memorial Foundation

MONTICELLO IN WINTER

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two, reflecting the sky above as a river, and then we turn into a detour and find the two halves of the world joined again by the dirt road, which has some of the tone and color of the brown fields and russet foliage, and the bare patches of the fields here and there, and the old dry seed-pods of golden-red and wild carrot, and the last leaves of the sumac along the road; and then the twilight settles down over us and the headlights go on, and Dearest-my-Dear can see so little of the world—only the lights peeking out in the little houses on the hills, and the fiery eyes of other cars rushing toward us.

Among the early dreams of Thomas Jefferson was the abolition of human slavery, a thing so entangled with the economic and social conditions of life in his time and section of the country, that it could not in his day be adjusted.

His father had owned slaves, and he owned them. His mind even as a child was of the calibre of those who reflect on all they see, and see more than anyone else sees. I once heard Senator Royal Copeland of New York, addressing a large audience, say to them; "No matter what you ever thought of—Thomas Jefferson thought of that thing first!" Impressions of slavery must have registered clearly, indelibly, on his boyish intelligence, for very early in his political career he ventured to make his position unmistakable on this question.

All through his life his consideration for the feelings of these not always unhappy people was manifest. In planning Monticello he was careful to conceal all

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the unsightly labors of a great house, thus increasing the beauty of the place on the one hand and adding to the comfort of his servants on the other. Monticello was built by the hands of his slaves, under his personal direction, and it stands a marvel, in its splendid stability, a house built without architect or contractor, without builder or mason, other than the master himself and his own slaves.

Had there been a professional architect, some interesting idiosyncrasies in the building might have been otherwise—the drawing-room, for example, surmounted by an octagonal room which was intended for a billiard room, and was to have been approached by a stairway connected with a gallery; but before his plan was fully executed a moral epidemic swept the state, and such a wickedness as a game of billiards was prohibited. The stairways, therefore, were never built, and many persons declare Mr. Jefferson forgot them.

The story is told that on his return from France his arrival at Monticello was hailed with such hysterical joy by his slaves that scenes never witnessed before took place, the roads lined with expectant negroes, singing, praying and weeping; that when at last his chariot reached the foot of the long hill, his retainers could wait no longer but rushed to meet him, unharnessing the horses and dragging the carriage to the entrance themselves, bearing their master bodily in their arms into the Monticello house, to the astonishment of the French gardener and cook, and the Swiss clock-maker who accompanied him.

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On his journeys between Washington and Monticello, Jefferson would stop overnight with friends, and Ravensworth, in Fairfax County, was usually his first hostelry. This was the home of William Fitzhugh, one of the great landowners, a house, now destroyed, famous for its precious heirlooms and lovely gardens as well as for the exquisite finish of its architectural details.

On one such visit, Mr. Jefferson and his host were walking together in the garden early in the morning, when a slave ran to the master to say that one of his fellows had been seriously injured by a blow from an axe. Distances were so great that it was impossible to call a surgeon, and the man would have bled to death had not Mr. Jefferson volunteered to utilize his knowledge of surgery. After cleansing the poor slave's wound and taking the necessary stitches, he bandaged the leg skillfully, to the wonder of his host.

It is no wonder that in return for his human sympathy, love was poured out without stint upon the head of this old man; and it is not even strange that today, after he has been dead a hundred years, those who study his life, not in its broad political aspects so much as in his personal tastes and activities, should feel themselves honored to be in some small way instrumental in preserving the home he loved, and the roof under which he assembled with a prodigal generosity all who needed a friend.

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On one of our jaunts through this beautiful moun-

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tainous region it was good luck to encounter a mountaineer who not only told us, in his own inimitable language, the story of Jeff Craddock, but actually procured for us one of the famous canes.

"Nobody knows whether Jeff Craddock was white or colored," observed my mountaineer, "but he was a char-ack-ter of these here parts. He hung roun' Charlottesville, Jeff did, every court day an' fokes said he was part Indian and part Godknowswhat. You don't need to be lookin' so onreliable at me either, plenty folks kin swear to every word I says. Jeff cut walkin' sticks near the tomb of 'Thomas Jefferson, at least in the vicinity of the tomb, I might say, but Jeff he said he cut 'em right at the tomb. I been knowin' that spot all my life. I never see no sech crop o' saplin's as to make all them walkin' sticks Jeff Craddock carved, but I tell you jes as Jeff told me, from the tomb of Jefferson he cut 'em.

"You see Jeff lived down there hisself somewhere round Shadwell, and he sort o' claimed some sort o' kin, but ef anybody gits to be anyways important in this world, or outer the ordinary, they crops up as many relations as comes sweethearts for any fellow gets run over on the railroad track, an' can't answer back no' mo'!

"These sticks was carved with jes' a ordinary ole pen-knife, an' ordinary ole critter that he was, Jeff must a had some sort o' talent, for he cut Monticello on the canes, givin' a very good idea of the place, and the birth of Mr. Jefferson, and the death of him, July

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4th, 1826, powerful plain, and he cut Mr. Jefferson's dyin' words or at least Jeff cut them words and says they was Mr. Jefferson's dying words, I RESIGN MY SPIRIT TO GOD AND MY DAUGHTER TO MY COUNTRY. I don't know ef those is Mr. Jefferson's dyin' words, but Jeff, he cut 'em on the canes.

"An' in addition to these here historical facks, he cut bears an' tigers and snakes an' lizards, puffect likenesses too, an' as fer snakes I don't know nobody a better judge o' snakes than Jeff orter be, for he lived amongst live snakes in the woods and he seen tree-men-jous snakes when he was in liquor, anyhow you would tell what each thing was on them canes.

"When Jeff put the finishin' teches on his canes, they was nice, all varnished, an' a ferule onto the ends of 'em. Jeff sold 'em sometimes high as five dollars to strangers round these parts, or anybody interested in Jefferson.

"One time Jeff went to Washington to see a Inauguration and tuk some o' the canes with him. Jeff he met up with some sort o' congressmen, at least he called 'em congressmen, but Jeff, he was given to talkin' big sometime an' twarnt past 'im to claim to be shociating with congressmen, but Jeff, he didn't know a congressman from any other sort o' somebody, but anyhow, he said they was congressmen; Jeff was kind o' well dressed, but he warn't no kind of a jedge o' congressmen. Anyhow, these fellows was like Jeff, what you call dee-vote-ee to Batchus, and Jeff, he inaugurated a Batchanalian party every time he sold a cane, and the

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so-called congressmen bein' interested in Mr. Jefferson, an' in Jeff, an' in the canes an' in the Batchanalian festivities, they paid Jeff five dollars apiece for three canes. Jeff wouldn't a been Jeff, ef he hadn't invested all that right off in jes' the sort o' party that a man like him enjoys.

"But under ordinary conditions an' as you might say in the buzzum of his own community, canes was sold for twenty-five or fifty cents, 'cordin' to how thirsty Jeff was at the time.

"The same end came to Jeff as comes to all, but by his canes he is remembered," said our Mountaineer.

We later learned that in many an attic of Charlottesville and the country houses round about, these queer old hand-carved canes are tossed aside; the conservative gentlemen of the country while humoring an old man and affording him a dram, would never have carried with them in public one of Thomas Jefferson Craddock's "Jefferson Canes." *

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The narrator of this tale, his eyes of mountain blue twinkling as he talked, must have stood six feet three inches; and according to his report, Jeff Craddock was no Lilliputian: certainly a fair measure of human vigor and beauty is dealt out to these men of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Their great physical stature is surprising to all who

* Dr. George J. Ryan, head of the Public School system of New York City, has one of these canes, the gift of a group of his admirers. The writer also possesses one, given her by Mary Miller.

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invade their lonely region; inured to hardship in the open, they live to a great age, as well as develop to a great height. And upon these circumstances hangs the tale I now shall tell you.

I tell it but as it was told to me, by a man who is, I greatly fear, a liar. And yet it is a pleasant tale, and gives one food for thought.

The love of Thomas Jefferson's old age was the University of Virginia, another of that marvellous group of dreams which destiny fulfilled for him. For the house at Monticello was the dream of a child. Little Thomas Jefferson and his cousin Dabney Carr, bringing their school books with them, sat under the giant trees of the virgin forest, and talked of the house to be built one day upon that hill-top. And from the windows of Monticello, long years after, when the friend of his boyhood had been buried under one of those great trees, true to the agreement made between them that the survivor would see to it that the first to go should rest there, the thoughtful eyes of the old man swept the sky-line, for a site worthy of his University.

As the College already existed at Williamsburg, many of the Virginia legislators held that the logical thing to do would be to create there the University; but Jefferson, steeped in the poetry of the hills, conscious of the inspirations of the landscape embracing Charlottesville, held out for the site selected near Monticello. After prolonged discussion, so runs the legend, Mr. Jefferson, whose own height was six feet two inches, declared that the health of the men attending

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a University was a matter of paramount importance, and that nowhere in the world was such a climate to be found as in Albemarle County; that he could prove this point by selecting sixty men from Albemarle over eighty years of age, who would do battle with any other sixty men from any other place under heaven, who would fight, lift, cuss, run, swim, footrace, horse race, jump, throw or otherwise outdo all competitors.

The legend does not go on to say that this Marathon ever took place, but in view of the fact that Mr. Jefferson got his University at the place he had selected, the reader may infer that the opposition was convinced by some sort of argument!

Thus the dream of a great University also came true following the plan of its father in purpose and design. Dreams of civic and religious freedom came true, during the fifty years elapsing between the date of the Declaration of Independence and the death of its author. And the dreams of universal education, of a beautiful Washington, of the abolition of human slavery, all came true in the end, things he had advocated and hoped for, though not altogether fulfilled in his own day.

All mountain districts are rich in legendary lore, and this section of Virginia famous as the home of Thomas Jefferson is no exception to the rule.

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CHAPTER XIV

Other homes in Albemarle—Castle Hill, home of the Rives—Mirador, of the Langhorns—Farmington, now a country club, home of the Warner Woods—A strange story of a stranger within its gates—A representative of the College of New Jersey, now known as Princeton University—A lonely grave with a quaint inscription—Princeton, an outgrowth of many years—We meet Mr. Weld again, and benefit by his criticisms on the scenery of Albemarle—As he takes issue with Mr. Jefferson—Spring excursions to old gardens—Johann Lederer—Baron von Graffenried—Washington's plans and the B. & O. Railroad—A ruined home and chivalrous gentleman.

FAR as the eye can reach the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains encircled the valley. Charlottesville the heart of it, so to speak, and Monticello, home of Jefferson, its crown.

All around lie other large estates, many of them showing the influence of Thomas Jefferson's architectural taste, in the fine manor houses of what is known as The Piedmont Section, Castle Hill, home of the distinguished Rives family; Mirador, belonging to the Langhorns, generations of brilliant and beautiful women, of whom the sparkling Nancy, now Lady Astor, famed for her sound sense and ready wit, is the foremost representative today.

But in following some of the legends and traditions of the region, it is at Farmington,* that we shall rest.

* Recently sold by Mrs. Warner Wood to the Farmington Country Club.

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The location of the house is unsurpassed for peace and beauty, and the story of it is full of romance. Patented and owned by one Michael Holland in 1744, sold by him to Francis Jordone a few years later, when the first part of the house was built; passing a few years later into the possession of George Divers, Esquire, who was the friend of Jefferson. The octagonal front of the house was added by Mr. Divers, from Jefferson's designs, in the year 1803.

During that year, a passing guest was entertained, as was the old custom of the early Virginians, few questions being asked; but instead of accomplishing his business in the vicinity and going on his way, the stranger fell ill. Mrs. Divers nursed him through an illness which ended in his death, and finding no clue to his connections, buried him at Farmington. His clothing after a while was given away, with the exceptions of a few waistcoats, which owing to the fact that slaves never wore these ornamental garments, were tucked away in the attic at Farmington.

The stranger was Judge John P. Bryan, of New Jersey, touring Virginia in the interest of the New Jersey College, now called Princeton.

At the time of his death Mrs. Divers knew of no money in his possession, though he had been collecting donations for the restoration of that institution of learning.

Some years later, however, Mrs. Isaac White, wife of Mr. Divers' nephew and heir, was called upon by a young man who identified himself as the son of a brother of the deceased Judge Bryan, and asked for

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such relics as might still be at Farmington. Mrs. White remembered the ancient waistcoats still in the little travelling trunk in the attic, and on delivering these to the nephew they were discovered to have double linings; between the linings was sewed a sum of money in bank notes for Princeton! The old philanthropist lies in a pasture field at Farmington; the sheep and the cows graze near the tomb, marked by a crumbling slab, just outside the little brick enclosure where a few older graves are hid. Great trees have grown up to shelter it, the roots of the nearest, slowly lifting up the broken marble slab, and in the cracks violets blooming; from under the chipped and irregular edge, soft pale leaves of the mullein with its slender stalks as sentinels, keeping the sheep from approaching too near the dead.

Upon the broken stone we read the dim inscription:

SACRED

to the Memory of
John P. Bryan, Esquire
One of the Judges of the Court of
Common Pleas in the County of
Somerset and State of New Jersey

He was born on the 14th of November

MDCCXLVI

and departed this life on the 16th

January MDCCCIII

While engaged in collecting
donations for the restoration
of the New Jersey College

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In him truth honor conscience combin'd
To stamp a virtuous good and perfect mind.
To view his life see every act imply
Who fears to live not will not fear to die.
One wellspent moment ends th' unequal strife
And wafts our spirit to immortal life.
Tho he is gone the silent falling tear
Persuasive speaks—he still inhabits here.

Along these mountains live several gentlemen of large landed property, who farm their own estates, as in the lower parts of Virginia; among the number is Mr. Jefferson, from whose seat I date this letter. His house is about three miles distant from Charlottesville, and two from Milton, which is on the head waters of the Rivanna River. It is most singularly situated, being built upon the top of a small mountain, the apex of which has been cut off, so as to leave an area of about an acre and a half. At present, it is in an unfinished state; but if carried on according to the plan laid down, it will be one of the most elegant habitations in the United States. A large apartment is laid out for a library and museum, meant to extend the entire length of the house, the windows of which are to open into an extensive greenhouse and aviary. In the center is another very spacious apartment of an octagon form, reaching from the front to the rear of the house, the large folding glass doors of which, at each end, open under a portico. An apartment like this, extending from front to back, is very common in a Virginia house; it is called the saloon, and during summer is the one generally preferred by the family, on account of its being more airy and spacious than any other.

The house commands a magnificent prospect on one side of the blue ridge of mountains for nearly forty miles, and on the opposite one, of the low country, in appearance like an extended heath covered with trees, the tops of which alone

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are visible. The mists and vapors arising from the low ground, give a continual variety to the scene. The mountain on which the house stands is thickly wooded on one side, and walks are carried round it, with different degrees of obliquity, running into each other. On the south side is a garden and a large vineyard, that produces abundance of fine fruit.—From *Weld's "Travels,"* page 153, 1795, 1796, 1797.

Frequently throughout this remarkable book the writer takes issue with Mr. Jefferson, of whom he evidently saw something, partaking of his well-known hospitality, and having studied his writings, such as were published, and disagreed with him, especially as to the superlative beauty of the Virginia landscape. He observed with some dismay the tendency to classical types of architecture throughout the country, for which Mr. Jefferson's love of the academic was largely responsible. Even today, throughout Virginia, we see, often in absurd and abortive forms, the ignorant attempt to follow the classic style. Yet if we have in America today, any classical or academic art in architecture it is traceable to him, one of the most scholarly, travelled and cultured Presidents of the United States. It was at Harper's Ferry particularly that Mr. Weld felt himself disappointed and aggrieved, Mr. Jefferson's enthusiasm for that intersection of states, union of rivers and break in the mountains, having led him to expect a grandeur of scenery to rival the Vale of Chamouni.

Poor Mr. Weld!

The custom, long in vogue in Europe, by which for the payment of a fee the public may visit historic

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castles, chateaux and gardens, has slowly come into fashion in this country, especially in the spring season when the gardens are at their loveliest. The highways are lively in April and May with tourist parties rolling through the George Washington country to visit the spots sacred to his memory, his mother's home in Fredericksburg, his sister Betty's Kenmore, where the pre-Revolutionary garden is being restored through the earnings of the Garden Clubs of Virginia, the members of which are acting as hostesses on these delightful occasions.

There is history in every brick, and a defiance of time and calamity in every lordly old box-tree which has out-lived the several wars that have ravaged Virginia. There is the fragrance of other days in the dark yew-trees, such slow growers that generations hardly observe any increase in the girth. The planning of these gardens was the joy of our colonial ancestors, leisurely individuals who found it not difficult to import rare plants from the old world with foreign gardeners, and who possessed the taste and culture to design, and the slaves to execute, these places of rest and loveliness.

Though some of the old gardens have reverted through neglect to wilderness, and many of them have succumbed to the onward march of construction, when near progressive towns, or to agriculture, as the population has increased, there are enough of them left to show us how those who went before us, thought and lived.

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Motoring over the good roads through the lovely rolling Piedmont country so well known to us, stopping with the cousins who hospitably welcome us and feed us and sometimes mint-julep us, (though times have changed) it is hard to believe that two hundred and fifty years ago this region of Loudoun, Fauquier and Rappahannock counties, Virginia, was mere frontier land, uninhabited by the the Wellfords and Tayloes, and Carters and Beverleys who today make it so gracious a bit of the world. Only the traders with the Indians and a few sportsmen dared invade the jungles of poison ivy and honeysuckle, and wait in the shadow of the virgin forest for the wild life then so tame. As often as not they got the poisoned arrow for their pains.

Somewhere along 1670 a German explorer, with the consent of Governor Berkeley of Virginia, made his way under many difficulties into this unknown region. His name was Johann Lederer, who from the North had wandered to Virginia, and kept a diary of his adventures; this the Virginians repudiated, though his reports were of great value and when they finally fell into the hands of English authorities, written in Latin which proved him something of a scholar, they were received with high honor and respect. He had become familiar with the first settlement of North Carolina, had visited Maryland, and by a power of observation and interest in detail, had preserved descriptions of the topography, the climate, the inhabitants, the flora and fauna of the regions through which he passed.

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He wrote authentic accounts of Indian life, religion and customs, and this only fifty years after the romances spun by Captain John Smith!

It was Lederer who first beheld the Shenandoah Valley, standing alone but for an Indian guide, and surveying that district which has become famous for its air and loveliness. Somewhere near the spot where he stood a tablet is placed, not far from the town of Front Royal.

Another fifty years or so, brought forth further study and exploration of this section, when a Swiss gentleman, Baron von Graffenried, charted the Potomac River which rises in the mountains old Johann Lederer must have seen in the distance. Von Graffenried had attempted a settlement in North Carolina, which eventually succeeded, though it seemed to have failed, and he is memorialized in the town of New Berne, in his honor named after the capital of his native land; a lovely little city, where a visitor is greeted before she has had time to take off her dust coat, with baskets of flowers cut by the ladies of the town from their own gardens. Each lady has a collection of pretty baskets for this purpose, and as soon as current gossip proclaims the advent of a stranger, the garden shears are got out, the basket selected, and from every avenue come servants with these fragrant tributes of welcome. The visitor, let me remind you, is not expected to keep the basket, but to take it with her when she walks down the shady streets to acknowledge the courtesy.

The title given von Graffenried was at the instigation of the Owners of the North Carolina colony, who



Courtesy of the Baltimore and Ohio R.R.

HARPER'S FERRY
WHERE NORTH AND SOUTH MEET

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appreciated the fact that he brought settlers to them; they negotiated with the British crown for this distinction.

His advent to Virginia was in search of silver mines, and these he imagined were near Harper's Ferry. There where two rivers met, and where today three states touch borders, is one of the most heavenly spots on earth, with all the beauty of rivers and mountains, all the charm of quaint old dwellings along the cliffs, all the romance of history and traffic.

Von Graffenried wrote the account of his experiences and disappointments in both French and German, showing again the culture of the adventurer. Failing to locate his silver mines along the upper Potomac he came down as far as the Great Falls, and the site of the present Capital of the United States is said to be the point whence he had hoped to ship his silver abroad.

He fell much in love with the Great Falls of the Potomac and the little islands which dotted the bosom of the river, but was afraid to run the rapids as did his friend "Mr. Rosier" in a canoe which the Indians handled for him, carrying it on their shoulders. The foreigner watched this difficult feat well performed, and wondered at the *sang froid* of his friend and at the strange singing of the Indians. It seems that Mr. Rosier was none too sure as they dashed down the narrow, seething passage, and that the sound of his prayers mingled with the wild song of the Red Men.

Should this little tale fall into the hands of anyone

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as old as the writer, who like her has lived many years in Washington and visited many sweet people in New Berne, North Carolina, a reference to Miss Claire de Graffenried may not be amiss. One branch of the family preferred the French title, and Claire exchanged the "von" for the "de." She was one of the Intelligentsia of old Washington, a brilliant and independent thinker, a staunch friend and an aristocrat through and through.

She had podgy features, a big stomach and a slick, plain head. But she knew beauty as few beauties know it, her heart was so big it crowded her bosom, and within her plain head much wisdom was packed away. Her house on Seventeenth Street was for years a rendezvous of the most interesting element of society, and in the whirligig of Washington life, she still is missed. In her old age she lived alone among her treasures and was found peacefully dead in her bed one morning; directions ordered that her body be cremated without funeral ceremonies or religious observance. Dying alone without even a servant, and with no relatives anywhere, she preserved her dear independence and amusing hard-headedness to the end.

Another half-century passed; and General Washington, who had long concerned himself with the practicability of establishing some connection between the waters of the east and the west, and had made extensive explorations with this in mind, enduring many hardships, bequeathed to posterity his detailed record, his plans and maps.

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Thirty years after his death, along the trail he had blazed, the Baltimore and Ohio carried its rails of steel, tunneling the mountains and crossing the rivers, instead of the artificial waterways, which had seemed to General Washington the most practicable, establishing the very connection he had so ardently desired, when their railroad began operation in 1827.

So I tell the little ones of today of happenings twenty-five years ago, when their father and his little sister and I, with our rumbling old family carriage and our black driver Willis, drove all the way to Berryville, another servant having gone ahead with the ponies: how we spent some weeks there, riding pony-back to the old homes, picnicking along the sweet river, seeing our nice relations and eating Cousin Nannie's good hot rolls and preserves. I tell them how old John Brown pretended he was there to mend the clocks, but really to make mischief, and how at night he tried to get the servants to sneak into Cousin Nannie's room and kill her and the doctor. How in the end he was punished for his mistakes, and the thing he tried to do worked out another way. I leave the grandbabies to infer that his hands were smacked. I assure them that Cousin Nannie and the doctor lived to a good old age.

Those days on the Shenandoah twenty-five years ago, my lumbering old bays hitched to the far-flung branches of an old sycamore off of the road, the voices of my children and the hammering hoofs of their ponies re-

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sounding through the woods as they cantered a bit further while Willis unpacked the lunch.

The visits to the old homes, some habitable still and some in ruins; the kindness of everybody, the regretful reminders of the cruelties of war. Old Mr. McCormick's home, Frankfort. Sheridan's men had come to burn Frankfort, but old Mr. McCormick pled with them to go back to their officers and suggest, as the purpose was to hamper the Confederates and not leave women and children without a shelter in the approaching winter, to change the instructions and fire his wheat. "My wheat is harvested," he said, with a gesture toward the four hundred acres of sheaves glowing in the late afternoon. "Can you not spare my roof?" And this was done. The roof was spared. The flames licked up the wealth of grain.

To one house but partially destroyed we often went late in the afternoons taking our supper with us. It had been a handsome manor house of the Georgian period and its ruined portico, with no vestige left of the steps, still supported with its Doric columns the charred roof. The back building, originally the kitchens, was intact, and there the son of the house, the last survivor, lived.

No effort had ever been made to reorganize in all the years since Sheridan went that way. The impoverished family had taken it as it was, made the best of the wreck, till one by one they died.

On the occasion of our picnic visits this old gentleman hurried from his quarters in the rear through his wide ruined hall to bid us welcome to his ancestral

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domain, and stood a queer figure symbolic of the passing of a race from one period to another, with all the grace of the old days and all the poverty of the new, and on the stone porch between the Doric columns made an oration as from a lofty platform. He was shabby, he wore a celluloid collar, he was untidy; but courtly as Sir Walter Raleigh. He welcomed us in choice phrases and with slender hands gesticulating made the premises ours.

He deplored the fact that we had allowed him no time to prepare for our entertainment in the manner he would have wished and explained that the key to the wine cellar had been carelessly mislaid. The glamour of the old days was upon him, the survival of the Cavalier in spite of all dilapidation and dirt.

He accepted our invitation to supper, spread the blankets on the grass with Chesterfieldian courtesy, unpacking the baskets, passing sandwiches and doughnuts with happy hospitality. He showed us through the ruined house that at least its great design might be known to us, and bade us goodbye with the repeated apology for the loss of the key to his ancestral wine cellar.

Clarke County has at length recovered from its old disasters. New blood has come in, fine estates have been redeemed, the land is productive and the roads are good. The old aristocratic towns are centers of social gaiety and sport, and blooded horses are as of old a paramount interest.

And to-day, whether we are motoring, carefully turn-

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ing the steep corners of Harper's Ferry, halting to buy a delicious apple pie from a smiling old colored woman leaning toward us from the crazy porch of a queer little mountain hut hung almost over our heads; or rolling along under the great cumuli which send their drifting shadows over the fields and river; or speeding along on the back seat between good friends who share with me their gasoline as we turn again into the highways and byways of the Shenandoah, I still see ahead of me two lithe little figures on pony-back—brown hair flying, dark blue capes blowing in the breeze, their red linings a splash of color in the landscape—I hear the hammering of little hoofs, the laughter of young voices, happy echoes thrown back by the hills. . . . The children that were mine are with me still.



EXPLORERS OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY
MY CHILDREN, 1905

CHAPTER XV

Mr. Weld describes William and Mary College—A glimpse of Bishop Madison—Dearest-my-Dear in an upper berth—Sailing down the Potomac—Passing the Tidewater country—Highways and ferries—To the Peninsula—Dearest-my-Dear and I are visiting the Warner Woods at Virginia Beach—Williamsburg—Jamestown, and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities—The "Birthplace of America"—The foundations of family—The foundations of government—The foundations of a College—George Washington receives his license as an engineer at the age of seventeen—Old Bruton Church—Mr. Weld is heard from again—Yorktown—Williamsburg Brick—A Manners School.

The town (Williamsburg) consists of one principal street, and two others which run parallel to it. At one end of the main street stands the college, and at the other end the old Capitol or State House, a capacious building of brick, now crumbling to pieces from negligence. The houses around it are mostly uninhabited, and present a melancholy picture. In the hall of the Capitol stands a maimed statue of Lord Botetourt, one of the regal governors of Virginia, erected at the public expense, in memory of his Lordship's equitable and popular administration. During the war, when party rage was at its highest pitch, and every thing pertaining to royalty obnoxious, the head and one arm of the statue were knocked off; it now remains quite exposed, and is more and more defaced every day. Whether the motto, "*Refurga rege favente*" inscribed under the coat of arms, did or did not help to bring upon it its present state, I cannot pretend to say; as it is, it certainly remains a monument to the extinction of monarchical power in America.

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The college of William and Mary, as it is still called, stands at the opposite end of the main street, it is a heavy pile, which bears, as Mr. Jefferson I think, says, "a very close resemblance to a large brick kiln, excepting that it has a roof." The students were about thirty in number when I was there: from their appearance one would imagine that the seminary ought rather to be termed a grammar school than a college; yet I understand the visitors, since the present revolution, finding it full of young boys just learning the rudiments of Greek and Latin, a circumstance which consequently deterred others more advanced from going there, dropped the professorships for these two languages, and established others in their place. The professorships, as they now stand, are for law, medicine, natural and moral philosophy, mathematics and modern languages. The bishop of Virginia is president of the college, and has apartments in the buildings. Half a dozen or more of the students, the eldest about twelve years old, dined at his table one day that I was there; some were without shoes or stockings, others without coats. During dinner they constantly rose to help themselves at the side board. A couple of dishes of salted meat, and some oyster soup, formed the whole of the dinner.

I only mention this that it may convey some little idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.—*Weld's Travels*, p. 126, 1795, 1796, 1797.

IN reading such an extract as the above from the chronicles of an eye-witness, we see again the cruel aftermath of war; ragged children seeking an education, scanty food upon the table, a great democratic Bishop gathering them around his table, making them as welcome as he made the distinguished foreign visitor upon whom, unfortunately, the hospitality made less impression than the poverty.

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Bishop James Madison—for it must have been he—was the first Bishop of Virginia, a remarkable man, by whose efforts the college was kept open, and remained open during the Revolutionary War; who would never speak of the “kingdom of Heaven” but always referred to Heaven as “that great Republic.” His splendid democracy of spirit was manifested on the very day above referred to, when the ragged children and the critical guest sat down together at his table.

Dearest-my-Dear wakened early and from the upper berth amused herself ringing the bell for the steward—an exercise more diverting to her than to him. So we dressed and went out on deck, and watched the boats big and little, in famous Hampton Roads. From the Potomac we entered the bay, and passed the mouth of the Rappahannock and skirted the Tidewater country, which lies between the Rappahannock and the York Rivers; landing at Norfolk at the mouth of the James.

Good highways and numerous ferries bind all the Tidewater country to the Virginia Peninsula, and anybody can get anywhere on a little gas and a few sandwiches.

Some readers revel in dates—dates, which never stick in my mind, beyond the landing at Hastings and the landing of Columbus; but an amiable person having given me a whole leaflet of dates relating to Jamestown, Yorktown, Williamsburg and William and Mary College, I find myself for the first time in my life “a good provider.”

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But the leaflet says nothing about Virginia Beach; now in the whole wide world I do not know a finer strand than there; and one meets only the nicest sort of people—people from Norfolk and Richmond, and a small sprinkling of North Carolinians, who are *almost* the same thing as Virginians. At least, we assume that they are—for why should we hurt their feelings, and spoil their holiday at Virginia Beach?

For Dearest-my-Dear and I are visiting the Warner Woods. Little Mathilde and Dearest-my-Dear are almost the same age; at least, we pretend that too, for why should little Mathilde be conscious of her whole year of inferiority? Their lovely, breezy cottage faces the sea, and a vivid and splendid garden runs right from Atlantic Avenue to the beach. One can stand amid the flowers, a blaze of nodding purple and white petunias, and an army of stiff, uncompromising zenias, commonly and unkindly called Old Maids, and jump the eyes right into the boundless blue of the ocean. If down the walk toward the beach there passes a procession of girls in Annette Kellermans and men in next to nothing it is but another phase of nature, and a thing of wonder. and if, on this matinal stroll, a rather handsome man, unaware of the fact that I am a grandmother, essays to support my fainting footsteps across the burning sands, or to uphold my frail form in the fury of the breakers, whose business is it?

Yet in spite of these intriguing circumstances, I feel I must absent myself for a day or two, being so near, and again visit old Williamsburg, and the adjacent

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historic places; for now that Northern money—Rockefeller's, to be exact—has come into the matter of preserving these Colonial landmarks—come in six millions strong—we look upon the old walls with increased interest.

We should unquestionably begin at Jamestown, though it has less connection with the life of George Washington than its neighbors; but George Washington, so thorough in all his methods, would consider it a grave oversight if we passed by Jamestown.

Captain John Smith, of course; shedding romantic splendor upon the earliest page of Virginia's white history; new legends added to the age-old stories of the Red Man.

A personality which illumines the two commonest names in the English language with glowing memories of great adventure; he, with his flowing plumes and flowing moustaches, and his rich blonde beard parted in the middle; his armorial bearings commemorating the three Moors whom he slew, their heads adorning his shield as trophy of his early prowess; a dashing, flashing, be-whiskered individual in a D'Artignan costume; iron collar, slashed doublet, gay sash and powerfully high boots; very different from the grim and disciplined Covenanters who thirteen years later took possession of the rock-bound New England coast. But here we may not linger with this merry gentleman; you will find traces of him for yourself, and the loquacious natives will share with you their legends and their lore, if you will share with them your filthy lucre. You

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will meet the Powhatan and his lovely daughter Pocahontas, who in the sacrament of Christian baptism became Rebekah Matoaka, and in Christian marriage, termed aforetime holy wedlock, became Mrs. John Rolfe; today the ancestress of many widespread families, the Poythress, Bolling and Randolph lines of twentieth century Virginians.

You may stumble along over the gravestones of the Jacquelines and the Amblers—and mark the scions of those same jasmine and honeysuckle vines and jungles of Virginia creeper, which in the earliest days draped the giant live-oak trees when the thickets were impenetrable to the feet of white men still clinging tenaciously to their old haunts, to ruined walls and towers.

But Dearest-my-Dear and I cannot linger here with you. We might begin, as all Virginians do, to talk about the past glories of our own people. To me personally, the dignity of having become an ancestress so outranks the distinction of having been heretofore only a descendant, that I am no more concerned with such matters than was George Washington himself.

The patriotism of the early English explorers was quite touching—that persistent love of royalty. No matter how shabbily their crowned heads treated them, they named their capes and rivers, towns and babies, after kings and queens and dukes. So we pass between Capes Charles and Henry, to the James River, and Jamestown; we find the York River and Yorktown, and Duke of Gloucester Street; and Williamsburg, named for the good William of Orange; Princess Anne hotels,

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and Queen Charlottes; touching tributes to ingrained love of the things they left behind them.

Jamestown with its fine outlook across the water, its live-oak trees and magnolias, its tangled jasmine and luxuriant growths of vine and flower, its legends and memories, its crumbling walls and fallen tombstones, is the joy and delight of patriotic ladies. The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities owns the spot, by gift of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barney; any other society desiring to commemorate their own interest in the spot where the first English settlement was made in 1607, must make their contributions to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. The National Society of Colonial Dames of America (I was one, once) presented a Memorial Chapel to the A.P. V.A. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bryan of Richmond presented a bronze statue of Captain John Smith to the A.P.V.A.; the National Pocahontas Association presented one of the daughter of Powhatan; the Daughters of the American Revolution (I was one, once) donated a Memorial Building; the Society of Colonial Wars, a drinking fountain; and the Colonial Dames of America—not at all the same as the National Society of Colonial Dames of America—gave the fine Memorial gate. Some other individual or group has given a memorial to the Reverend Robert Hunt.

That this stretch of country between Richmond and the Virginia Peninsula should be termed the Birthplace of America is quite reasonable. From the first April day that saw the landing of the expedition sent out by the

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London Company to the present moment, a succession of brilliant events has marked its history.

Jamestown—not Jamestown then, but a bit of wild shore where a group of strange pale-faces anchored their ships—witnessed the first service of the Anglican Church in America, as Robert Hunt stepped ashore and the men improvised a rude altar built of fallen logs, and spread over their heads a bit of a sail to shield them from the blazing spring sunshine on that almost tropical shore; there the priest administered to the lonely group of Englishmen the first Communion; and here at Jamestown, in 1640, the first church was built.

In 1612 John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, started the cultivation of tobacco, inaugurating one of the greatest enterprises of the New World.

Hard indeed even in so mild a climate is the life of the womanless men; so when in a few years a shipload of women came over, family life was established; the marriage of John Rolfe and Pocahontas put an end to Indian raids and massacres; a Dutch ship brought in a cargo of African slaves.

Mutinies, pestilences, famine, thinned the ranks from time to time, but toughened the fibre; rescuers came, Lord de la Warr, Sir Thomas Dale; within a few years there was the beginning of legislative government, and a petition in 1619 for workmen to erect a University.

The old tower standing there still marks the place of the oft-destroyed first church, built in 1607 by Captain Smith himself, near the spot where that earliest service of the Anglican Church in America had been

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held. It was the enterprising Captain who, returning after some explorations farther up the river James, ordered the building of a little wooden chapel; this, as he describes it, must have been a sad structure of logs and earth and brush, not unlike a robin's nest. Just as he was planning to replace this by a better house of worship, he was compelled to go to England, and the master hand removed, the settlers abandoned themselves to such hilarity, became involved in such difficulties with the Indians and in various ways brought the colony to such disaster that only the arrival of Lord Delaware saved it from complete annihilation. It was this great gentleman who with a firm hand guided affairs, reorganizing the demoralized little society, completing the church and establishing the colony. Here tradition says that the marriage of Pocahontas took place some seven years after the first celebration of the Holy Communion in Virginia. A quarter of a century passed, and the brick church, of which this solitary tower remains, replaced Lord Delaware's little wooden building. That brick church in turn was reduced to ashes during a rebellion against the arbitrary old Governor Berkeley.

Williamsburg, the site of this College, was founded by Governor Wyatt, but was known as Middle Plantation for many years. It was Governor Wyatt's plan to connect the waters of the York and the James Rivers, a scheme not brought to completion in his day, but later a great palisade was constructed, and Middle Plantation became a center for social and political activity,

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with a brick church, later to be known as Bruton Parish. The fates seem to have ordained a distinguished future for Middle Plantation, or Williamsburg, as it was soon called, for Jamestown was destroyed by fire and the seat of government moved to Williamsburg.

A church, a theatre and a printing press; and then a Court House! Events were ripening toward the Revolution. From this little town went forth the resolutions demanding a Declaration of Independence. Here the fiery spirit of Patrick Henry enflamed the imaginations of his countrymen with his famous reference to Caesar and Brutus—hence George Rogers Clark started westward on his famous expedition.

William and Mary College, chartered in 1693 by the far-seeing royal pair—whose portraits in a glory of gold and ermine, crowned and sceptered, have recently been acquired by the College—is second only to Harvard in age; among her distinguished sons, George Washington received his appointment as county surveyor for Fairfax County, at the age of seventeen. Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and John Marshall took their legal training under the famous George Wythe, said by his distinguished disciples to have been one of the world's greatest jurists. Such musical, euphonious names as swell that roll of honor—names that roll from the tongue with familiar sweetness—all of everybody's cousins—Carter Braxton, Beverley Randolph, Wyndham Robertson, Armistead Mason, William C. Rives, John Breckinridge, Buckner Thurston, Powhatan Ellis, Willoughby Newton, Wilson Cary,

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Thomas Mann, St. George Tucker—cousins, to the third and fourth generation.

The Library of William and Mary, presided over by that most devoted of librarians, Dr. E. G. Swem, boasts not only a rare collection of books but a most interesting picture gallery, ever increasing; this includes the fine family portraits of the Pages, and these, dating back to Sir Peter Lely, are the gift of Dr. R. C. M. Page and include valuable portraits of the Colonial period. Many of these precious canvases are in perilous condition, yet I would trust them to Father Time rather than to the mercy of restorers. It is always a question whether old pictures should remain as they are, even in their decay to outlive several generations of men, who as Homer so aptly says "are as the generations of leaves," or risk annihilation at the hands of restorers to whose misdirected energies too many rare pictures are sacrificed.

Bruton Parish Church and Churchyard are full of interesting associations; the church is rich in distinguished gifts; it has the rare elusive quality described as "the odor of sanctity" and, Mecca that it is for tourists, there is no lack of reverence in the bearing of such as visit it.

The Town of York consists of about seventy houses, an episcopalian church and a gaol. It is not now more than one third the size it was before the war, and it does not seem likely to recover its former flourishing state. Great quantities of tobacco were formerly inspected here; very little, however, is now raised in the neighborhood, the people having got

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into a habit of cultivating wheat in preference. The little that is sent for inspection is reckoned to be of the very best quality, and is all engaged for the London market.

York is remarkable for having been the place where Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army to the combined forces of the Americans and the French. A few of the redoubts, which were erected by each army, are still remaining, but the principal fortifications are almost completely obliterated; the plow has passed over some of them, the groves of pine trees sprung up about others, though, during the siege, every tree near the town was destroyed.

In the town the houses bear evident marks of the siege, and the inhabitants will not, on any account, suffer the holes perforated by the cannon balls to be repaired on the outside. There is one house in particular, which stands in the skirt of the town, that is in a most shattered condition. It was the habitation of a Mr. Neilson, a secretary under the regal government, and was made the head quarters of Lord Cornwallis when he first came to the town; but it stood so much exposed, and afforded so good a mark to the enemy, that he was soon forced to quit it. Neilson, however, it seems, was determined to stay there to the last, and absolutely remained, till his negro servant, the only person that would live with him in such a house, had his brains dashed out by a cannon shot while he stood by his side; he then thought it time to retire, but the house was still continually fired at, as if it had been head quarters. The walls and roof are pierced in innumerable places, and at one corner a large piece of the wall is torn away; in this state, however, it is still inhabited in one room, by some person or other, equally fanciful as the old secretary. There are trenches thrown up around it, and on every side are deep hollows made by the bombs that fell near it. Till within a year or two the broken shells themselves remained; but the New England men that traded to York finding they would sell well as old iron, dug them up, and



THE WYTHE HOUSE, WILLIAMSBURG
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN

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carried them away in their ships.—*Weld's Travels*, page 124, 1795, 1796, 1797.

The quality of old brick is deliciously mellow—the broken tones, the play of color. When the restoration of Williamsburg begins there will be a demand for ancient bricks, and then perhaps on the line of Sheridan's march and in the sections of Virginia occupied by McClellan there will be some scurrying and digging for the building materials of the fine old homes demolished by those warriors. Deep under the sod in many spots that I could lead them to, the restorers of old Williamsburg could find the choicest English brick.

Nothing less will match the old buildings, the odd little Powder Horn with its round walls and peaked roof, dating, so the Amiable Person says, from 1732; the old Court House, from 1769, with an octagonal tower wearing a round cap; the exquisite Wythe Mansion, built by George Wythe, the Signer, the jurist, the master of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and John Marshall, in 1753; which was General Washington's Headquarters in 1781 during the Yorktown campaign, fate having brought back to Williamsburg that boy of seventeen, who in 1749 had been so thrilled to receive from the College his license as an engineer, now the hero, the idol, of the new-born Nation, and lodged in the finest house in the town.

Hospitable, ample and well-proportioned, the house follows the lines of the Colonial mansions of Virginia; has a good doorway, no portico, a plain façade. The

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Paradise House is even less elaborate; substantial, well-built, uncompromisingly plain, likely to outlive many modern palaces.

The house within the College walls, always occupied by the President of the College, is to my mind one of the most attractive homes in Williamsburg; my partiality may be due to the fact that it was the residence of my grandfather, Dr. Minnigerode, when he was professor of Latin and Greek in the school; and later the home of my good friend, Lyon G. Tyler, during his long term as President. It is a small house, true Colonial, of the same softly toned old brick, and protected by towering trees.

As I prowled around renewing an acquaintance of fifteen years standing with the College buildings, little changed, Margaret Wood and her children sat under the trees and Dearest-my-Dear turned somersaults on the grass.

After a good lunch at the Pocahontas Inn we speeded for Yorktown. It was an idea of the early settlers, based on instructions from the London Company that the manufacture of silk would be a profitable industry in the colony. The idea proved an hallucination. But with this end in view many mulberry trees were planted and silk-worms imported. Nothing came of it but that the ancient mulberry trees have long been a feature of the country, with their immense girth, their gnarled, twisted, distorted, torn bodies, and their trunks disfigured with excrescences and lumps very ugly to behold, yet somehow inspiring the spectator with admiring pity,

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as for a thing victorious over pain and time, each one of them a death-defying old veteran.

Jitneying on through the warm August world, the blossoming crepe myrtle will compensate the tourist for some discomfort, heat and dust. Glorious! Generous beyond all calculation! The shrubs grow to the height of trees, daring each other to desperate competition. The gray wood, the small foliage, and then the flaring crest of rosy bloom, every street, every garden, in Norfolk, aflame with it.

Through these seaport cities, Norfolk, Newport News, Portsmouth, the tourist from the North can but be struck with the negro population, whole sections of the cities monopolized by them, straggling through the streets, laughing boisterously, loafing contentedly, hanging from windows, sitting in doorways, idle all day long. And it is almost impossible to secure efficient labor, especially in the field of domestic service.

The average of health, education, cleanliness and prosperity is greatly reduced by this element. Few of them pay taxes, and compulsory education is therefore made very difficult. One element of the population pays the school tax for all. Compulsory education in a state where there is a large negro percentage, would necessitate the building of many more schools than the school appropriations could pay for. The situation is, frankly, discouraging. Yet I, Southern woman that I am, have a persistent faith in the ultimate outcome. I accept the word of Paul Dunbar—"Beyond the years the answer lies." For in the very heart of this section Hampton

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Institute grapples with the problem of negro education, and lives and talents of the highest order are devoted without stint to that end.

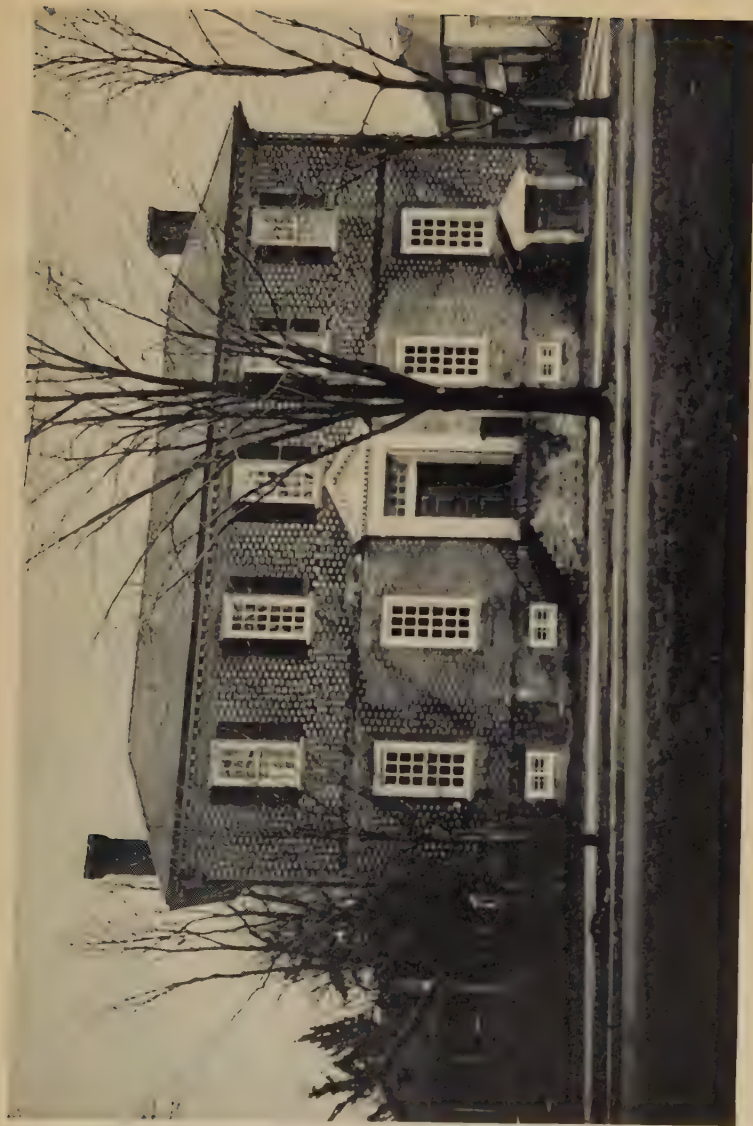
The name of Tom Nelson has spread far and wide over Virginia as generation has been added to generation and the scions of that historic family have increased.

Tom Nelson—Signer of the Declaration of Independence, in whose house at Yorktown General Cornwallis made his Headquarters, as the struggle of the colonies for liberty neared its climax; Tom Nelson, whose ringing voice offered a prize, as the troops fired upon his house, to the first soldier who should hit it!

The Nelson house is now owned by Mrs. Preston Blow, who has had the interest of the community in which she lives much at heart and has been a great friend to William and Mary College.

Tom Nelson lies buried in the quaint churchyard of little Grace Church, which dates well back into pre-Revolutionary times. An Episcopal church, naturally; for prior to Thomas Jefferson's Statute for Religious Liberty there were few houses of worship in Virginia other than of the Anglican persuasion.

The old Moore house at Yorktown, wherein the terms of Cornwallis' capitulation were drawn up, and the Surrender Field, whereon the British troops laid down their arms, and where Cornwallis offered his sword to Washington, have been included in the landmarks taken over by the Corporation of which Mr.



THE PARADISE HOUSE
WILLIAMSBURG

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Rockefeller is the head, and for which the rector of Old Bruton Parish has been indefatigable in his efforts—the Rev. Dr. Goodwin.

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So the tourist of 1932 will find old Williamsburg, thanks to the vision and charm of Dr. Goodwin and to the responsive generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, on the fair road to the restoration of the quaint village that it was; these gentlemen and others in their united interest, giving to the nation a complete picture of a true colonial town. Some funny stories are current, during this, the reconstructive period in the work; for it is said that the natives, living in the historic houses, are indisposed to return to the way of life of their distinguished forebears, in order to make the picture accurate in every detail!

The lawyers and doctors do not want to give up stenographers and typewriters, X-rays and anesthetics; the merchants object to being denied their electric elevators and their adding machines and motor-delivery wagons; the grocers would have empty shelves if the modern staple foods, fiendish inventions by which the science of chemistry insidiously wrecks the human digestion, were done away, and the old-fashioned commodities put in their place; the housekeepers refuse to give up their telephones and electric cookers and percolators, and the thousand labor-saving devices which permit them to play bridge when their great-great-great-grandmothers were busy spinning and weaving and tailoring and preserving; oh, no; old Williamsburg will keep its

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bathtubs and plumbing and running water, its electric carpet-sweepers, radios, moving-picture places and automobiles!

The radiator was boiling furiously. In emergencies along the roads, one never thinks of asking for aid or hospitality at the doors of the great and affluent. One glances right and left to locate an humble dwelling, where perhaps angels such as one's self and friends may be entertained. How convenient, we said, that there was a little cabin so near the road. A pump under a big sycamore, and two washtubs on soap boxes. Plenty of water.

A matronly colored woman appeared to be drilling a row of ragged children in some exercise resembling a military manoeuvre. They stood in a line before her, while beside her an urchin of nine or ten watched the proceeding anxiously.

"Good morning," Margaret accosted her from the car, though it was not morning. Washingtonians say "Good morning" all day long. That, and the habit of "jay-walking," identifies the true Washingtonian all over the world.

"Good evenin'," responded the woman coming toward the car. "Good evenin'," in the south is considered the proper salutation after twelve o'clock, noon. "Want some watah, don't yo'? Look right hot."

"Yes, please," said Margaret, "if we may interrupt your little school. Maybe one of your boys will bring us some."

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"Yas'm; but 't aint no school; leastways, it mought be a *manners school*."

"I should think you would find it hard to teach manners to so many," observed Margaret.

"Norm, not when you knows yo' own manners and had proper raisin'. Not 't all. It's jes' easy as kin be. You kin teach chilluns. It's *men* nobody can't teach nothin' to. They ain't got no sense. But chilluns kin be larned. Now, ef two chilluns fights, 't ain't one spec o' sense wastin' bref findin' out which one of 'em is wrong. Bofe is wrong. Bound to be wrong. Ah jes' whales 'em bofe an' dat argy-ment come to a sudden end. An' ef all of 'em gits in a row, atakin' sides, an' all sich, an' pulls an' hauls at one another, Ah jes' jumps in mahsef, and licks 'em all round. Dat settles dat."

"An excellent system," quoth Margaret. "And what are you doing now?"

"Andrew Jackson," she called, "you 'tend to dis here ray-jator. Yo' turn won't come till las'." Turning to our party, she continued, "Now, ladies, ef you want to see how I larns mah chilluns to mek dey manners, jes' step up an' look on."

We alight and pick our way carefully along the overgrown path toward the rear of the cabin where eight children stand in line confronting the one.

"Dis here boy," said the mother, indicating the solitary little figure, "he got a spittin' habit. Every time somethin' don't suit him he busts loose an' spit. Dat's a 'xasperatin' habit an' he don't pay no mo' 'tention

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to me than ef Ah wuz talkin' to a fence-pos'. So dis very day Ah mek up mah mind to cure 'im or kill 'im. Now, you chillun," she turns to the immovable line of eight—"you is all goin' to git you chanc't to spit back at Patrick Henry. De younges' one fust. Play fair and shoot straight 'cause you don't git no secon' shot."

She paused for breath. "Africanus, mind now, how you aims."

Africanus, about six years old, had been solemnly accelerating the necessary secretion by a rhythmic motion of his cheeks, and appeared amply supplied with ammunition. We closed our eyes, but heard a slight explosion.

"Yo' turn, Major Ginneral," announced the mother.

Thinking that this school of manners would have no desirable effect upon little Dearest-my-Dear, I led her from the scene—but Margaret related to me in strict confidence the story.

"Ah gwine pop 'im in he eye," announced Major General.

"Now you, Sam'el Saul."

Another explosion. By this time the little victim is whimpering.

"Now don't you waste yo' strengf a-snivelin', Patrick Henry; you done had yo' time like Divese, an' now all dese chilluns gwine git dey spit at you, lak La-ze-rius. Susan, spit at yo' brudder."

"Please Ma'am, Ah don't want to."

"Spit.—Or Ah lambastes de hair an' hide off'n you."

The child stammered pitiaibly. The mother with a

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fine gesture, explained, "Susan, she got a little impeachment in 'er speech." "Please, Mommer—please Ma'am—Ah don't want to."

By this time Andrew Jackson had filled the radiator and we were happy to escape. We gave him a suitable recompense, though we were much more disposed to enrich the luckless little Patrick Henry. We would have included the tender-hearted Susan, had we dared interfere with maternal discipline. As we rolled along through the woods, we engaged in a philosophical discussion as to the fundamental principles of justice; and quoted to each other the ancient Biblical ruling, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, with a dash of Aristotle, Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, Saint Paul, Francis Bacon, Robert Louis Stevenson and Dr. Frank Crane.

CHAPTER XVI

Digressions into Maryland—Dem good ole times is dead an' gone—Ellicott City—Familiar ground to the Father of His Country—Provisions sent to his troops at Princeton and Trenton via these towns—What would he have thought of the engineering projects of our day?—The "rolling road"—The maps of Rochambeau—Great aristocrats—A fertile land—The port of Elkridge ruined as that of Dumfries—A joy-ride with Mrs. Charles Worthington Dorsey Ligon—We see the bridges of the Patapsco and the mills along its course—Dougheregan Manor—a day at Whitehall and the message of the violets in the grass—Belmont—And its millions of roses—A fellow-traveler on the street car, and his handful of faded flowers—A lecture on the "Symbolism of Trees" and a visit at twilight to an outdoor cathedral.

DEM GOOD OLE TIMES

Dem good ole times is dead an' gone
When folks wuz quick on triggers;
When Mammies riz white chilluns up,
An' Ole Miss riz de niggers—
Dem good ole times is dead an' gone
When Mammies wo' bandannas;
When Ladies, dey wo' petticoats,
And chilluns had some manners—

Nobody spanks no chilluns, now,
Nobody thanks nobody, now;
No gent'mans pulls no triggers, now,
An' niggers raises niggers now.

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Dem good ole times is dead an' gone,
Beyant mah blame or praisin',
De niggers now iz nigger-riz;
White folks ain't got no raisin';
No Lady cuts no figger, now;
An' wust of all dat bizness iz,
No gent'man pulls no trigger, now,
An' niggers, dey is nigger-riz.

Nobody spansks no chilluns, now;
Nobody thanks nobody, now;
No gent'mans pulls no triggers, now;
An' niggers raises niggers, now.

GLIMPSES of Ellicott City so pique the imagination and interest, that one can but scrape acquaintance with the good citizens of the town and elicit an invitation to know it better. So back again into Howard County, green and orderly and smiling as Devonshire or Kent! Rich and well watered, rolling and perfectly drained, the fields lie smiling back at us. In every season and all conditions lovely, especially so when the brown bosoms of the hills lie wide open to the sower and the fields of ripened grain await the reaper.

Along the roads magnificent old trees and stable old stone houses and still some log cabins, fallen a bit askew but sturdy, of hand-hewn logs, bear witness to the age of that highway. Through all Maryland, Howard County appeals most strongly, though the whole state is noble. One misses the evidences found in Virginia and further south of the wear and tear of

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war and unfortunate conditions. Maryland was and is of the South; but her geographical situation made her automatically of the North when the crisis arose, being separated by Washington from the Confederate states and in her isolation compelled to hold with the Union. The prosperity which stamps her today is due to this circumstance, though in the beginning of the struggles of the sixties there were some dangerous riots, before the Southern element accepted their status.

We cannot rush through the village of Elkridge! Like old Dumfries, on the Quantico in Virginia, Elkridge on another river with a pretty Indian name, the Patapsco, in Maryland, has been a victim of the capriciousness of water. As one walks along the great Baltimore and Ohio viaduct, a master feat of engineering, and looks down into the bed of the treacherous little stream, one can easily believe that Elkridge was once an important port of entry.

In this historic section of his country, The Father of His Country was at home. Through it he marched and countermarched and from it in his direst necessity drew provisions for his starving troops. Up from the productive South the covered wagons made their way with corn and pork and staple products to the big rivers, met there by mule teams as they left the rivers behind them, rationing troops at Philadelphia, Trenton, Princeton, Morristown.

Down the "Rolling Road," so writes Philip Fithian, to Annapolis; ferried across the bay to Chestertown, Maryland; again by teams to Wilmington and Phila-

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delphia or crossing at Havre-de-Grace, and sometimes by Westminster, Maryland, to York, Pennsylvania—over the old Baltimore Pike. Rochambeau has left us his maps, made on his journey with the American Revolutionary Army all the way from Williamsburg, Virginia, northward—curious old maps, treasures by which we recall the friendship of the scholarly French gentleman who shared our misfortunes, carefully preserved in the map division of the Congressional Library in Washington.

What would George Washington, so interested always in engineering projects, say and think, could he go today over his old trails, and see the wonders of engineering—see them here in the George Washington country, and farther afield in the vast regions unexplored in his time? The application of power, the development of water-ways—the building of bridges and roads? The Conawingo Dam, the Baltimore and Ohio Viaduct, the Storm King, the Hudson Tube, the Spokane Reservoir, the Wilson Dam, the Elephant Butte Dam, the Panama Canal, the Cascade Tunnel?

Possibly these old provision trains passed through pretty old Media, at the time of the Revolution nearly an hundred years old; one has but to follow that fine highway and to note the magnificent trees and stable old stone houses and brick barns to read again the fact that in a changing world, the lines of public roads are among the least changeable. Great ships from foreign ports lay at anchor in the port of ElkrIDGE, the mariners carelessly dumping their ballast of sand into the chan-

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nel; then outward bound to the open seas with their cargoes of tobacco, reckoning not of the consequences of such oft-repeated indifference to the conditions of the port. From the hills above dirt and silt washing down, the settlers clearing the forest lands for new farms, as careless as the sailors; the channel slowly choked and the current becoming more sluggish. Willow trees seeding and flourishing where the channel was obstructed, and the port which before the Revolution had been famous, after it is quite abandoned.

No longer were the hogsheads of tobacco rolled down to the landings on that queer old "rolling road" constructed for the purpose of reaching the ships; no longer was heard the hum of mills and furnaces and forges! The big warehouses and wharves were all deserted. Tobacco, which had been the medium of exchange, the bride's dowry, the clergyman's stipend, the lawyer's fee, now found its way to the new port of Baltimore, and that chapter in the history of Elkridge came to an end.

The Ridge, a rocky formation girdling Laurel, Elkridge, Ellicott Mills and Clarksville, commands a noble prospect. The tale is told of Mordecai Moore, one of the early surveyors, that having camped over-night on top of this crest, he was so enchanted by the first vision of it in the morning light, that he chose the site whereon he stood for his own, giving it the quaint name of Moore's Morning Choice. This site passed to Caleb Dorsey who gave it to his son Caleb, who there built



THE PATAPSCO AT ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH

(From an old Chromolithograph)

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Belmont in 1738, as a gift to his bride, Priscilla Hill.

It was my happy fortune as a joy-riding Poor Relation, to be the guest of Mrs. Charles Worthington Dorsey Ligon, whose name combines governors and pioneers and ancient Maryland gentry, she having been a Ridout of Annapolis. To meet me she had thoughtfully invited Mr. Michael Sullivan, also a leading authority on the history of the section, so I was well cared for. Chatting with these delightful persons, the great Quaker family who founded the town,—which by the way must be spoken of as Ellicott Mills, its ancient name—became living personalities once more, the enterprising father and his three sons who founded the mills, encouraged the production of wheat where only tobacco had been the staple product, introduced the use of lime to benefit the soil, opened new roads and established schools and meeting houses, the great landowners uniting with them. Joseph, Andrew and John Ellicott, with the Maryland squires, made Howard County a garden spot.

Like Harper's Ferry, Ellicott Mills looks down upon a river and several counties from the heights on which it perches, as pretty a spot as we have ever seen anywhere, with all the quality of an Alpine village, except the background of eternal snow. The little Patapsco River pours passionately over the gray rocks which its tributary streams have torn from the hills.

It is rich in bridges and in mills, some abandoned and some still in operation. It is a tempting spot to

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even a rather old-fashioned painter. With a companion so delightful as Mrs. Ligon, the joy-rider does not, to speak in the vernacular, "miss a trick."

Before luncheon we visited Doughoregan Manor, built in 1717 by Charles Carroll of Annapolis, father of Charles Carroll, "The Signer"; it is estimated that the Carrolls owned 60,000 acres, including the site of the present city of Baltimore. The Doughoregan slaves were never, so tradition says, permitted to number 1000; death or disaster ever intervening to hold the number at 999.

In an expanse of park the mansion sets back, a retaining wall and stone stair bordering the lawn; the central building, brick, stuccoed and vine-clad, is flanked by well-balanced wings, in one of which is a private chapel where mass is still celebrated regularly. The whole ensemble is of the greatest elegance, of fine proportion, protected by giant towering trees, the walls a delicious tone, the brick glowing through the stucco's creamy tone in broken notes of color, patterned with foliage and flecked with shadows. The hall runs straight through the house, which is rather shallow, and opens upon a garden.

The most striking feature of the drive to Doughoregan Manor is a bit of very bad dirt road, apparently never dry because of the intense shade afforded by a double row of the finest, the most tragic, catalpa trees I ever saw. So aged that some have fallen flat and surrendered themselves to dissolution, except for a few gallant branches which live on in the very face of death.

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Others, bent with years and crippled by suffering, lean at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the weight of the passing seasons has burdened all of them almost beyond their powers. The most fascinating drawing in their gnarled and tragic limbs, the greatest generosity in their rich foliage and abundant bloom.

That far-famed drive through the beeches at Fountainebleau, the mile of horse chestnut trees that bloom in June at Hampton, the avenue of banyan trees near Havana, are none of them finer than this row of masterful old catalpas; how they have been neglected and forgotten, lives that another three hundred years could not reproduce, while people buy jewels and silver and furs, is beyond comprehension. Even now, with a reasonable expenditure, some surgery, a derrick to draw them up, they might be redeemed for the inspiration of future generations.

Chatham and White Hall, Ligon estates, are side by side; Chatham has passed out of the family, and its noble forest has been cut for timber, except a small tract reserved by affectionate sisters because of a great double oak, beloved of their brother, Charles Worthington Dorsey Ligon. The abundance of gray stone throughout this section adds greatly to its beauty, both in the natural aspects of the woods and fields, where immense boulders increase the paintable quality of the landscape, and in the bridges and buildings, where in tone and texture the gray stone mixed as it is with red brick, makes a pleasant variation. Right in the middle of the main street of Ellicott City as the highway

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

climbs, we find great boulders; and as one has seen it in Switzerland, the backs of the houses are hard against the mountain-side.

While my hospitable friend, now the chatelaine of White Hall, herself cooked for me my eggs and spinach (her famous old cook having recently crossed the Jordan) I rested after our bumpy drive over the bad roads, worse since they have been hauling the timber, and lay on the flat of my back under the trees, insects buzzing in my ears and the June sun broiling as it drew the scent from the new mown hay. From time to time the earth shook with the blasting of the stumps as the new masters of Chatham did away with the virgin forest. Under the grass, so low as to have escaped the scythe, millions of violets—a colony of them in the crotch of that big linden by the porch (I measured it—more than sixteen feet in circumference!). Violets tickling my ears, talking to me, as one did to Sidney Lanier when he “fled from the men’s ungodly quarrel about God—fled in tears to the woods and lay him down on the grass.” This is but a note left in his note-book, to have been done some day, perhaps, into a poem. “Then somewhat like the murmur of many voices came to him from the sod—and he looked—and lo! His ear lay close to a violet. And he said ‘Thou art the voice of *my* God, dear violet; and oh, the ladder is not long, that to my heaven leads!’ ”

The day at White Hall was one to be remembered. An old house which has gathered and treasured dear associations, and which speaks of peace and dignity

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and culture in every line. The day for these great homes of ours has almost passed; only great wealth makes them possible; but still a few of us, she and I, and others, struggle, make sacrifices, see our children proud to do the same, that the honored roof of our fathers may be our shelter to the end. That love is not a love of brick and mortar, merely, but of all which those common elements symbolize—the grace of the days departed, the thoughts, the tastes, of those who have gone before preserved for us in their pictures, their books, the trees they planted, the things they loved. The generous hall, the peace of the outer world, the cosy little feast, were a lovely restful oasis in the busy day of joy-riding.

In the afternoon we called on Nannie and Florence Hanson, heiresses of historic Belmont, who escorted us to their old home, now the property of their young kinswoman, Mrs. Howard Bruce, who was Mary Bowdoin, from Rockburn, an estate adjoining, and quite as beautiful though less extensive. Mrs. Bowdoin and her unmarried daughter still live there, the house in which the mother was born and has lived her whole life in an atmosphere of calm culture and content, the result of generations of unbroken elegance in an environment of natural loveliness.

Belmont, famous for its sporting traditions in the old days, has not fallen from grace even in our generation, for both Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bruce are lovers of horses, and "Billy Barton" is the monarch of all he surveys.

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A very handsome property; the house of the standard red brick, stuccoed, with a tablet at the front door in which the initials of Caleb Dorsey, the "Ironmaster of Avalon," are united with those of his bride, Priscilla Hill, and the date, 1738. The house differs from the accepted design in the respect that there are several steps to the wings, making those rooms of higher pitch, and affording a pleasant variation in design; the stairs, slender and very fine, ascend to the second story from the wings; the wainscoting in the halls is excellent. The hall runs through, and opens on the garden, where an expanse of terraced lawn with a background of the most magnificent box, is a playground for beautiful children and handsome dogs. The treatment of the boxwood at Belmont is original, and wonderful. In the many years the bushes have grown to the size of trees, and in their rich dark foliage, rising and billowing above the blossoming borders, are a foil for the wealth of color.

Mrs. Bruce is the spirit of graciousness as she pays the price for her beautiful home, in the responsibilities she carries so well, and the immediate welcome she gives to the unlimited visitors who, in admiration of Belmont and its mistress, pay their respects to her almost hourly.

When the day ended and I found myself homeward bound, on the street-car in Baltimore I found that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. My eyes, my thoughts, were full of color and beauty, as I had seen it all day, from stately house to house. On the seat in front of me sat an old workman: he was shabby,



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WHITE HALL HOWARD COUNTY, MARYLAND

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but neat; his face wore that look of inevitable patience which so often marks the uncomplaining, unresisting poor. He had on the seat beside him a paper in which a few half-dead flowers were wrapped. He was sorting them out. I watched him. He took a rose and shook it gently. All of its petals fell. He took a sprig of honeysuckle; it retained a bit of its charm; he smelled it, he shook it, and then, it having stood the tests, laid it carefully aside. Before I got off at Camden Station, he had a small bunch which were good for another twenty-four hours. These he treasured. Why, for whom, to what end, who can say? Of all the summer glory and the millions of roses I had seen that day, there was not a perfume, not a blossom, which registered for grace and consolation, as this handful of cast-off flowers in the gnarled old hand that held them.

On later visits to White Hall I came to know still better the delightful society and beautiful estates of Howard County, certainly one of the most historic sections of our country. There is no ostentation, no egoism, apparent among these people. Good breeding and good living seem taken for granted, and the past is referred to in an impersonal manner which gives the seeker after knowledge valuable points to interest him, but at the same time does not impress him as exploitation of personal importance.

After giving my little lecture of the "Symbolism of Trees," for the benefit of the beloved ancestral old church, St. John's, Mrs. Charles Hammond Cromwell loaning her handsome home for the occasion and enter-

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taining at a tea afterwards, several friends accompanied me to Elibank, near ElkrIDGE, where just at twilight we visited the outdoor Cathedral, designed by the late Mrs. Edward Murray. Nothing could have been more lovely, the hour, the place itself, as a finale to a talk on trees—their uprightness of purpose, the generosity of their lives, the dignity of their silence; and merry as we were together, there was a prayerful attitude of mind with us all, as we walked under the stately elms whose arching branches form the gothic nave. This aisle is about five hundred feet in length, the trees probably fifty feet apart, giving ample width for future growth, when another hundred years shall have made of this place one of the wonderful creations of taste combined with the devotional spirit; the transepts are in proportion, elm trees planted at right angles to the nave, two broad aisles forming the arms of the Cross.

One walks slowly under these green branches, the grass so soft and fine underfoot, stands a moment looking down the transepts, perfect reproductions of Gothic walls in living green, and then approaches the choir and the chancel. Taking the place of the stained glass window of the altar are three magnificent blue Norway pines; the choir stalls are double rows of privet hedge, cut very square, and in the spaces on each side, between these hedges, are tall Bermuda lilies and pure white foxglove in bloom, representing the choristers. The altar rail is an escalier apple tree, whose obedient branches are bent into a communion railing. The whole

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is closed in with planting which concentrates the impression of a house of worship, making an ensemble as wonderful and gracious as it is unusual.

One ascends the chancel by three wide stone steps, an elevation of perhaps two feet; and further, the altar on another slight elevation. Christenings, wedding rehearsals and regular services of the church, have been held here; and the funeral of the devoted woman who had designed and nursed this thing of beauty, took place within its sacred shade.

It is a garden in which the spirit of worship is incorporated; and in its beautiful silence and fragrance, it speaks of a life made holy and serene; it is an instance, one instance, of which there are few more well-defined, in which one "being dead, yet speaketh."

Are there footsteps on the lawn?
Or is it the falling of acorns?
Acorns and nuts drop, one by one,
Offering themselves timidly, persistently,
To the bosom of the earth.

The fall of a leaf is a footstep of Death.
The fall of a nut or acorn is a footstep of Death.
And the promise of Life is in it.

They ripened in the sun, silently;
In the moonlight they drop.
One little thud breaks their life-time of silence,
One sound, to mark a transformation.
The world has grown chill,
And they feel the urge of the future;

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They are the footfall of Death on the grass,
Reminding us that we too shall soon
Return to that from which we sprung,
Dust to dust, and the soul to God who gave it.

Is the thought melancholy? God forbid—
We also feel the urge of the Future,
And a sort of divine curiosity,
After our years of probation,
Our period of unripeness.
We shall lie still, enveloped in the love of God,
As the acorn lies on the ground; Something will germinate,
As in the acorn, larger than ourselves;
And the end is not yet.

CHAPTER XVII

Annapolis—Marietta and Mrs. Charles Dorsey Worthington Ligon (née Harriet Ridout) exchange letters—The story of Annapolis from a daughter of the soil—With extracts from the *Maryland Gazette* and certain old letters—Meliora and Harriet Ridout fell heir to Lady Washington's nightcap after one of her visits—Ogles and Taskers and Ridouts arise to walk the old streets again—A sea captain, Horatio Sharpe, arrives "in the 27th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second of Great Britain the King"—General Washington resigns his Commission and makes an address which is "very affecting." A pageant in Annapolis, August 27, 1926, re-enacts the touching scene.

Vauxcleuse

January 12, 1929.

My dear Hattie,

Many, many thanks for your charming letter on old Annapolis. It is just what I wanted for myself, and I am sure my readers—my victims, I should say—will experience a little relief in hearing from another source!

For myself, it is a great pleasure to include, where I can, such bits of first-hand information, and in the few things I have attempted to write I have been helped in this way by amiable friends, far better informed than I am. Indeed, as you know, I make no pretence to the distinction of historian, am merely a little old lady with a sketch-book under one arm and a grand-daughter on the other hand, looking at the lovely world and the pleasant people in the sunshine and shadows of old streets. You have led us through old Annapolis as I knew you could, having your own roots in its very heart.

.
Affectionately yours,
Marietta.

To Mrs. Charles Dorsey Worthington Ligon.

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White Hall,
Howard Co., Maryland,
December 11th, 1928.

Dear Marietta:

Here I am seated on my porch this glorious December day, in the warm sunshine, which is too beguiling to remain indoors. The sun always shines more brightly here at White Hall than anywhere else, except perhaps in our dear old Annapolis, where the reflection from the water makes it seem doubly so. I am mustering my limited resources to respond to your S. O. S., not striving in any way to compete with you in the world of letters, for I never undertake an impossible task! And speaking of Annapolis, my native city, I am truly grateful you have given me such a congenial topic, though I warn you my reams of comments upon our ancient City may weary you as well as your long-suffering readers. My beloved Mrs. Sioussat, inspirer of all things pertaining to Church and State, says each item should be woven in like a pattern in a carpet, and that she always arranges data in her mind like streets in a city. Now mine is nothing but a confused mass of things I have to tell you but as it is about Annapolis, with its circles and winding streets, perhaps you will be able to thread your way about and find that which you seek.

Of course you know Annapolis was chosen as the seat of government, instead of St. Mary's, in 1694, by Gov. Nicholson. It was then called Anne Arundel-town after the maiden name of Lady Baltimore, Lady Anne Arundel, daughter of Lord Arundel, of Wardour, the wife of Cecilius, the third Lord Baltimore. In 1696 the Secretary of Maryland, Sir Thomas Lawrence, waited on the Princess Anne of Denmark on behalf of the province, "to request her gracious acceptance of the Governor's and Country's dutiful Respects in having denominated the metropolis of the Province then but lately built from her Royal Highness' name." She graciously accepted the compliment and when she became Queen of Eng-

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land she took the new town under her patronage and granted it many marks of royal favour. It was an ideal situation for the capital of the province, being on a beautiful peninsula at the mouth of the Severn River where it flows into the Chesapeake Bay, and possessing a harbor that should have given it the commercial supremacy of the Colony. It was no mere settlement in the backwoods nor did it spring into existence like the pioneer towns of to-day, where log shanties give place to frame dwellings, to be changed in a few years to brick houses of the suburban villa style. Annapolis was planned and laid out by English gentlemen, or by those whose associations and education were thoroughly English. Everywhere was the stamp of elegance and good taste. The town houses were of red brick (at first imported from England) well and solidly built, as their appearance to this day bears witness. The gardens, often terraced to the water's edge, were surrounded by high red brick walls so dear to English eyes, and full of English flowers whose beds were separated by box borders in the quaint, stiff style of the Georgian era. A curious plan was adopted in the laying out of the city, namely on the highest elevation there was set apart a large circle for the Government buildings with a radius of 538 feet and further west a smaller circle for the church, St. Anne's. From these two circles the streets radiate in all directions. East of the State or Stadt House, as it was called, and between it and the fine harbour was the portion reserved for business, and the large wharves and capacious store-houses gave evidence of the extensive foreign trade which then existed. Ships from all countries came here, bringing all that wealth and fashion and culture could desire from those lands beyond the sea, and going out again laden with tobacco, which was the principal wealth of the province.

To the west of the State House was the high road also devoted to trade, where were the shops and homes of the tradespeople who had their own Common, Bloomsbury

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Square, as it was called, where they could disport themselves on high days and holidays; very rigorous were the restrictions these same tradespeople had to submit to in this aristocratic town. The very names of the streets were entwined with memories of the motherland. There were Fleet Street and Cornhill and in compliment to the Royal Princess, who had given her name to the town, Prince George Street, so called after her spouse of Denmark, and Duke of Gloucester Street, named after her hapless heir. There was an endowed school or college known as King William's School, afterwards as St. John's College, although it was much the custom of the wealthy inhabitants to send their children home, as they called it, to Eton or Harrow and the Universities. There was gaiety enough in this pleasure-loving place, for the first theatre to be established in America was there and the race course was well patronized. Gov. Benjamin Tasker and Gov. Samuel Ogle, my g.g.g.g. grand-father and g.g.g. grand-father, respectively, were lovers of the latter and were noted for the fine horses they imported from England, and as to the theatre, it was opened with great éclat by Gov. Tasker in 1752 and the first play-bill ever printed in America is to be found in the *Maryland Gazette* of the 2nd of July, of that year, where it is announced that, by permission of his Honor, the President, the plays of "The Busy Body" and "The Lying Valet" will be performed. Horse races lasted four days and ended with a magnificent ball. Dancing Assemblies and the theatre were encouraged more than anywhere else in America. An English traveler wrote, "There is not a town in England of the same size that could boast of so many fashionable and handsome women." Advertisements in the *Maryland Gazette* (200 years old now) show that there was no fabric or article too fine or too costly to find a market in Annapolis, called the "Paris of America."

The ball-room, a necessity where balls and "routs" were given, was built on land presented to the town by President



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THE JOHN RIDOUT HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

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Tasker on Duke of Gloucester Street, near my old home, and is now the municipal building. Here were exhibited the latest fashions in ruffs and silken hose, brocades and velvets, and no London assembly turned out better dressed women or more gallant gentlemen. Coaches-and-four and coaches-and-six and outriders and liveried servants were by no means uncommon, and royal hospitality reigned in the country houses, which, like the town mansions, were solidly built with ample accommodations in the outbuildings for the indispensable negro slaves. Bel Air, Governor Ogle's country seat in Prince George's County, is described as a stately colonial mansion, not to be surpassed by more recent structures.

With rivers and bay teeming with fish, oysters and terrapin; with the country swarming with game; with wine, both home-made and the choicest brands of Madeira, France and Spain, what wonder that gaiety overspread the land, and that from 1750 until the Revolution Annapolis was a centre of fashion, culture and hospitality?

The following description of the early days I have taken from Lady Edgar's book, *A Colonial Governor in Maryland—Horatio Sharpe and His Times 1753–1773*. She was Matilda Ridout, a descendant of the brother of my g.g. grand-father, John Ridout, who settled in Canada about the time my ancestor came over with Governor Sharpe to be Secretary of the Province. It was this John Ridout who built our old house on Duke of Gloucester Street (about which you ask me to tell you) for his young bride, Mary Ogle, about 1755. Governor Sharpe landed in 1753, August 16th. During the Revolution, John Ridout and his wife took refuge at Whitehall, their country place near Annapolis on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, built by Governor Sharpe and when the war broke out, exchanged with John Ridout for an estate of his in Ireland.

An extract from the *Maryland Gazette*, then the only newspaper in the province, dated Thursday, 16th August, 1753, gives the following item:

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Early on Friday morning last, we had the pleasure of seeing in the Bay, coming towards the Town with a fair gale, a ship with a flag at her foretop mast-head, which proved to be the long wished-for Captain Nicholas Coxen in the Molly, with His Excellency Horatio Sharpe our Governor. At eight o'clock the ship anchored in the Severn near the Town, and at nine His Excellency disembarked and landed in good health at the Dock, where he was received by His Honour the President, some of the gentlemen of His Lordship's Council and a number of other gentlemen.

From thence they walked through Green Street to His Honour the President's, where he tarried till after dinner. About four in the afternoon, His Excellency, attended by His Honour the President and the members of His Lordship's Honourable Council, walked to the Council House, where His Excellency's Commission was opened and published. After which His Excellency issued the following Proclamation.

This was the formal announcement of his appointment as Governor, ending with:

Given at the City of Annapolis this 10th day of August, in the 27th year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second of Great Britain the King, and in the 3rd year of His Lordship's Dominion, Anno Dom. 1753.

J. Ross

HORATIO SHARPE.

God Save the King

Passengers with Captain Coxen on this tedious twelve week's voyage were the Rev. Matthew Harris, his Lordship's chaplain; John Ridout, Esq., his Excellency's secretary; Dr. Upton Scott, his Excellency's physician; Mr. Daniel Wolstenholme, merchant, and Mr. John Murdock.

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Governor Sharpe's commissions as Captain in 1745 and also as Lieutenant-Colonel of Fort in the West Indies and as Governor were bequeathed by him to John Ridout and are in our possession. Lady Edgar writes, "I am indebted for much private information contained in family letters of the time which have never hitherto been published, to William Govane Ridout, M.D., of Annapolis"—my father—and thus I feel privileged to quote from her book.

(Letter from Hon. John Ridout to Colonel Sharpe describing the reunion of the family after the Revolutionary War.)

Annapolis 27th July, 1784.

Dear Sir,—

I had not sealed my letter of yesterday's date three hours, when the owner of a boat belonging to this place, who had been down the Bay, came ashore and reported that the "Sally," Captain Hunter from London, had first brought to a little below the mouth of the river; that he saw some passengers on the deck, both ladies and gentlemen, that the sailors were lowering baggage into the pilot boat alongside.

As you may suppose such intelligence put us into no little flutter. I looked out and discovered the ship and about noon saw the pilot boat come into the harbour, while the ship stood up the bay, the wind blowing very fresh at Southwest. This it had continued to do all the preceding night, so that she had run up from the capes in 24 hours. When the pilot boat had come within a few hundred yards of the wharf, the lads whom the pilot had left in her dropt anchor, being afraid to come nigher. I instantly stept in a small canoé, there being no row boat in the dock, and went on board, where I had the happiness to find Mrs. Ogle, Sam, Miss Anderson and my brother Thomas in perfect health; it was not without a good deal of difficulty nor in

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less than a quarter of an hour that I could prevail on the young men to hoist sail and run the pilot boat to the wharf, so that the ladies may step ashore, for as to Sam and my brother they had landed in the canoe. They had it seems during the whole voyage met with contrary winds and had sometimes tempestuous weather, not being able to go farther southward than the latitude of 36. The first land they made was Matchapungo Shoals, about 30 miles northward of Cape Charles. Captain Hunter behaved, they tell me, exceeding well towards them during the whole voyage, but failed a little at last by showing a great unwillingness and for sometime refusing to bring his ship to off this place, insisting that he should not be justifiable in stopping a moment until he reached Baltimore. Knowing it will afford you great pleasure to hear of their safe arrival here and of our happy meeting after so many years and such variety of events, I write these few lines while they are all asleep, lest the Captain who has taken charge of my letter of yesterday should leave town early today and return to his ship which is I understand loaded and ready to sail from Potowmack.

When Gen. Washington arrived in Annapolis December 20th, 1783, for the purpose of resigning his commission as Commander of the American Army, he took up his quarters at Mann's Tavern. On the 24th, before he left, public dinner and a large ball were there given in his honor. The bill sent to the State for this by Mr. Mann is still preserved in the State archives. There were 98 bottles of wine, two and a half gallons of spirits, 9 pounds of sugar, 12 packs of cards, candles, music and other items costing the State £71, 6s, 6d.

We have a letter from my g.g. grand-mother, Mary Ogle Ridout, describing the event of Gen. Washington's resignation, which I will copy here as it is very interesting to have the standpoint of a Loyalist in this connection. It was written to her mother, Anne Tasker Ogle, who had taken refuge

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in England during the Revolution with her oldest grandson, Samuel Ridout, who was being educated at Harrow, and is dated January 16th, 1784.

I wrote to you, my dear mamma, some weeks ago by a frigate that went from this place to Brest. This you will certainly receive, as it goes by a gentleman that carries a copy of the definitive Treaty ratified by Congress who are in this Town at present, but I fear they will not make it their permanent residence—it would make property here of value if they did. I went with several others to see General Washington resign his Commission. The congress were assembled in the State House, both Houses of Assembly were present as spectators, the Gallery full of ladies.

The General seemed so much affected himself that everybody felt for him. He addressed congress in a short speech, but very affecting. Many tears were shed. He has retired from all public business and designs to spend the rest of his days at his own seat. I think the world never produced a greater man, and very few so good.

We have a very pretty and agreeable little man here, Mr. Harford. I hope the Assembly will do something handsome for him—they ought when they have taken such a noble estate from him. He is much liked.

Sir Robert Eden seems in bad health. He does not flirt now. They are very agreeable neighbors to us. They live in Dr. Scott's house. The Doctor himself is in an ill state of health.

You wish the picture of the dress worn by Mary Ogle Ridout on this occasion—it has been preserved as a precious heirloom in our family ever since. It was worn by my youngest daughter on Maryland Day, August 27th, 1926, at the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia, where we were representing our Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames of America.

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General Washington and his wife were frequent visitors at our old home in Annapolis and a warm friendship existed between them and the Ridouts, especially Meliora and Harriet, the sisters of my forebear. They carefully preserved and we as carefully, Lady Washington's embroidered night cap—in old times something was always left as a token that the visitor would return. It has M. Custis embroidered on one of the strings and is a beautiful piece of work. The table from which they used to dine is in our front hall, it is of very heavy mahogany and octagonal in shape with camel's feet. When we showed it to a patriotic young cousin, she kneeled down and kissed the place where our adored first President used to sit!

I was very sorry you could not be with us on St. John's College Colonial Day in Annapolis, the 15th of last May. Everything was carried out perfectly in detail to commemorate these old times. I represented my g.g.g. grandmother, Anne Tasker, and sat in the chair she used to occupy in our old hall, only the poll parrot she loved was not perched on the back! She lived after her return to America in 1784, with her son-in-law, John Ridout, for twenty years, after the death of Governor Ogle.

The old garden was looking its loveliest that day, where year by year have bloomed for nearly two centuries the flowers Mary Ogle loved and planted—down the terraces ran my own grand-sons, the latest descendants of the Von Sweringens, Bladens, Taskers, Ogles and Ridouts of Maryland and the eighth generation to have lived in our old home, and to play in the garden. I persuaded the eldest to stand by me for a while as our visitors thronged the hall and he enjoyed being introduced as the latest scion of the house, but soon whispered to me, "Granny, I am very tired of the eighth generation now and would like to have something to eat." Thus you see the new generation prefers sandwiches to our Lares and Penates, but then "Dicky" is only ten!

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The Pageant was well planned and successfully carried out.

First Episode—Treaty of Peace with the Indians.

Second Episode—Mobbing of the Effigy of Hood.

Third Episode—Landing of Lafayette.

Fourth Episode—George Washington Arrives to Resign his Commission.

(President and Mrs. Coolidge arrive at the old State House portico.)

Fifth Episode—Washington Reaches the State House.

Sixth Episode—Washington Resigns his Commission.

Seventh Episode—St. John's College Procession of 1789.

In 1789 when King Williams School was formally turned over to its successor, St. John's College, a religious service was held in St. Anne's Church. The Board of Governors and visitors, friends, faculty and students who had attended this service then marched in procession down College Avenue (or Tabernacle Street as it was then called) and across the campus to McDowell Hall. This procession was re-enacted and reviewed by President Coolidge from the portico of the McDowell Hall.

This celebration under the auspices of St. John's College commemorated the Annapolis Convention of 1786, called to consider trade relations. It was evident to the delegates that their problem was only one of many to be solved. This led to the proposal of another meeting to be held in the following year and to be attended by delegates from all the states.

This Convention was held in Philadelphia in May, 1787. It framed the American Constitution.

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You ask for data about the Naval Academy? Here it is. Fort Severn, built in 1808, a government reservation surrounded by a high wall, eventually became the Naval Academy, as it was its beginning. It was erected a year after

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the attack upon the U. S. frigate, *Chesapeake*, just outside the Virginia Capes, by the frigate *Leopard* when she resisted a search for deserting seamen from British men-of-war and was fired upon until she submitted. During the War of 1812, Fort Severn protected the town. It was situated at the junction of the Severn and the harbor and included eight acres of land. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy in President Polk's administration, had the honor of establishing a school for the Navy such as had been founded at West Point fifty years before for the Army. On August 15th, 1845, the formal transfer of Fort Severn was made and on October 10th, Commander Buchanan, with eight officers to assist, opened the school with forty-eight midshipmen, the age of entrance being thirteen to sixteen years. To-day there are about two thousand and the age of entrance sixteen to twenty. The Mexican War threw the Academy into confusion, midshipmen being detached for active duty, but it weathered safely through this period and then the Civil War handicapped it severely. As the States seceded, the boys would send in their resignations. The Academy had to be moved to Newport, R. I. At the end of the War, it was moved back to Annapolis and though there have been several occasions when it has been almost moved to the West Coast or somewhere else, I am quite sure here it will remain with its massive permanent buildings, beautiful parade grounds and the last resting place of John Paul Jones, thus making our Annapolis a doubly important place.

In the century and three-quarters that has passed old Annapolis has changed very little and it remains to-day a unique town in America. One might without surprise see our Colonial Governor himself walk down our Duke of Gloucester Street, or George Washington emerge from one of those stately doorways that have remained unaltered since before his day.

Hoping to show it to you before long, and that you are not wearied by my long dissertation,

Affectionately yours,

Harriet Ridout Ligon.



Courtesy of the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, D.D.

WASHINGTON

BY SIMMONS, VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHAPTER XVIII

Valley Forge as it was and is—Washington at prayer—The Valley Forge Memorial—A great work of art—In George Washington's footsteps through a lovely country—The famous old towns of New Jersey—The Delaware Water-gap—A quaint little town called The-King-of-Prussia—The Marquis de Lafayette—La Grange, full of memorials of his American friends—Souvenirs of his visit to America in 1824-25—Lafayette a Mason—Masonic Generals of the Continental army—General von Steuben—He endures the hardships of Valley Forge and instructs the men himself—Congress allowing him a pension—But to Lafayette was given \$120,000.00, the check for which is to be seen at Valley Forge.

TO one who on a perfect late summer afternoon stands in company with an Amiable Person in the Cloisters of the Colonies which are a part of the George Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, viewing the far-stretching, fertile fields of the surrounding country through the delicate framework of those Gothic arches, two thoughts are uppermost in the mind.

The first, the sufferings of the Continental army from privations of every sort, hunger, cold, disease and discouragement; the anxieties of General Washington during that dreadful winter of 1777, when Lafayette supported him on the one hand, and von Steuben on the other, when he was consoled by the devotion of his wife there with him, and strengthened by continual prayer.

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It is the fashion today to be iconoclastic as regards the religious spirit of these men; they were made of the same clay as ourselves, and in all things tempted as we are; they had their ups and downs, and the downs are as much a part of them, as valuable to us in arriving at an estimate of their true personality, as are their moments, hours, of exaltation. While we do not seek their frailties to disclose, we should not drop into the melodramatic habit of exaggerating their virtues. Over against the lapses of a great man in his reactionary moments, should be set the memory of his hours of inspiration and exaltation.

George Washington in prayer at Valley Forge is a hackneyed theme of orators and painters; yet it cannot be cheapened, any more than the story of the Prodigal Son, or the Sermon on the Mount, can be cheapened by continual repetition, even when in atrociously bad taste; for in those times that tried men's souls, the great Commander tested the value of prayer, for the strengthening and refreshing of the soul, and was often on his knees. Even as Martin Luther, at a particularly strenuous time, when anxiety preyed upon his mind and enemies hedged him in, remarked "Today I have so much to do that I cannot do with less than four hours of prayer."

The other thought that forces itself at once upon one is of congratulation on the phenomenal success of the Valley Forge Memorial movement, born of a suggestion in a sermon of the Reverend W. Herbert Burk, an Episcopal clergyman, in Norristown, Pennsylvania, on



Courtesy of the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, D.D.

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, VALLEY FORGE

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Washington's birthday, February 22, 1903, that his earnest hope was to one day see a perfect house of worship, at Valley Forge.

This desire has germinated, under his own magnificent management, into the exquisite jewel-box of a small Gothic church, perfect to the last and to the least detail. All that religion, patriotism, self-sacrifice, art and wealth can do to enshrine the memories of George Washington and the heroes of Valley Forge, and to glorify the God they worshiped, is done here. The names of those who hoped and endured and fought and believed, are here recorded, revered, and kept in the minds of later generations, who are the beneficiaries of their labors. This work is an offering of man's best, set in an environment of nature's loveliest.

Twenty-five years ago Valley Forge impressed the tourist as a run-down village, hardly redeemed from sordidness by even the charm of its surrounding country, hardly ennobled by its heroic memories. The outstanding landmarks were there, the old stone house which was Washington's headquarters, the houses that sheltered Lafayette and von Steuben and the great Continental leaders, the ruins of the forts, the locality where von Steuben trained our untutored troops in the latest and best technique of military science. There was the quaint old tavern—but the work of commemoration had not begun.

The consistency of these plans, the aspiration expressed in every line of the architecture, the sincerity of the detail, place this work in the class of the super-

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latively good. All honor to the gifted architects Messrs. Field and Medary, of Philadelphia, to the clergy and laymen who have devoted their time and study to the furtherance of the plan, and to the generous donors, too many to enumerate, who have in the form of memorial offerings, financed the work which, still unfinished, has made of Valley Forge with all its associations of suffering and courage, an inspiration to the American people and the world.

If in the true George Washington Country, Virginia, the Wakefield Memorial which will mark his birth-place, and the Williamsburg restoration, which will preserve the first seat of government in his home state and the college of which he was so justly proud, meet with the same success, the Americans of the future will find preserved for them the best traditions of their fathers.

A few days' motor trip, and the seeker after knowledge might follow in George Washington's footsteps through a most lovely world—doubling on his tracks, maybe, so as to miss nothing. Northward along the Hudson, climbing to the heights of Stony Point (West Point) where in July, 1779, under Anthony Wayne, young James Gibbon scaled the heights and planted the Continental colors in the very teeth of the enemy; praised and congratulated by General Washington on his visit the next day, and acclaimed "the hero of Stony Point." The Palisades of the Hudson, charming villages along the way, nestling under great trees, piling up with roofs and spires, then turning back, westward,

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southward, through a hill country dotted with lovely lakes; crossing great waterways; through New Jersey's famous old towns, Trenton, Newark, Elizabeth, Princeton. All so interesting. Do not let the commercial character of present-day Newark deceive you as to its early, romantic history. Stop, and locate some of its landmarks.

And so to the Delaware Water Gap and through a fine mountainous region, find your rambling way to Valley Forge. And before you leave that section, after absorbing all the information and sentiment you can hold at one time, consider the inner man, and run a few miles further to the funny little village called, doubtless to honor General von Steuben, "The King of Prussia"; get your luncheon or dinner there, in as quaint an old inn as one would find outside of England; the faded, time-worn swinging sign bearing in colors somewhat dimmed, the equestrian portrait of His Majesty Frederick the Great. From the rear portico of this queer old house, two hundred and fifty years old, one may survey a pleasant garden, beautifully cared for.

Many and touching are the incidents connecting the lives of the Marquis de Lafayette, and General Washington, from that first memorable meeting to the delicate reminder of goodwill and affectionate remembrance contained in General Washington's Will. "To General de La Fayette a pair of finely wrought pistols taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War." We see Lafayette a youth of nineteen dining with older officers at Metz, and listening, as befits his years, to the

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conversation of his elders. The discussion turns upon the revolt of Great Britain's American colonies. At a certain point, the fiery boy arises, and announces his intention of sharing in the fight for liberty. We see Washington at the Old Freeman's Tavern in Morristown, New Jersey, make Lafayette a member of the Masonic Order—a true Masonic brother, the young foreigner who is already as a son to him. We can believe that during their many experiences in Virginia together, Washington may have found the time to show his protégé the little Lodge in Fredericksburg, where he himself had been admitted to the Order, and the spot later known as "Washington's Cave" near Winchester, where the meetings of "The Mystic Tie" were held, and lofty principles of patriotism inculcated. And the Masonic Lodge of Alexandria, in which many priceless relics have been stored for a hundred and fifty years, a collection which will eventually be housed in the great Masonic Temple slowly towering over Alexandria.

It is a striking fact that so many of Washington's Generals were Masons. Warren, who died upon the heights of Charlestown; Henry Knox, who fought at Monmouth; that "fighting Quaker," Nathaniel Greene; William Alexander, Lord Sterling, shoulder to shoulder with Lafayette at Brandywine; Isaac Putnam, at Bunker Hill; General Lincoln, for whom a most charming lake and village in Maine are named, severely wounded at Saratoga; to whom later, by graciousness of General Washington, Cornwallis' sword was delivered at

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Yorktown; William Moultrie, at Charleston, S. C.; Tom Nelson of Yorktown, who fired the shot that opened the last battle of the war; "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, John Stark, Cadwalader and Rufus Putnam, Jackson and Wayne, who distinguished themselves at Savannah; (grow not impatient, gentle reader, the list is long—longer than I know, but I will do my best)—Marion, Sumter, Pickins, John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, Whipple, Williams, Caswell, Davis, Clinton, Wooster; Herkimer, Woodford, Woodhull, Maxwell—Mordecai Gist, Francis Nash; Hugh Mercer, Enoch Poor, Philip van Courtlandt; Daniel Morgan, von Steuben, de Kalb, the friend of Lafayette, who died at Camden; Thaddeus Kosciusko, Casimir Pulaski, Smallwood and Anthony Wayne.

Every trifling incident that connects these men, and keeps the memory of Lafayette green in America, is a treasure not to be forgotten. Among the pictures we cherish is that visit of the Frenchman to the mother of his chief, Mary Washington, mother of George, when he found her with her gardener's tools, as busy among her plants as any plain woman of the countryside might have been in her quaint little garden in Fredericksburg.

The last visit of Lafayette to this country was in 1824, when the successors of his noble friend vied with each other in their attentions to him, Monroe and Madison accompanying him on his visit to Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. It was there that the two old friends parted; Lafayette taking with him to France seed of many American trees which in his adventurous early days he

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associated with places dear to him, and thus it is that at the exquisite fourteenth century Chateau, La Grange, where he spent thirty years or more of his life, he planted American trees, from seedlings brought from Mount Vernon, Monticello, Gunston Hall and Oak Hill.

No city in America treasures its memories of Lafayette more sincerely than does Baltimore. Washington had placed him in command there in 1780 when the city was threatened by the British under Cornwallis. Baltimore loaned Lafayette large sums of money during the Revolution for his destitute troops; though no one in the Monumental City has ever regarded that as anything but a privilege. The great equestrian statue of him at Mount Vernon Place expresses after one hundred years, the memory the city holds of the visit in 1824-25—when after stopping at Chester to re-visit the scene of his wounding at the battle of Brandywine, and to attend a wedding in Wilmington of one of the DuPonts, the General accompanied by his son George Washington Lafayette, who had spent some time in Virginia previously as the guest of Mr. George Washington Parke Custis (during the imprisonment of his father in the dungeons of Olmutz), was met by a distinguished committee as the guest of the city.

The touching reunions of this memorable visit and the entertainments given in honor of the guests are hardly matter for this informal tale; suffice to say, that Baltimore treasures them all, and all are matters of record.

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The assembly of Revolutionary veterans who greeted General Lafayette at Fort McHenry, where the tent of General Washington was displayed in their midst, and the presence of George Washington Parke Custis and Col. John Eager Howard, were among the remarkable and appropriate features of his reception.

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As we follow the footprints of George Washington, we catch up ever and anon with those of his beloved and distinguished young aide, whose full name was Marie Jean Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier de la Fayette. We have never heard of anyone calling him by his full name.

His intimacy with the great Americans of his generation is delightfully evidenced at his Chateau, La Grange, fifty miles from Paris, where priceless souvenirs attest such friendships. In the surrounding park are trees grown old from seedlings he brought from the home of his companions-in-arms in America; there is a replica of the full-length portrait of him by Ary Scheffer, which hangs at the left of the Speaker in our House of Representatives; there is a curious old umbrella, a replica of one presented to James Monroe, then President, on the occasion of Lafayette's last visit to America; a bust of James Monroe, as at the recently dedicated Monroe Museum in Fredericksburg, Virginia, there is a bronze bust of Lafayette, given by him to James Monroe, and at Bar Harbor in the handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Livingston, there is a beautiful marble bust of

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Lafayette, a souvenir of the friendship between himself and Robert Livingston, American Ambassador to France, who with James Monroe as Envoy, negotiated the Louisiana Purchase.

Lafayette's secretary during his visit in 1824, A. Levasseur, published in 1829 an account of that last visit of his patron, and records many details of these friendships.

During the long interval between his activities on behalf of our struggling colonies, and his return to the young nation whose freedom he had helped to establish, Lafayette had undergone many bitter experiences. It was his demand as a member of the National Assembly, that the French people should have constitutional government, a demand which precipitated in 1789, a revolution so serious as to sacrifice all the privileges for which Lafayette stood, to cause the bloody deaths of the royal family, and to involve Lafayette himself in grave difficulties, the loss of influence and authority, the confiscation of property and a severe imprisonment in Austria.

George Washington Lafayette, the oldest son of the Marquis, made his way with his tutor to the United States, where the two of them remained nearly ten years under the protection of General Washington.

Von Steuben boasted almost as many names as Lafayette. Frederick Wilhelm Augustus Heinrich Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben. It was a curious circumstance that he, trained under the personal instruction of no less a warrior and technician than Frederick the Great,

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should have come to America and volunteered to instruct the Continental troops, upon the heels, one might say, of the Marquis de Lafayette.

His remarkable letter to General Washington, in which he suggests that he would gladly serve as a private, should his appointment as an officer in any way create dissatisfaction among the officers of the Continental army, adds the pertinent statement that, after having served under the King of Prussia, he would be unwilling to serve under any other general, except General Washington, to whom he offers his sword. At York, Pennsylvania, he appeared in person before Congress, repeating his offer to stand or fall with the fortunes of the new government.

Thanked by Congress, he was ordered to Valley Forge. One can but wonder how the February landscape, the bleak, unsettled country, as he viewed it from the hills of York, snow-covered, impressed the seasoned soldier to whom the highly cultivated Vaterland must have been a pattern of all a country should be.

A man of culture, of aristocratic birth, he faced these crude conditions as the highly-bred always face difficulties—with a superiority which regards inconvenience as a diversion. He saw men naked in mid-winter; he saw arms eaten up with rust. He saw officers unaccustomed to military procedure, and found a total lack of discipline. He says that he found it necessary to instruct the American soldiers in the military manual in the fashion of a school teacher teaching young children the alphabet.

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That a soldier of his rank and birth condescended to drill the men himself, made a profound impression upon the American officers, who had a prejudice against an officer and a gentleman doing the usual duty of a sergeant.

Baron von Steuben had come to do a definite work, and martinets that the Prussian officers have always been, he never for a moment sacrificed to any false pride, the success of the definite duty he had invited. In an incredibly short time results were evident, and German *fähigkeit* had established a system to which our final success was largely attributable.

America has honored the memory of this most valued friend in its hour of need, and the instructions of General von Steuben are still the basis of our military training. Throughout the country, his name is held in affectionate regard; and during the World War, when resentment ran high and prejudice higher, no word of disloyalty was spoken, even in the city of Washington, of the Baron von Steuben. His statue unveiled in Washington only seven years earlier, opposite the White House, was subjected to no disrespect, and at a time when many individuals were Anglicizing their family names and many towns were considering a change of the same sort, Steubenville, Ohio, named for the great foreigner, held proudly to its ancient name.

The recognition given him by Congress was far less than that accorded Lafayette; for von Steuben had sunk such personal fortune as he had, in feeding and clothing his men; however, a grant of land in the state of New

I do solemnly swear in aid of the Constitution

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do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great-Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do *swear* that I will to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States, against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his and their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of *Justice of the Peace* which I now hold with fidelity according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Baron de Steuben
Sept 21 1778
Valley Forge

BARON DE STEUBEN'S OATH OF ALLEGIANCE, VALLEY FORGE, 1778.

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York, near Utica, and an annuity of \$2500, supported him until his death in 1794.

To Lafayette was given what in that day was a fortune—\$120,000 by the Congress of the United States, the check for which is a treasure of the Museum at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER XIX

From Washington, D. C. to Morristown, New Jersey—The new equestrian statue—Washington's Headquarters in the old Ford House—Original of the General's Commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies—Portraits—Relics—Dr. Craik is offered his choice of two highly honorable positions—Princeton—The Ballad of Princeton Battle—West Point—The Cadets' Prayer "The Corps!"—Kosciusko—A Fallen Angel.

PASSING the Soldiers' Home and the Catholic University at Brookland, Bessie Lewis and I followed the old Ram's Horn Road from Washington, the back road to Hyattsville, Maryland, on our jaunt to West Point. We took it leisurely, stopping for a glass of cider with Mr. Ellin, from whom Bessie buys her poultry and vegetables; accepting a half-gallon jar of cider from him for the trip.

Northward we bore in the good little blue roadster, through Maryland and Delaware, over the Conawingo Dam, across magnificent rivers, up hill and down dale along the Pompton Lakes and the Seven Lakes, through a glory of autumnal foliage, just missing by a few days the unveiling of America's latest memorial to General Washington, a fine equestrian statue by Frederick Roth in Morristown, New Jersey, just in front of the old home of Col. Jacob Ford, which was used as Headquarters during the winter of 1779-80.

This old Ford house, first overshadowed by towering

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Lombardy poplars, as shown in the old drawing; then by a grove of locust trees, which in turn capitulated to the onward march of time, stands today in the flecks of light and shadow, surrounded by fine old maples; revolutionary cannon on the lawn; the old house itself, alluring.

In its architecture rambling and delightful, from the low-pitched kitchen where in a gigantic fireplace the early equipment still holds its place; bellows and crane, tripod and spit; brass, copper and pewter utensils, pots, pitchers and pans of ancient date; to the narrow stairway which leads to the bedrooms where the gentle lady who acted as our guide lamented that they had not the bed in which General Washington died. Bessie consoled her by calling attention to the bed in graphic art, a most horrible engraving entitled "Last Moments of General Washington," wherein there is a well-meant effort to picture his collapse after the too frequent bleedings—good old Dr. Craik, who did the bleeding, standing by in an attitude of tragic despair, registering a dramatic talent utterly unnatural to so staunch a Presbyterian and so disciplined a Scotchman.

Over the dining-room mantel hangs the original Commission signed by John Hancock, which made George Washington Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies; among the many portraits are two very fine originals, a sketch of Mr. Lawrence, which though unsigned and unmarked, must be a Gilbert Stuart, and a beautiful portrait of Col. Varick, also unmarked with the artist's name—a decided oversight.

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Many important letters were written by General Washington during the campaign in New Jersey, and especially from Morristown; among them one to Dr. Craik, offering him the position as Medical and Surgical Chief of the Army, which he filled with such distinction. And again we see that this great leader instituted certain practices older by far than his own generation, by which leaders of men reward the faithful services of their friends by appointing them, men whom they feel are to be trusted, to positions of trust. This custom has been followed by succeeding executives, not always with the full appreciation of the public; but in most cases with the final verdict that the appointment was justified in the course of time, as these appointees proved themselves efficient.

To Dr. James Craik

Morristown, 26 April 1777

Dear Doctor

I am going to address you on a subject, which may lay some claim to your attention, as I do to your candor in deciding on the proposition. In the hospital department for the middle district, which district includes the States between the North or Hudson's River and the Potomac, there are at present two places vacant, either of which I can obtain for you. The one is Senior Physician and Surgeon of the Hospital, with the pay of four dollars and six rations per day, and forage for one horse; the other is Assistant-Director-General, with the pay of three dollars and six rations per day, and two horses and travelling expenses found, according to Doctor Shippen, the director-general's account who also



FORD HOUSE, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
ONE OF WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

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adds, that he thinks this latter the more honorable and desirable of the two. . . ."

Lovely Princeton! Who that knows the academic dignity of its ivy-clad, Gothic buildings, its broad, shady streets, the peace, plenty, and culture of its pleasant homes, the picturesqueness of its gnarled old catalpa trees, but loves it? And the friends one happens to have there! Horatio Whitridge Turner and his mother; Warner Wood, Mathilde and their babies; the George Hulett's, and that great fireplace of their dear old house, where one can toast one's toes and dip into the best of books, or listen to the wisest of wisdom.

Were it not for the new monument in commemoration of the battle of June 3, 1777, one might in this atmosphere forget that Princeton was the scene of one of the most important battles of the Revolution, not so much because of the numbers involved, as because of the consequences. The field of battle, itself, and the Clark House in which General Mercer died, are practically the same today as at that time, and are forever interesting as the scene of the sacrifice of Mercer's life, and the magnificent generalship by which General Washington swung defeat and retreat into triumph. He had but a few Continental troops and Pennsylvania and New Jersey militia with which to stem the tide and turn the disciplined British and Hessians under Cornwallis. In the very moment most critical to American hopes, this he did.

The Ballad of Princeton Battle, by Dr. Henry van

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Dyke, read by him on that June 9, 1922, when the monument was dedicated, tells the story of the battle in ringing measures, and brings vividly to mind the presence of the Commander-in-Chief:

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They rushed through Will Clarke's orchard among the naked trees,

With horse and foot they hammered hard; their bullets sang like bees:

And Mercer fell, and Haslett fell—

The bayonets cut us up like hell;

The chain-shot mowed a bloody path beneath the twisted trees.

It looked all black for Princeton,

We lost our hopes of Princeton.

We wavered, and we broke and fled as leaves before the breeze.

Then down the hill from Tom Clarke's house, rode Washington aflame

With holy ire, through smoke and fire, like mighty Mars he came!

"Come on, my men, parade with me,

We'll make the braggart redcoats flee!"

He turned the tide at Princeton;

The land was saved at Princeton:

And they who fought and they who fell, won liberty and fame!

The last letter that Washington wrote, dated two days before his death, was addressed to Alexander Hamilton; it speaks for itself.

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Mount Vernon, 12 December, 1799

Sir: I have duly received your letter of the 28th ultimo, enclosing a copy of what you had written to the Secretary of War, on the subject of a Military Academy.

The establishment of an Institution of this kind, upon a respectable and extensive Basis, has ever been considered by me as an object of primary importance to the country; and while I was in the Chair of Government, I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it, in my public speeches and other ways, to the attention of the Legislature. But I never undertook to go into a detail of the Organization of such an Academy, leaving this task to others whose pursuits in the paths of Science, and attention to the arrangements of such institutions, had better qualified them for the execution of it. For the same reason I must now decline making any observations on the details of your plan; and as it has already been submitted to the Secretary of War, through whom it would naturally be laid before Congress, it might be too late for alterations if any should be suggested.

I sincerely hope that the subject will meet with due attention, and that the reasons for its establishment, which you have so clearly pointed out in your letter to the Secretary, will prevail upon the Legislature to place it upon a permanent and respectable footing.

With very great esteem & regard, I am, &c.

George Washington.

One realizes at West Point that here is a dream of George Washington come true, as at the University of Virginia a dream of Jefferson.

Sunday morning, watching the cadets marching by hundreds churchward, their lithe, alert figures swinging along the winding uphill road, uncovering their heads as they mount the stone steps, one wishes that Wash-

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ington himself might see this outgrowth of his desire for a military academy.

Within the dim spaces of the Gothic structure illuminated with light from stained glass windows, solemn with old tattered flags hanging from the ceiling, some twelve hundred young Americans fill the Gothic nave—some 50,000 round brass buttons twinkle in the half-light, and a great uniformed choir of men march in a processional up the center aisle.

Of the service, the Cadet Prayer, written by a former chaplain, Col. Wheat, and the favorite hymn of the boys, "The Corps," are the most striking features, and that these stirring notes and words may reach those who cannot visit West Point, we give them here:

CADET PRAYER

O God, our Father, Thou Searcher of men's hearts, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural.

Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretence ever to diminish. Encourage us in our endeavor to live above the common level of life. Make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half truth when the whole can be won. Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy. Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life. Grant us new ties of friendship and new op-

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portunities of service. Kindle our hearts in fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow and suffer. May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth and feel inherent disgust for all coarse-minded humour. Help us, in our work and in our play, to keep ourselves physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight, that we may the better maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished and unsullied, and acquit ourselves like men in our effort to realize the ideals of West Point in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country. All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and Master of men.—Amen.

THE CORPS

1 The Corps! The Corps! The Corps!

The Corps bareheaded salute it,
With eyes up thanking our God—
That we of the Corps are treading
Where they of the Corps have trod.
They are here in ghostly assemblage,
The men of the Corps long dead,
And our hearts are standing attention
While we wait for their passing tread.

2 We sons of to-day, we salute you, You, sons of an earlier day, We follow, close order, behind you, Where you have pointed the way; The long gray line of us stretches Thro' the years of a century told, And the last man feels to his marrow The grip of your far off hold.

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- 3 Grip hands with us now though we see not,
Grip hands with us, strengthen our hearts—
As the long line stiffens and straightens
With the thrill that your presence imparts.
Grip hands, tho' it be from the shadows
While we swear, as you did of yore,
Or living, or dying to honor
The Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps.

—HERBERT SHIPMAN, Chaplain U.S.M.A., 1896–1905.

(Music by W. FRANKE HARLING.)

As we thread our way among the trees and boulders along these heights overlooking the river, we see Constitution Island and the cove where the great chain was made fast which was intended to thwart the advance of British sailing vessels in 1778—ships which owing to the curves of the river must have already lost headway—and which, had they attempted to ram chains, would then have had to face the fire from the water-batteries, the remains of which still command the river.

Great names cluster around West Point; its library contains priceless documents, volumes and portraits; its original chapel, removed stone by stone after the growth in the Military Academy left it too small, and rebuilt in the cemetery enclosure in which the old Moore house originally stood, Washington's headquarters at West Point; the whole tract bought by the Government from the Moores, who had it as a royal grant from the British Crown; Fort Clinton, originally called Fort Arnold, near by, re-christened after the fall of Benedict Arnold; Fort Putnam built under orders of General Isaac Put-

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nam, still higher on the mountains, the last resort should West Point fall.

Benedict Arnold and Major André haunt this country; the American officer who as Commandant of West Point would have sold his trust to the enemy; the British officer, his accomplice, who was hanged as a spy.

On the original fortifications stands a monument to Thaddeus Kosciusko, most picturesque of the friends of Washington, for it was he, the actual engineer, who, more than any other, carried out the plans of Washington in the creation of the Fort here on the Heights above the Hudson, a point recognized by Washington as one of paramount military importance; a natural fortification. Here the Polish engineer, modifying the plans of his French predecessor Rodier, designed West Point, and here today from the balcony of Cullum Hall we look directly down into that great garden along the river edge which was his recreation and delight in his hours of leisure.

A man of dashing spirit was this exiled son of Poland, a fiery lover, a hero of romance, a man of superior culture, a connoisseur of music with the soul of a poet; a painter of no mean ability, as witness that quaint laurel-crowned profile portrait done by him in Paris of Thomas Jefferson; a man whose vivid mortal career ended abruptly, as it should have ended, spared the tedium of age and illness, dashed to his death from the top of the Alps—a man whose memory has not faded from the mind of the busy world.

There were several reasons why Bessie and I wanted

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to go on this trip with no husband of hers or platonic friend of mine to boss us. Just two lone females turned loose. We hurried, or we dawdled, as we saw fit. We ate or starved.

And when we got to West Point we hurried to see Bessie's boy, who was in durance vile. Quite the most cheerful culprit we had ever seen. He was so straight in the back and so pink in the cheek; so curly of head and so merry of eye, and withal so well-groomed, well-fed, well-conditioned and almost, if not quite, angelic, that it was hard to believe he had done so dire a deed as to encourage a plebe to shine his buttons for him; for this he was confined to barracks for two months, since hazing even in its mildest form is a very great transgression. We were heartily glad he was not one of those who had invited a plebe to sing the laundry list; for they got four months, which include both Thanksgiving and Christmas. We had several interviews with this fallen angel of Bessie's, after which we made a beeline for Georgetown, making it from the Waldorf to Bessie's house in exactly twelve hours to the minute.

CHAPTER XX

Some one else pays for the gas—Dearest-my-Dear in bewildering Manhattan—Sees sights George Washington never saw—Called from the serenity of Mt. Vernon to the Presidency—Fraunces' Tavern—Farewell to his officers—Major L'Enfant—Lady Washington.

UNDER the stimulus of good company and agreeable talk, with that soothing sense of security which realizes that whatever happens, someone else must pay for it—tires, gas, tolls, tips, lunches, for they who invited you to joy-ride are in the full meaning of the word your hosts—the temptation to meander verbally as well as bodily takes hold upon one. Along the old "Post Roads" and the "King's Highways," the modernized Indian "Trails" and the splendid boulevards which spin their web over the world, one wants to see everything and report upon everything, especially when concentrating on the in-comings and out-goings, the uprisings and down-sittings of that monumental personage George Washington.

If I were really writing a history of the whole of General Washington's migrations, throwing in a few digressions, a little genealogy, a little nonsense, a little darkey stuff for local color, and a few descriptions of scenery to let the reader know I consider myself a painter, in case he had not found that out, I should

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have "a set" of effusions equal in bulk to the calf-bound volumes of his early biographer, Jared Sparks, which fill a whole shelf in the ancestral library, untouched by human hand for two generations. To play the historian is a thing no third-rate painter, howsoever indiscreet, would aspire to do. Do I wish to be inaccurate and placed upon the blacklist of the Daughters of the American Revolution?

From the New Jersey towns we have easy access to the heart of bewildering Manhattan, whither I take my Leesburg-Alexandria-Berryville-Charlottesville-Fredericksburg complex, and stare till my eyes pop out. There are busses and ferries and a thousand iron horses to take Dearest-my-Dear and me, and now and then at our command an acquiescent friend with a grand-gloomy-and-peculiar chauffeur and a Rolls-Royce, though more frequently it is a flivver. We may toil up to Elevateds, and peer into windows where we see people playing cards and drinking beer in a prohibition land on a Sabbath morn, or we may descend into the depths of the earth, and tear to the place we did not expect to go to. We may be shot through terrifying tubes, and commend our innocent souls to our Maker, certain that we shall never get home to our Shut-in-Valleys, only hoping that our mutilated remains may finally be identified and sent up to Middleburg, Virginia, to be interred with our ancestors.

The congested streets, the jam of traffic, the Babel sounds, the masterfulness of its towers towering over other towers, and the swarm of its tiny pedestrians hur-

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rying and scurrying like ants through its gorge-like streets—Dearest-my-Dear finds all very interesting, and from a height of twenty stories thinks the automobiles look like tumble-bugs.

She has seen sights George Washington never saw; a thing to make a little one important; she has heard strange tongues unknown to him, and noted wonders undreamed of in his philosophy. In the once open areas with green fields and wide rivers in sight, when the mists rolled in without obstruction from the sea, and the children had pink cheeks, George Washington saw the sailing vessels rising on broad white wings above the horizon, and others sinking below the verge; the breezes played over surfaces where now they sweep like demons down gray chasms of brick and mortar. He listened to the pounding of the surf on the many islands in their many waters, the Hudson and the East Rivers; the ocean, the sound and the bay.

His connection with the city where some of the most significant events of his life took place, where he was in close communion with some of his sincerest friends, where he stood his ground most firmly, where he ate some of the grandest dinners in the whole course of his life, cannot be passed by; and though not very well informed, this reckless woman with a portfolio under one arm and a granddaughter on the other hand, will look around; and you, who come after, may be piqued by her haphazard sketches, to dig for yourselves. This is not a history.

The potpourri of all the nations of the earth, the

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largest metropolitan center in the world, is now this New York, upon which the Father of His Country turned his thoughtful eyes in those old days. Cubist art had not been born; but the world of New York, with its multitudinous impressions, its vibrations and sensations, was one vast futurist picture to the eyes of that rustic visitor.

For he, like ourselves, was rustic, and hailed from the woods and rivers of Virginia. I fancy that I see his figure, tall, erect, regarding this little old New York; his commanding profile turned now upward to the iron horse tearing along overhead, now down to the iron horse tearing through the bowels of the earth. His eyes of an engineer appraise the many bridges and buttresses that enable the gallivanting world to go and come; the tunnels beneath the streams; the suspension bridge to Brooklyn, the wonder of its day, and the new skyline with its suggestion of some Egyptian or Chaldean frieze. Gazing at this high-towered Gehenna, would he know that the Island of Manhattan is solid limestone all the way down to China, the only spot in the world capable of sustaining the pressure of these colossal structures?

When under the Constitution George Washington was chosen first President of the United States, a man stepped into office whose record has stood unchallenged since that day of his inauguration in April, 1789.

This country lad, this farmer, this soldier, this builder of schools and vestryman of small churches, whose footsteps we have followed in a so informal fashion,

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proved himself the great statesman, when he moved from his farm on the Potomac to New York: History has yet to produce his superior. Vigorous in mind and body, patriotic, direct and honest by nature, experience and suffering had added qualities of wisdom, foresight and prudence, as his years went on. The eyes of the civilized world were upon him, in expectation, in confidence, in doubt, in envy, in admiration, as he assumed his great and largely experimental office.

Frederick the Great, cynic that he was, mistrustful as are all whose childhood is crippled with cruelty, was spontaneous in his praise of the American soldier whose masterly stratagems and unconquerable courage matched themselves against numbers, wealth, power, prestige, majesty and discipline.

From the serenity of Mount Vernon, his tobacco, his neighbors, his garden, George Washington was called to the supreme office of a young government in a state of social and political chaos, its national credit dishonored, its debts overwhelming. With conflicting creeds of government, with powerful personalities diametrically opposed and powerful intellects in perpetual clash, monarchical customs and predilections ruling one element, republican sentiment rampant in another, phrases catching the popular fancy which reason could never establish, the air vibrating with theories and policies as yet unassimilated and indigestible. To this turmoil he brought the poise, the serenity, of a farmer disciplined to await the slow processes of growth between seed-time and harvest; of a lover, finding rest,

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counsel and relaxation in the companionship of a wise and sweet woman; and that swift authority, that sudden decisiveness of the soldier, dealing summarily with treachery when the evidences of treachery were proven.

Of the familiar haunts of General Washington in New York, Fraunces' Tavern is to me the most appealing. There on January 17, 1930, the L'Enfant Memorial Association was born to honor his young protégé, too long forgotten, who under his direction and commission, designed the Federal City, later known as Washington, the Capital of the United States.

It is a fine colonial house, on Pearl and Broad Streets, Manhattan, where George Washington bade good-bye to his officers, now restored identically as in his day, and the headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York. With the Ambassador of France, M. Claudel, author, poet and diplomat, as guest of honor, representatives of all the patriotic societies of America taking part, the Society of the Cincinnati presented to the Sons of the Revolution a beautiful small statue of Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant.

The old house itself, sacred because of its many associations with our early history and the great ones gone, is delightful with its panelled walls and one rejoices to see it restored to its pristine elegance. Leisure and culture have come to its rescue after years of dilapidation and neglect; the quaint stairway, the exquisite colonial woodwork, mantels and cornices of unusual loveliness; the fine collection of flags in the "Long Room," the museum on the floor above, the picture gallery wherein, as guests of Mr. George Zabriskie, the

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delegates had luncheon, are all details of the day long to be remembered.

I am glad that this old house with its hospitable entrance and open fires today, as of old, comes within the scope of this book; its associations with Washington make it dear, though it really is dear for itself, as an example of the elegance known to our fathers, and the taste which no fluctuations in style can ever gainsay.

Our delicious luncheon that day sustained the reputation of the house, scene of so many famous banquets. Reading the charming little pamphlet entitled "A Sketch of Fraunces' Tavern" by Mr. Henry Russell Drowne, Secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York, we learn that Samuel Fraunces, the Frenchman who conducted this famous caravansary for years, abandoned the hotel business to become Steward of the Presidential Household as proud as any Knight of the Bath or Lord High Chamberlain of royalty. His advertisement in the "Gazette of the United States," New York, May 9-13, 1789, gave definite notice to all merchants relative to charge accounts, as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEHOLD

Whereas all Servants and others, employed to procure provisions, or supplies, for the Household of the President of the United States, will be furnished with monies for those purposes, Notice is therefore given That no accounts for the payment of which the Public might be considered responsible, are to be opened with any of them.

Samuel Fraunces, Steward of the Household.

May 4th, 1789.

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During his sojourn in New York as President, General Washington occupied as the "White House," a mansion built in 1770 by a Quaker of the name of Franklin; this mansion, Number 3 Cherry Street, was quite near where now is one of the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge, east of Franklin Square. Later he moved to the Macomb mansion, now 39 Broadway, but it is of Fraunces' Tavern that I love to think, as the setting of solemn conferences during troubled days, and of gala occasions when the pressure of cares was lifted, and laughter shook the walls, and the wine ran freely. Intimate and charming is the history of this house; it makes the joy-rider hungry to read of the wonderful feasts, of one of which Mr. Drowne reprints the bill:

The Honorable Provincial Congress, Dr., to Samuel Fraunces—New York.

14th June, 1776

To an Entertainment.....	£45.0s. 0d.
To 6 Dozen & 6 Bottles of Madeira.....	23.8 0
To 2 " & 6 " " Port.....	9.0 0
To Porter 23/—Cyder 37/ Spruce 4/6.....	4.9 6
To Sangary 66/—To do. 18/—Punch 12/.....	4.16 0
To Madeira 12/—Bitters 3/.....	0.15 0
To Lights 8/—Wine glasses broken 16/.....	1.4 6
To 4 Wine Decanters 8/—2 Water Decanters 14/0	1.2 0
To a Chainie Pudding Dish 12/—Tumblers 14/	1.6 0
£91.1s. 0d.	

(This account was audited and paid June 25, 1776.)

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Pleasantly Mr. Drowne touches upon the customs and hospitalities of our ancestors:

"There is another bill for a dinner at Cape's Tavern on Broadway, December 2, 1783, which was given by Governor Clinton in honor of the French Ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who had just arrived from Philadelphia. General Washington, the principal officers of the Continental Army, State of New York and many guests were present.

"This states the exact number of diners as 120 and figuring the existing bill for good spirits, it looks as if something considerably over four quarts apiece was consumed. The bill winds up with liberal charges for broken glasses, decanters and crockery, and a closing item of '*coffee for eight gentlemen.*' It has been suggested that these eight must have been the survivors of the feast, the rest being under the table.

"In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks at the lower part of Broadway, near the Bowling Green and the whole city was illuminated to celebrate the definite Treaty of Peace.

"In the Library of Congress is a receipted bill rendered to 'his Excellency Gen. Washington' by Samuel Fraunces, covering the period from November 26 to December 4, 1783, amounting to £95, 15s and 6d, which shows Washington's intimate connection with Fraunces Tavern during his brief stay in New York."

A few days before Christmas, 1783, in the famous "Long Room," George Washington bade farewell to his officers who with him had weathered so many storms. That day saw the old tavern saddened, men who had passed tearless through hunger, anxiety, pain and cold, weeping like children. Thence they escorted their

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beloved leader to the wharf, where a barge lay waiting; soon he was a dwindling speck on the horizon, his face turned toward Annapolis, where he was to resign his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies. He left his officers under command of his friend and aide, Major L'Enfant, for the time being, as he waved them a last farewell.

In resigning his commission, General Washington said: "Having now finished the work assigned to me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding affectionate farewell to this august body . . . I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The convention to amend the Articles of Confederation (then ten years old) meeting in Philadelphia several years later, was of a different mind, and summoned George Washington regardless of that leave-taking, to still more arduous duties "in the employments of public life." He found himself again in harness, as a statesman this time rather than a warrior, making his triumphal way from Mount Vernon, through Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to New York.

There his inauguration as President took place in April, 1789, with John Adams as Vice-President, whom, nearly eight years later, when the seat of government had long been established at Philadelphia, he received with honor as his successor to the Presidency.

That long-forgotten young, buoyant figure of Major L'Enfant looms large in these inaugural preparations for the first President. He who had designed the insignia



MARTHA DANDRIDGE (CUSTIS) WASHINGTON
THE WHITE HOUSE PORTRAIT. BY E. F. ANDREWS

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for the Order of the Cincinnati, utilized the same motif in the City Hall, which under his direction was prepared for the inaugural ceremonies; for the Spread Eagle, with the thirteen arrows in his talons, adorned the pilasters of the stately columns, repeated in the main hall. One who has been a great lover of our country and as profound a student of our institutions as was his distinguished colleague, the late Ambassador of Great Britain, Viscount Bryce, is M. Jules Jusserand, for twenty-two years the Ambassador of France to Washington. In conversation, in his letters as late as this present year of 1930, in his books dealing with American history, M. Jusserand delights to dwell upon the contacts between George Washington and his own countryman, L'Enfant; to him we are indebted for many sidelights upon this distinguished friendship.

Mrs. Washington was the first person permitted to view the changes in the City Hall of New York, prior to her husband's inauguration. She expressed her delight to Major L'Enfant that he had been inspired to incorporate the Indian arrows in the scheme of decoration, as a suggestion of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. It was clever of him to have done so, no less clever of her to have commented upon the fact!

Just the extent to which Martha Washington's prestige, sense and wealth, to say nothing of her ambition, affected her husband's career, has never been estimated. Of distinguished lineage herself, marrying at the age of seventeen into the Custis connection, she found herself in a few years a very young widow, mother of four

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children, owner of many acres and many slaves, and in command of a large fortune. In this position, with every possible asset, she elected, two years after the death of her husband, Daniel Parke Custis, to marry the sturdy surveyor and soldier, Colonel George Washington, familiar from youth with hardship, hitherto not signally successful in affairs of the heart, awkward, as we have read, in whom she recognized physical beauty and moral courage, intrepidity and force of character which promised for him the brilliant future time so soon proved his right.

Martha Dandridge Custis was three months younger than George Washington, but as is the way of women, far more conversant with the world. Her life had been one of unbroken elegance and distinction, and her *savoir faire* did much to convert her husband from the manners of field and camp to that of the drawing-room. She had known the deepest human experiences: love, surrender, birth, death, power, had left their imprint upon her long before she entered the life of this nation as the wife of its most conspicuous citizen.

When at the age of fifty-seven, Martha Washington became the first "First Lady of the Land," her social triumphs were but the logical result of inherited distinction and inherent authority. To her sweeping trains and rustling silks, to her feather-bows and velvet knots, to her tuckers and lace flounces, all ordered from London through that same famous agent who was ordered to send to Miss Custis (aged six) a half dozen pairs of white gloves, were added the proud little head held so high,

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the pretty profile tempting little Nellie Custis to trace her shadow-picture on the wall by candlelight, the dainty hand held out to her husband's erstwhile aide, the gallant young Frenchman, as she commended his art, and the arching insteps of the tiny feet upon which she moved through the City Hall on this visit of inspection. All, but physical symbols of the spirit of the woman, her inborn dignity, grace and wit.

No wonder that her Friday evenings in New York, and later in Philadelphia, had all the quality of royal levees! Withal, a proud, high-stepping, high-thinking aristocrat, this little Lady Washington!

CHAPTER XXI

Washington's offer to "subsist" a thousand men at his own expense—The Craigie House, Washington's home for nine months—Boston Common, beautiful bridges, art collections—Harvard—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hale—Lovely New England villages—Woods' Hole on Cape Cod—The Berkshires.

GEORGE WASHINGTON sat grim and silent, listening to the debates and resolutions, strongly royalist, strongly revolutionary, as the Virginia representatives discussed the action of the Massachusetts colony one August day in Williamsburg. The assembly was electrified when he suddenly rose and unreservedly expressed his mind. "I would raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston."

The mind jumps from this scene in the early Virginia capital, to the companion picture of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief of the first American Army, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. A glorious welcome within the very sound of the British guns, as General Washington drew his sword, the central figure in that great concourse of soldiers and citizens, the rock on which a nation based its faith.

After that winter campaign in Massachusetts, and the evacuation of Boston by the British, General Washington set his face toward New York, where there was



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
ONE OF WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

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work to be done; thence southward, taking with him memories of the quaint old Wadsworth House, home of the Presidents of Harvard for more than a hundred years, his first headquarters; and of the Craigie House, now known as the Longfellow House, a mansion built by John Vassal in 1759, but deserted, he being a Tory, at the outbreak of war. This was Washington's headquarters from July, 1775 to April, 1776.

Of all the literary associations of this house, once the home of George Washington's biographer, Jared Sparks, once of Joseph E. Worcester, of dictionary fame, the happiest is the latest, when Longfellow was its master.

As he saw

"the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door"

We may visualize the powerful figure of Washington, his strong, clean-shaven face, as he sat in uniform at his desk, tired, anxious, dusty, penning his letters to Virginia, his notes and memoranda, signing his military orders with that well-known flourish, in the room on the ground floor which he used as a study, and where years after the gentle poet, serene and immune from disturbing thoughts, bent his fine head and silver beard over the same desk. Most of Longfellow's poems were born in this study, practically unchanged from its early days as is the whole house today.

Back to the farm on the banks of the Potomac, Washington took the memory of these New England homes,

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with a picture of the river Charles and the already venerable University on its banks. Possibly in some corner of his brain a mental photograph of the quaint weather-vane, in the shape of a gigantic grasshopper, made by the coppersmith Shem Drowne for the pinnacle of Faneuil Hall, the old market place and public hall built by "Peter Funnel." An edifice wherein, if walls had ears, the rarest of eloquence would be enshrined; if walls had tongues, undying truths would be repeated.

George Washington was a churchman; Christ Church, Alexandria, and Pohick-on-the-Potomac, were far in the Sunny South; but the Old South Church was at hand, a cradle of religion and of patriotism, wherein the Masons and other citizens had donned their absurd disguise before pitching the despised tea overboard—this sacred house was no doubt familiar to him with all of its traditions.

A striking phase of General Washington's mental processes during this experience, was his anger and impatience at anything resembling sectional prejudice, and it is told of him that on one occasion when he caught some of the recent reinforcements from Virginia engaged in a strangle-struggle with some of the native seamen, he became a third party to the altercation with such effect that his Northern and his Southern soldiers ever thereafter deemed it the better part of valor to reserve their warfare for the enemy.

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He who would attempt to describe the great old city

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of Boston from even the humble point of view of a second-rate artist with her sketch book under her arm, should be allowed ample time, sufficient money, and all the space in the world. To *glance* at Boston, to "lightly sketch" that venerable and complex center of all that men strive for,—history, art, literature, patriotism, science and religion,—would be to subject oneself to a task hopeless from the start and agonizing throughout.

What then must it be to a grandmother, with a six-year-old granddaughter on her knees, to attempt to really see this beautiful city in a brief joy-ride by motor, and a short stay during which she endeavors to fulfil the duties of guest, grandmother and artist, all in one?

Fortunately, she was not asking herself to do more than see some of the places familiar to the footsteps of George Washington in those old days when Boston took the lead, and her Masonic Brotherhood expressed their rebellion against oppression by throwing the tea, symbol of tyranny, into the sea; when the populace, fired by a passionate patriotism which has none of the element of frenzied romance natural to the more tropical climes, set grimly to work to organize protective measures at any cost; when the colony of Massachusetts proved herself worthy of her intrepid founders, true to her stern principles of right.

Under such pressure, backed by such faith, romance is written automatically and of necessity; and thus, doing with their might the things which had to be done, these people wrote immortal epics in the medium of

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immediate duty. Paul Revere on his midnight ride from Boston to Lexington rode into unfading fame, and the "embattled farmers," from whose thoughts poets and poems were at the hour most remote, have been and will ever be the subjects of stories told by the fireside, of orations made upon the stage of the world, of verses penned in the hours of inspiration by spirits kindred to their own.

This motor trip happened not to be my first visit to Boston; I had on previous visits seen much of its grace and hospitality, as well as its art and literary treasures, its landmarks which perpetuate some of the most stirring events of our history, its famous architecture and public grounds and buildings, than which there are few finer anywhere. On this little excursion, following the footsteps of George Washington, I could but regret, as in many other places, that the Father of His Country could not have seen, or foreseen, the progress and development of the land he so loved and served. Here, again, the beautiful bridges would have delighted the engineer soul of him, and the strong business genius of the man would have taken in with zest the sight of the great harbors, warehouses and railroad docks.

We remember his interest in the warehouses of Falmouth and Dumfries, little villages in Virginia not far from Mount Vernon, and his desire to connect the East and West by waterways, the railroads of today being then undreamed of. Of course he knew the harbors of Massachusetts Bay, geography and topography have

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changed less than other aspects of the world as it was and is, but the magnitude of the commerce which has arisen in a century and a half is a matter beyond his imaginings.

A lover of nature, in his maturer years a gardener on a small scale, the parking system of this beautiful city would mean joy and admiration to Washington. The Common at Cambridge¹ as it was in its heroic infancy, and as it is today. The patriarchal elm under which he took command of the Continental Army is no more than a mere stump, but near the spot where stood this dearest object of veneration, a scion of its own is growing sturdily to fill its place.

ON THIS SPOT
IN 1630
STOOD AN ANCIENT OAK
UNDER WHICH WERE HELD
COLONIAL ELECTIONS

THIS SCION OF THE
WASHINGTON ELM
WAS PLANTED
MAY 1896

MARKER ON CAMBRIDGE COMMON

¹ James Russell Lowell in his *Fireside Travels* refers as follows to Old Cambridge: "A few houses, chiefly old, stood around the bare Common with ample elbow room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia General who had come to weld our homespun Saxon chivalry."

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The visitor to Boston is impressed with the excellent system of marking places of interest.

Boston was about one hundred and fifty years old when George Washington knew it. Its three hundredth birthday is almost simultaneous with the going of this little book to press; yet in this comparatively young city are to be found today works of art which rival many of the treasures of the old world, acquired by its cultured citizens; examples of architecture which will be to the future what Notre Dame and the Houses of Parliament are to the present. One of the rarest libraries in the world, the second greatest in America, is here; from Boston come to the Congressional Library in Washington its greatest scholars. Boston was a baby six years of age—the age of Dearest-my-Dear, to be exact, and bring the story up-to-date, also to pin this young traveler's thoughts to a fact of history—when Harvard University was founded. George Washington saw Harvard; Harvard was there in his day; Harvard, to speak for the enterprise and vision of those pioneers, battling hour by hour with hardship, cold, dangers seen and unseen, providing for the higher education of their children before any of their other living problems could have been considered solved! If that is not romance, we can never define it. Four hundred English “pounds” were voted by the fathers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to found, “a schoale or colledge,” which was established at the little town of Newton, afterwards called Cambridge because of the affection in which their

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Alma Mater in England was remembered by these of her sons in a wild new world.

To George Washington, could he come back, there would be a strange sweetness in the sound of familiar names, for there walk the streets of Boston today the descendants of his friends; great-grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson and of Paul Revere; bearers of the honored names of Holmes and Lowell; of Adams and Quincy; Winthrop and Hale.

Indeed it was with Philip Hale, national authority on music, art and literature, a critic of the highest order, and his wife, as great a connoisseur of art as he, that this visitor spent some of her happiest hours and gathered some of her most poignant impressions in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Hale are a striking pair, stately of carriage and fine of profile, suggesting the Vandyke portraits of gentlemen and gentlewomen of a more leisurely age.

That in their busy life, full every hour with professional and social obligations, they could find time to take a tramp on a run through their town, in their own discriminating taste, giving her just what she needed in pursuance of her purpose, was a new proof of the hospitality and generosity which at least one Virginian has met with everywhere during half a century, at the hands of her countrymen, North, West, East as well as South. The Virginian feels a close tie of blood between himself and his English cousins in the Old Bay State.

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Boston is the doorway to the panorama of the White Mountains, the reservoir of health to hundreds who seek the pure air of a world of balsam and ozone. Boston is the first link of that chain of lovely villages, rich in tradition, with which we have our personal points of contact, dear to ourselves and, for all the rest of the world may know, of value sooner or later to them all. Arlington, Concord (unique home of sages), Lexington, names written in blood on the page of history, rich in modern interest as well. Auburndale, where the irrepressible Marian Huckins nurses so tenderly her invalid mother, writes her daily tales of pussycats, and those vibrant letters to her friends which must, in days to come, rank high as Americana; Bedford and Medford; Jamaica Plain, where Charles Fletcher Dole, modern teacher as consecrated as any medieval saint, rounded out his fourscore years, lived, labored, preached, prayed, wrote and died; Brookline; Roxbury, whence Miss Georgie and Miss Mamie Rhodes wandered the world around, astonishingly elegant in their heavy, old-fashioned jewelry and enviable laces; Malden, where I have seen a sweet saint smiling from her bed of suffering, and where in 1929, our "faithless generation" exhibited in thousands and thousands of pilgrims, a faith in spiritual healing, visiting with their various afflictions the grave of a long dead priest. The unrecorded stories of men and women I have known, rush upon me as I write—Friends!

Salem, mother of Boston; Plymouth, Duxbury, Gloucester—places where the painters and brushes are busy,

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little cities by the sea, strung like pearls along the coast; each with its spotless white church, its storied Town Hall and schools opening upon the typical Village Green. Woods Hole, queerest and most fascinating corner of Cape Cod, where the waters of the Sound meet the waters of Buzzards Bay in an eternal clash of currents; with its summer population of artists, scientists and writers in a hundred fields, and its swarms of happy, half-naked children running wild—in the sea, on the rocks, in the swamps, in the street, on the government ship of the Fish Commission, in the laboratories of the Biological Research station, dogging the footsteps of the artists, following the botanists in their prowls for specimens, collecting shells and making drawings themselves in emulation of their elders, listening to the yarns of old sailors, some fact and much fiction.

The permanent residents of the deserted village when autumn comes and the hordes hie them homeward to their various academies and universities, take possession once more, and register their own interesting personalities, they who know no fear of their dear "stern and rockbound coast" and who discuss in delicious local phrases the peculiarities of the summer guests, smoking their pipes on the cold nights, their faces and strong hands as red as their boiled lobsters.

Picture after picture; blue mountains, blue seas, red and gold and russet in the foliage, red and gold and russet on the wet rocks. Old gardens, their hollyhocks banked against kitchen walls, their larkspur peeping

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through the paling fences and nasturtiums, bordering every walk.

Face after face; professors in spectacles; Japanese biologists in bathing suits; fishermen in sou'westers; old women in sunbonnets; and a whole moving mob of transients, skimming along on rubber tires over faultless highways, passing gorgeous private estates and picturesque small homes—

If only George Washington himself might have motored with us! He would have enjoyed the Hales—his own kind of people; though he could not have held up his end of the conversation if music were the theme. How he would weigh the qualities of character expressed in the culture, graciousness and prosperity of the Old Bay State; and how he would open his eyes, on the homeward way, if we took the western route by way of the Berkshire Hills over the Mohawk trail; glimpsing the palaces of Pittsfield, Stockbridge and Lenox, American chateaux, castles, villas, established with American dollars recently accumulated—recently, from George Washington's standpoint—in vast enterprises and strange inventions as magical to him as the stories of Sinbad the Sailor; he whose own fortune was largely due to the slow processes of raising tobacco and shipping it in hogsheads from the little ports on the Potomac.

In comparison with all this magnificence, Mount Vernon would appear a plain farmhouse, home of a quiet country gentleman.

CHAPTER XXII

Adopted by Sarah D. Lowrie and Mabel Stewart Ludlum, we prowling around in the City of Brotherly Love—High Street as depicted for the Sesqui-Centennial, 1926—History in tablet form—Glimpses of the first President in the first Capital of these United States—Leaving Christ Church, *Watson's Annals*—With Martha Barry through old Germantown—"The cordiality of the Southerner with the cultivation of the Northerner"—Beautiful old homes and gracious descendants of colonial times—Reminiscences over the tea table—And we hear of a slave-woman, in the City of Brotherly Love, who saved that great old mansion, Stenton, from destruction.

The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms, but the work shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more, in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the Author.

—Epitaph written for himself by Benjamin Franklin.

PROWLING in the city of Brotherly Love, saturating one's mind with memories of the wise old Quaker who founded it, led by such guides as Mrs. Seymour De Witt Ludlum and Sarah Lowrie through the haunts of George Washington, is in itself an adventure. But when all is said and seen, this deponent declares that these guides themselves are the outstanding attractions.

The home of the Ludlums, severe of front, green-shuttered, deep-roomed, high-pitched, is full of heir-

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looms; old rugs, old clocks, old mirrors, old pictures, riches in the way of memories and traditions, a typical Philadelphia home. And Sarah Lowrie in inventing "High Street" for the Sesqui-Centennial in 1926, concentrated the history of the great old city into the compass of a day's understanding. Line for line, brick for brick, though on a somewhat smaller scale, the vanished landmarks were reconstructed.

The Philadelphia of Colonial days—the Philadelphia of Revolutionary days—the Philadelphia of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, came to a startling resurrection under her genius in "High Street." Quoting Mabel Stewart Ludlum on its ancient state from her *Book of High Street*:

All American visitors at the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration will surely be interested in that period of our country's history which we commemorate. This interest will be common alike to those of us who became Americans but yesterday and those of us whose ancestors actually helped in composing the Document itself, or who signed it, or who came here from all parts of the Colonies to testify to their belief in its necessity, or those, no less enthusiastic, who stayed at home, gravely pondering the cost of such a Declaration. Theirs, indeed, was the decision that sent the delegates to Philadelphia, here to bring to a focus the sentiment deeply felt from Atlantic seaport towns to forest frontiers in the far west of Ohio and Kentucky.

At that time Philadelphia was nearly a hundred years old but had not begun to feel her age. The first-born within her boundaries was then ninety-six years old and it was four years later that Franklin replied to the Frenchman who inquired concerning the longevity of the natives of America: "Sir, that



A GLIMPSE OF THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL "HIGH STREET," PHILADELPHIA, 1926

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"I cannot tell you until Edward Drinker dies." Edward thoughtfully set the record at one hundred and two years of health and prosperity.

They lived long and well in William Penn's little green town but there were times when we nearly lost the green for the City Council ordered cut down the beautiful button-woods and willows that shaded our streets "to guard against stagnant air." Francis Hopkinson saved them by argument and eloquence and the order was revoked. After this they were endangered from another source. Observant folk may notice on some of our houses iron plates of varying designs. One of them bears four clasped hands—the insignia of the first fire insurance company, but it refused to insure a house with a tree near it. Quickly there sprang into existence a rival company which advertised a strong partiality for trees and its plate carried a graceful tree design. So they were saved again.

The principal street of the town was the High Street, now called Market Street. It was the first to be paved, the money for it raised by a lottery. It was the first to be cleaned by municipal order, the work being done by convicts, and it was the first in the country to be lighted by permanent street lamps at regular intervals. These improvements were the suggestion of the indispensable Benjamin Franklin. The lighting was the hardest to accomplish as it was considered an extravagance, but it proved a fruitful advertisement for the town.

All of this civic progress was concentrated in the thickly populated part of the Street, from the Delaware River to Fourth Street. Beyond Fourth was country road to Eighth and from there to the picturesque banks of the Schuylkill was a charming path through the forest, a favorite walk of about a mile and a half.

In the beginning High Street was in what real estate dealers call the most desirable residential section. In those days artisans, merchants, school teachers, lawyers, doctors, had

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their business and their homes under one roof so there was not the uniformity of façade for which the city later became famous—red brick, white marble and green shutters. There was as much variety of building as of occupation. In those eight squares were not only such beautiful houses set in gardens as those built by Morris and Galloway, there were also three blacksmith shops, five hotels or taverns of the better class, a duck pond large enough to have a boat or two on it, two public gardens with summer houses where light refreshments were sold, such as cheese-cake, mead and balm beer. Not long before '76 appeared the first store in the town to have bulging or bulk windows. One was a hardware store which also sold buttons. The other sold all kinds of fancy drygoods, it advertised as "kept in the true Bond Street Style." The window was decorated with yards and yards of materials in festoons and fancy designs and was lighted after dark—which caused it to be "all the stare" and brought whole families from far and wide to gaze. Inside was no less grand for the salesman came from London and had most elegant manners, handing even the change wrapped in paper, and always with a sweeping bow.

No building still in existence was reproduced in the "High Street" of the Sesqui-Centennial; some of those landmarks that time has swept away were not placed precisely as they stood originally, for concentration was essential to the scheme of "High Street," but here the visitor actually found himself in early Philadelphia with a vivid visualization of the United States Capital when George Washington was President; a masterpiece of art, architecture and patriotism over which, because of its transitory character, one might reasonably weep. It was an inspiration lovingly executed; had the public

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realized its message beforehand, its great educational importance as a picture of public and private life in the infancy of our country, it would surely have been built of permanent material, a lasting memorial of Old Philadelphia.

The purpose of this feature of the Sesqui-Centennial exhibit in 1926, one hundred and fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, one hundred years after the death of its author, Thomas Jefferson, is thus stated by Miss Lowrie, whose fecund brain conceived it and organized its varied activities.

Strangely enough though not one brick is left upon another of the actual houses of which this Street of houses is a reminder, the energy once generated within the walls of the original buildings has proved to be vital and superabundant, a little leaven in the beginning that has multiplied a million fold and has stood the demands of the American ideal of each generation. What was fundamental then, is fundamental now. What was begun then to supply a need, is continued now and is supplying a still greater need.

The worship of God, the love of one's neighbor, education, patriotism, free speech, a free press, political debates, the art of living, the science of the physician, the arts and crafts, the business of exchange, the encouragement of skilled labor, the value of the drama and the necessity of music, the power to enjoy the pleasures of society, the charm of home, the hospitality of the inn, the competition of the market and the beauty of gardens and of color and of fabrics and of design—all these were the needs of the generation that was moved by the eloquence of Patrick Henry, that enlisted under the sword of Washington, accepted the political affirmations of Jefferson and rejoiced in the wit and the wisdom of Franklin, and they are not less our needs.

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The old Town Hall, the Friends' Meeting House, the Dames' School, Paul Revere's Forge, Benjamin Franklin's Print Shop, their fascinating interiors reproduced to the last detail; and the famous old houses, the Loxley House, the Girard House, the Slate-Roof House, the Washington House, the Morris House, the Jefferson House, the Shippen House, completely furnished in period, with the old Inns and Markets, the stables and quaint early museums, all brought to life once more! Thus young America actually saw the environment, the customs of earlier days, re-enacted before its eyes, even to the manners and hospitality, perfectly acted by the hostesses at the various houses, officers of patriotic societies, descendants of Colonial families and other distinguished groups, receiving visitors with the graciousness of ancestral days added to their own modern charm.

It was wonderfully done! It was the Past, brought back!

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Through the nooks and crannies of this old city, one almost hears the crack of the whip, the hammer of hoofs, as the old stagecoaches and private chaises dash down the muddy or dusty roads! A powdered head glimpsed at the open small window, a dainty lady glancing shyly at the world; outriders in gay livery alongside, as was customary in Maryland and Virginia too. The President, the Secretary of State and the Chief Justice all hailing from Virginia, recognizing in Philadelphia many social usages familiar to them at home.

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The most elegant of General Washington's carriages was presented to Mrs. Washington by the Government of Pennsylvania. It was built in London expressly for Governor John Penn and exhibited there for its remarkable beauty. Mr. Penn brought it with him to this country. When he returned to England it was purchased by the Pennsylvania Government, who gave it to Mrs. Washington. It was of cream color, richly decorated with gilt medallions. It was so elegant that some persons professed to think it too pompous for a Republican President. Mrs. Washington used frequently to drive in this carriage with her lovely granddaughter Nelly, to visit Mrs. Penn at Landsdowne House, taking with her Miss Elizabeth Bordley, now Mrs. James Gibson, or other young ladies to whom Miss Custis was particularly attached.¹

So riding through history down to us!

Old red and blue brick walls toned down by time and weather without, wainscoted and painted white within, of beautiful though rather heavy woodwork, mantels, cornices, pilasters, balustrades, handsomely carved; great windows looking out upon the square or down into entrancing gardens; all so reminiscent of England, so expressive of the influence of English taste and the traditions of English blood from which the stupidity of the house of Hanover estranged the American Colonies. All of these rare landmarks to be seen today as they were in the days of George Washington.

Carpenters Hall is the beautiful building in which the Provisional Congress held its first session. On the occasion of this first meeting, September 5, 1774, George Washington was present. And here the preliminary

¹ Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Address of Nathaniel Burt, February 12, 1875, on the Washington Mansion in Philadelphia.

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meetings took place until the State of Pennsylvania, declaring herself in sympathy with the Revolution, took possession of the State House, to be later known the world over as Independence Hall. Here the Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, and signed in August following; and here the world makes pilgrimage to look at the old Liberty Bell—said to have cracked as it tolled the death of Chief Justice John Marshall.

Later Congress Hall was added to this group of buildings to remain the Capitol of the United States until the Capital was moved to Washington, D. C., and here standing upon its grilled balcony, George Washington was acclaimed by his countrymen.

Following Miss Lowrie's vigorous lead, we traced the footsteps of George Washington, we popped in and out of old churches and taverns (where we find the one we find the other) both of which were the clubs, or assembling places of earlier days, and along the busy High Street, now Market Street, she pointed out the sites of the once famous houses of "High Street."

Little shops of the type of Benjamin Franklin's vanished Printing Shop, still standing with their small-paned, bulging show-cases; the site of the boarding-house in which Jefferson penned the Declaration; and as Sarah discoursed, Marietta almost heard the yelping of the hounds and the sound of the hunting horns, out Second and Third Streets to the York Road and open country past the long-established Manor houses, the route taken by General Washington as he marched to

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Trenton. The early highways tell the story of a locality following the topography, and in those days of few bridges taking also into account the fords of the rivers.

In the end room of the State House the Supreme Court of the United States held its sessions, Chief Justice Marshall presiding until the seat of government moved to Washington, after which it became the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania.

Inspecting this beautiful room in company with Sarah Lowrie I could but remember that her grandfather Lowrie had been Chief Justice of the State and presided there in the very spot where his modern descendant, a mere female of the species, has been known upon occasion to speak her mind as forcefully as did he on matters of public welfare.

In this house, Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies, here he was inaugurated President for his second term.

It should not be forgotten that before General Washington ever set his foot in Philadelphia, it was a city thoroughly established, a center of culture and wealth, built up by temperate, God-fearing men. The old prints show five church steeples along the sky line, the oldest of which were the landmarks of the city from the river and Front Street.

The city lying between its two rivers boasts a famous residence section with homes which, during the administrations of two Presidents, Washington and Adams, were scenes of gaiety and fashion equal to any European court. Great wealth was in the hands of this Quaker-

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bred Society, though the Anglican Church claimed the ultra-fashionable element; old Saint Peter's with its lofty tower and high pews, was filled every Sunday morning, and Christ Church witnessed the arrival of the President and Lady Washington with much pomp and ceremony, a negro footman following them up the aisle bearing their prayer books.

Every Philadelphian knows his *Watson's Annals*. It is from those pages I quote the following description of the President leaving Christ Church after morning service as actually seen by Watson when he was a lad.

On Sunday mornings at the gate of Christ Church, the appearance of his coach, awaiting the breaking up of the service, never failed in drawing a crowd of persons, eager, when he came forth, for another view of this nobleman of nature. The indistinct sound of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within was no sooner heard by them than the press became formidable considering the place and the day. During the slow movement of the crowd of worshippers issuing from the opened door and the increased volume of sound from the organ, it was not necessary for the stranger visiting the city, and straining his vision to behold the General for the first time, to inquire of his jostled neighbour—which is he? There could be no mistake in this matter, Washington was to be known at once.

His noble height and commanding air, his person enveloped in what was not very common in those days, a rich blue Spanish cloak, faced with red velvet, thrown over the left shoulder; his easy unconstrained movement; his inimitable expression of countenance, on such occasions beaming with mild dignity and beneficence combined; his patient demeanour in the crowd, emerging from it, to the eye of the beholder,

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like the bright silvery moon, at night, from the edge of a dark cloud; his gentle bendings of the neck, to the right and to the left, parentally, and expressive of delighted feelings on his part; these, with the appearance of the awed, and charmed, and silent crowd of spectators, gently falling back, on each side, as he approached, unequivocally announced to the gazing stranger, as with the voice of one "trumpet tongued"—*behold the man!*

One day in summer, passing up Market Street on a message, the reminiscent (John Watson) was struck with the novel spectacle of this splendid coach, with six elegant bays attached, postillions and outrider in livery, in waiting at the President's door, and although charged to make haste back, was determined to see the end of it. Presently the door opened, when the "beheld of all beholders," in a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, silver or steel hilted small sword at left side, hair full powdered, black silk hose and bag, accompanied by "Lady Washington," also in full dress, appeared standing upon the marble steps—presenting her his hand he led her down to the coach, with that ease and grace peculiar to him in every-thing, and (as remembered) with the attentive assiduity of an ardent youthful lover; having also handed in a young lady, and the door clapped to, Fritz, the coachman, gave a rustling flourish with his lash, which produced a plunging motion in the leading horses, reined in by the postillions, and striking flakes of fire between their heels and the pebbles beneath—when

Crack went the whip, round went the wheels,
As though High Street were mad.

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Overlooking the Schuylkill in Fairmount Park are sixteen "country seats" of the Eighteenth Century, purchased by the city to be forever preserved as landmarks. They are houses still in the open country, surrounded

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by their original lawns and gardens, appropriately furnished, in many instances through the generosity of the descendants of the first owners with authentic furniture. They perfectly illustrate the elegance of colonial life of Philadelphians.

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Graduating from the school of Sarah Lowrie, Martha Barry took us in hand; she who knows the right people everywhere and does the right thing at all times.

What a happy day it was when with Dr. and Mrs. Ludlum, she visited us in Fairfax County, Virginia, and we spent an afternoon together at Mount Vernon! It was for us a doubling-up of inspirations, the influence of Mount Vernon itself, the sturdy old house so full of suggestion, so familiar to us, its near neighbors, yet ever interesting, the green lawns sloping magnificently to the Potomac under spring sunshine, and the companionship of these delightful Philadelphians.

When I contrast the Northern women and the Southern women of the same age, those born in the first twenty years after the Civil War, I am struck with the difference in the type of culture—that of the South a thing mostly traditional, because education meant money, and money was the commodity we did not have south of Mason and Dixon, at that time; that of the North, with its collegiate finish added to its inherited quality.

Apropos of which comparison I recall a conversation during the Roosevelt administration at the house of a

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distinguished official in Washington. It was the "day at home" and among the callers was the late General John M. Wilson, whose granddaughter, with my daughter and our hostess' daughter, was attending the Cathedral School for girls. We three stood in a group discussing the school. "The beauty and the chivalry" of Washington filled the spacious rooms.

To General Wilson's inquiry, if she did not find the principal of the school very charming, our hostess, a tall, frail lady with a Presbyterian background and a mouth like a nice little buttonhole, answered:

"Yes, Mrs. Barbour Walker combines the *cultivation of the Northerner with the cordiality of the Southerner.*"

In earshot were many well-known Southern people. How they rolled their eyes at each other over their punch glasses and teacups, at this innocently astute differentiation!

But Martha Barry is waiting. She has telephoned in advance, and we are invited to many of the most famous houses in old Germantown, and scheduled to follow George Washington when as Commander-in-Chief he marched and counter-marched through that historic region; we were introduced to School-house Lane, Fisher's Lane, the Lime-Kiln Pike, Washington Lane, and the Old York Road, modern highways and byways now, in that day muddy roads, so muddy that gentlemen wishing to cross the street, did so on horseback; and to the fine old mansions which as headquarters of the opposing forces, are forever memorable. Great manor

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houses which antedate the Revolutionary War by many years.

Later when, as President, the yellow fever drove Washington and his cabinet from their Capital, it was Germantown which afforded them a refuge; and here, again under the protecting wing of Martha Barry, we were welcomed by lineal descendants into homes which without such introduction we could never have seen except from the outside.

So in conversation with the descendants of those thrifty pioneers of Northern Europe who settled Germantown, founded mills and industries, and developed a prosperous community, we were reminded of some things we had forgotten and told of many things we had never known.

In the very thickest of the battle of Germantown stood the Johnson house (the name originally Jansen), a typical Dutch home not many years in existence at the date of the Battle of Germantown. It is scarred with British bullets.

The woman's club of Germantown owns this landmark, and cosily tea-ing there with its officers and historians, as Miss Barry's guest, one notes the generous fireplaces, the superior old paintings, and the rare collection of China and pewter exhibited in quaint corner cupboards. If the visitor is somewhat familiar with similar houses in Holland, this old house will be found doubly interesting.

The Chew House, a mansion of great stateliness, is but a stone's throw further on Main Street; here Chief

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Justice Benjamin Chew dispensed a hospitality which generations of his name and blood have continued; he having built the house about a quarter of a century before its occupation by the British, and its bombardment by Washington's army, October 4, 1777.

Knocking on a heavy door, approached through a venerable and beautiful garden, Martha Barry and her satellites are welcomed by Mr. Caspar Wistar Haines into the oldest house in Germantown, Wyck, built by his direct ancestors; used as a hospital after the battle of Germantown, the bloodstains still remain in that chamber used as the operating room.

On his last visit to America in 1825, Lafayette was entertained in Wyck by Reuben Haines, the citizens of Germantown being presented to him by Mr. Wistar; some who remembered him in earlier days, welcomed him, and two generations born since his activities in 1777, his sufferings for us at Valley Forge, his wounds at Brandywine.

Mr. Haines with the most gracious hospitality exhibited the treasures of his home, and afforded me glimpses of documents of great interest, among them the marriage certificate of Caspar Wistar, Button-maker, and Catherine Jansen, May 25, 1726.

These old families thus connected tie together the early associations of Germantown; and their descendant, General Isaac Wistar, at whose house I used to visit as a young girl with my Toland cousins, made an exhaustive study of the family in Germany and Austria, just as I made years ago of the ramifications of my

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father's paternal ancestors of the name of Minnigerode. Strange to say in 1696 the direct ancestor of the Wistars was born at Wald-Hilsbach, near Heidelberg in a "Forsterhaus," as my own ancestor had been in Alsfeld in the Forsterhaus built in 1687 by Johann Ludwig von Minnigerode; the Wistars were a family of hereditary foresters in the Electorate of Baden, as the Minnigerodes were in Westphalia and Hesse Darmstadt.

Amusing to us of today, but serious matters in their own day, are the rivalries between David James Dove and Hilarius Becker, the head masters of the German and the English Schools (now merged into the Germantown Academy), founded in 1760, in which institution President Washington entered his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, builder of Arlington in later years.

During the yellow fever epidemic in 1793 the buildings of the College, very English, quaint and curious, in paved courtyards, were tendered Congress as a provisional Capitol; the President and Cabinet were already in Germantown, the Residence being in the Deschler house, now known as the Morris house, a fine example of the colonial wooden mansion, shown us by its present owner Miss Morris, who in spite of painters and wall-paperers and other twentieth century fiends in human shape creating confusions in her habitually model establishment, guided us herself through house and garden with charming informality.

The quarters found for the Cabinet during this yellow fever panic were less elegant; Thomas Jefferson,



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America

STENTON, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF JAMES LOGAN. BUILT IN 1728

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Secretary of State, occupying a room in the Tavern, "the King of Prussia," a portion of which is still standing, opened in 1757.

Andrew Weckeser begs leave to inform the publick, That he has opened a House of entertainment in Germantown, at the Sign of the King-of-Prussia, near John Jones's, Esq: where all Gentlemen, Ladies, Travellers, &c., may depend on the best usage. Their favors will be gratefully acknowledged by their humble Servant.

Andrew Weckeser.

—*Pennsylvania Gazette*, December 15th, 1757.

The Studio of Gilbert Stuart, the house of Christopher Ludwig, appointed in 1777 official Baker to the Continental Army, the house of Washington's chariot-builder, the old churches and graveyards of Germantown, tantalize the hurried visitor: but Martha has one more handsome home to which she will introduce us, Upsala, built by John Johnson and occupied by his descendants, but here the beauty of my hostess blinded me, susceptible second-rate painter that I am! That is the thing I most clearly remember within those fine colonial walls!

The Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames have marked with appropriate signposts the road from Wayne Junction to Stenton, that famous mansion now their own, in which General Washington stopped on his way to meet the British General, Howe, prior to the battle of Brandywine, August 23, 1777. Again in August, ten years later while attending the Constitutional Conven-

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tion in Philadelphia, he was there the guest of Dr. Logan.

This old house, the most aristocratic type of colonial, was built by the secretary of William Penn as early as the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century, and much of its original furniture has been acquired by the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames and replaced in its old quarters. In its servants' quarters, cellars and underground passages it resembles Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, in fact Stenton, being the older mansion by many years, may have suggested to Mr. Jefferson some details of Monticello. The garden, restored and charming in its quaint design, is one of the most interesting features of this old home.

That Stenton escaped destruction by the British was little short of a miracle; the two soldiers sent to fire it had gone to the barn when one of their own officers rode up, asking the old colored woman in charge if she had seen any deserters. She directed him to his own zealous soldiers then preparing for the work of destruction, and in spite of their voluble protests, he placed them under arrest as deserters and marched them off.

We may picture the glee of that faithful old slave woman at the success of her stratagem!

CHAPTER XXIII

George Washington and Thomas Jefferson—Visits of the latter to Mount Vernon—Henry Cabot Lodge compares the two—A suggestion of Jefferson to Washington relative to a University—An item in the Will of George Washington—A proposed memorial in fulfilment of his desire—Tobias Lear—Dr. James Craik.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was pre-eminently a soldier; Thomas Jefferson was a philosopher. Their way of thinking was not identical, and their understanding of each other not always sympathetic.

Yet throughout their long years of association many contacts were necessarily established, many heart-to-heart conferences, especially when the time came that both were misunderstood by the public for whom they had striven so indefatigably in their several ways.

Mr. Jefferson, the junior in years and in rank, made not infrequent calls at Mount Vernon; on one occasion inviting James Madison to accompany him, the pair arriving in Mr. Jefferson's queer little gig, the Author of the Declaration of Independence and the Father of the Constitution, on a two days' visit to their great chief. Fine indeed must have been the table-talk, especially at breakfast, which was a great meal in the Old South; how the sparks must have flown, when, after a good night's rest, with minds clear and every faculty on the alert, the three thrashed out questions of private

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or of public interest. How the discussion must have ranged from affairs of state to the consideration of agriculture, all three being great planters. Jefferson having invented the ploughshare still in use, and Washington being an authority on stock-raising and tobacco culture. Jefferson, as President, nosing around in the old Center Market in Washington, making notes on the quality, quantity, demand and prices of produce, and able to ventilate his opinion on such homely matters of economics. His thoughts even in the White House, were often on country problems, and one winter he wrote minute instructions to his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, relative to the natural pruning the winds of winter might do in the peach orchard at Monticello, and just how far, according to his calculations, such fallen branches would go to caring for the open fires of the great house.

It would be pleasant to assert that these two men were friends; yet recorded correspondence hardly verifies the statement; it appears that in all the vast correspondence of Washington, there is but one reference to Jefferson prior to 1789. Henry Cabot Lodge asserts that in a letter of January 8, 1783, George Washington in writing to Robert Livingston made a slurring comment upon Jefferson:

What office is Mr. Jefferson appointed to, that he has, you say, lately accepted? If it is that of commissioner of peace, I hope he will arrive too late to have any hand in it.

Mr. Lodge goes on to analyze the characters of the two men as follows:

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There is no indication that their personal relations were then or afterwards other than pleasant. Yet this brief sentence is a strong expression of distrust, and especially so from the fact that Washington was not at all given to criticising other people in his letters. What he distrusted was not Jefferson's ability, for that no man could doubt, still less his patriotism. But Washington read character well, and he felt that Jefferson might be lacking in the qualities of boldness and determination, so needful in a negotiation like that which resulted in the acknowledgment of our independence.

The truth was that the two men were radically different and never could have been sympathetic. Washington was strong, direct, masculine and at times fierce in anger. Jefferson was adroit, subtle and feminine in his sensitiveness. Washington was essentially a fighting man, tamed by a stern self-control from the recklessness of his early days, but always a fighter. Jefferson was a lover of peace, given to quiet, hating quarrels and bloodshed and at times timid in dealing with public questions. Washington was deliberate and conservative, after the fashion of his race. Jefferson was quick, impressionable, and always fascinated by new notions, even if they were somewhat fantastic. A thoroughly liberal and open-minded man, Washington never turned a deaf ear to any new suggestion, whether it was a public policy, or a mechanical invention, but to all alike he gave careful consideration before he adopted them. To Jefferson, on the other hand, mere novelty had a peculiar charm, and he jumped at any device, either to govern a state or improve a plough, provided it had the flavor of ingenuity. The two men might easily have thought the same concerning the republic, but they started from opposite poles and no full communion of thought and feeling was possible between them.

But to return to the breakfast table at Mount Vernon; there is little doubt that architecture, too, figured in the conversation, for the plans for the Capitol Build-

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ing were in preparation and also a house for the President. A few months later we find Mr. Jefferson sending to Washington a draft of a Proclamation by the President, fixing the location of the seat of government, and still a few days later, in correspondence with Major L'Enfant regarding the classic style in public buildings, which he declared had won "the approbation of thousands of years," while something more modern, for the Residence, would receive the "approval of all good judges."

Washington made two friendly visits to Jefferson at Annapolis, on his way to and from a meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati, and Jefferson, returning from Monticello to the seat of government in 1792, stopped overnight at Mount Vernon, remaining until after breakfast the next morning.

The official correspondence between the two was never lively, yet the suggestion made by Jefferson to Washington that he should donate to the founding of a university certain shares he expected to receive from the Virginia Legislature in a project for inland navigation between the Potomac and the James Rivers, indicates a degree of intimacy, a knowledge of Washington's enthusiasm for education equal almost to his own, and reminds us, a little sadly, that in his own unlimited hospitality, Mr. Jefferson so crippled his own fortunes as to find himself unable later in life to contribute in large sums to the things nearest his heart. This was in 1795, and both were settling into the calm philosophy which looks beyond the things that are to the things that are to be.

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That the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson relating to a University took effect, is witnessed by the following provision in General Washington's Will:

"Item:

I give and bequeath in perpetuity the fifty shares which I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforesaid acts of the Legislature of Virginia) towards the endowment of a University to be established within the limit of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the General Government if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand towards it, and until said Seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further Will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the Bank of Columbia or some other Bank at the discretion of my Executors, or by the Treasurer of the United States for the time being under the direction of Congress, provided that Honorable body should Patronize the measure, and the Dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock is to be vested in more stock, and so on, until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained, of which I have not the smallest doubt, before many years passes away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by Legislative authority, or from any other source. . ."

This project apparently never materialized, and the nest-egg thus provided became a dead letter; yet the Columbia University in Washington, later known as the "George Washington University," has for many years provided the District of Columbia with the institution desired by Washington and Jefferson; and Lafayette on his last visit to this country in 1824, manifested his own interest in a project endeared to him by the desire of his noble friend and patron.

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The Twentieth Century opened with this idea, still strong in the minds of a group of patriotic men and women, who under the leadership of Mrs. Henry F. Dimock of Washington, have incorporated on ground allowed them by the Government the beautiful project of a vast marble auditorium with libraries and music halls, assembly rooms and every auxiliary to civic culture, to be known as "The George Washington Memorial."

For a quarter of a century we people of Washington have eaten and danced together, lectured each other, donned the costumes of our ancestors and bowed to each other in the minuet, made checks payable to each other, and mailed literature to each other in behalf of this plan which in its anticipated perfection will be a memorial to Mrs. Dimock, herself, as the Red Cross Buildings already are to Mabel Boardman; the Embassies to Mrs. Henderson, the House of Mercy to Mrs. Julian James, the Salvation Army Settlement in Georgetown to Marguerite Dupont Lee, public-spirited women of Washington who, not thinking of themselves, have become identified with great benevolences.

Wellington House, the home of that friend of General Washington, Tobias Lear, is still an inviting spot, and in excellent preservation. The master of Mount Vernon leased the land to his secretary, one-time tutor to his adopted children, George Washington Parke Custis and the sweet little Nellie, who like that lovely daughter of the Capulets, has lived in song and story. At Washington's death Lear inherited the land; the

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deeds are obscure, as the death of the secretary seems involved in mystery.

Many documents of great interest are housed in the little Court House of Fairfax County to this day, and had the letters of administration of Tobias Lear's estate been filed in the county instead of in the Capital, they would have escaped the destruction by fire which swept away many quaint old papers stored in the courthouse in Washington. But in itself the place is rich in charm and suggestiveness. The Malcolm Mothersons have gradually restored it and it presents a delightful picture today—emerald lawns sweeping down to the river, great old trees saved by judicious care; a flower garden that properly places its creator among the leading garden-lovers of the state; vegetables and fruits that tempt the visitor to tamper with the Commandments; a swimming pool, frequented by all the neighboring "gentry," fine stock in field and barn, and best of all, handsome children on ponies or romping with dogs, as they greet the caller.

Of the three wives of Tobias, two were close connections of the family at Mount Vernon; his second wife was the widow Washington, widow of General Washington's nephew, Col. George Augustine Washington. His third venture was with a niece of Martha Washington, Frances Dandridge Henley, who survived him many years.

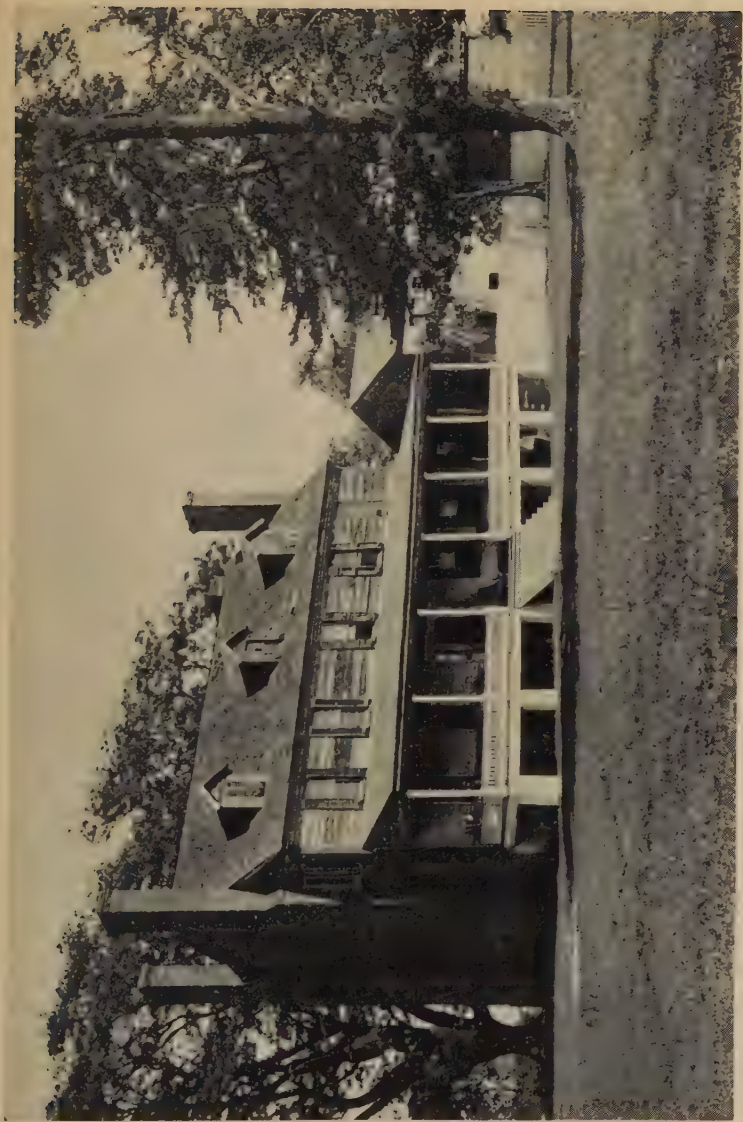
Lear's devotion to his friend and employer, the social intimacy between the families, the minute records he kept, with an almost Boswellian faithfulness, of his

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friend's doings, their correspondence, the account given by Lear of the death of the Father of His Country, have given him a definite place in American history—though the end of his own life is still a matter of conjecture. He was found dead from a bullet wound in the head, the body lying in the garden of his home in the then aristocratic section of the Capital near the Octagon House. He had been appointed by President Madison accountant for the War Department, and his home was in that vicinity, on the site of a big brick house built many years later and occupied within our memories by the large family of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Melville W. Fuller. The assumption must be that the death of this man, friend and instructor of the great, outstanding scholar of his time, married three times into distinguished connections, yet ending his life in the prime of life, was a case of suicide—a thing so unusual as to have been scarcely whispered by his contemporaries, to have been ignored by the press of the day, and to have remained for over a hundred years a speculation on the part of all students of early American history.

His life had been an adventurous one; he had served in certain consular offices, was a member of diplomatic commissions in Algiers, negotiating for the sum of \$60,000 the release of some American prisoners held there; and was no stranger to the wild life of the seas, a man well known to Admiral Decatur and the heroes of his day.

A quaint old character was Dr. Craik, the friend



HOME OF DR. CRAIK, PORT DEPOSIT, MARYLAND

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and physician of General Washington, from whom many delightful persons of today proudly trace their ancestry. "Oh, Dr. James Craik—he was a wonderful man—my ancestor!" This is said by gentlemen who are experts in the mixing of juleps and high-balls, and by ladies whose lips are lip-sticked and whose skirts are abbreviated to a degree that would have scandalized the worthy old Scotch doctor, a hundred and fifty years ago.

A recent note from one of these ladies, patriotic as well as aristocratic, describes to me the efforts these descendants were making to locate and properly mark his grave—a pious work promptly accomplished:

The spot where rest his honorable bones is quite incorrectly marked by the Alexandria Chamber of Commerce, according to "Cousin Molly Powell," who I understand is an incontrovertible authority on matters of genealogy and history. She corralled an amiable gentleman named Knight, and took him with us—herself, me and Harold Messer—to the graveyard, Mr. Knight proved the statement because he had had a sweetheart living in the next house, and knew the exact place where he stood—*just here* (Dr. Craik's grave was just there), when the girl was on the second story back porch. That was fifty years ago, but first loves and their attendant circumstances are not forgotten.

I have a picture of Dr. Craik, also one of his home in Maryland near LaPlata, for you. This is a fine old mansion, solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

Were I rich, and able to guarantee "service" I would buy it, \$25,000 including the park, and ninety acres of farm land, a very reasonable price. I would spend something for repairs and modernization, put in an elevator, and live in it for

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autumn and spring. Dr. Craik moved from there to the modest home in Alexandria, so as to be nearer to Mount Vernon. I am rather fascinated by what I hear of his wife, Mariamne Ewell. My cousins, descendants of George Washington Craik, passed through Washington recently on their way from Louisville, Kentucky, to Maine. When George Washington Craik left Alexandria and emigrated to Kentucky, two boxes of letters from George Washington to Dr. Craik, were lost in transit, much to the grief of the family. An irreparable calamity.

Dr. Craik died at Vauxcluse, the home of his grandson, who inherited it from his uncle William Craik, who came by it through his wife, Ann Fitzhugh, only sister of Mrs. George Washington Parke Custis. Later the same property was owned by the Fairfaxes, as you so well know, and destroyed in the Civil War—and strange to say, now your own hospitable home, rebuilt, and with the latch on the string!

Among the descendants of George Washington Craik is the present Bishop of the Canal Zone, though just how so many of his descendants got switched off from the Presbyterian Kirk to Episcopalianism, I do not know; their name is Legion, and I understand there will be a gathering of the clan in October for the General Council in Washington, and that a feature of the session will be the revival of your great pageant, "The Cross Triumphant," which no one that ever witnessed will ever forget.

Formerly I achieved penmanship. Now I create hen-tracks. When I recall the beautiful handwriting of my grandfathers, so exquisitely careful and neat and the dainty, precise writing of my own father, I am glad they do not see my degeneration.

Your "most obedient and humble servant"

Jeanie Maury Coyle Patten.

October 14, 1928, witnessed an interesting ceremony in the old First Presbyterian Church, Alexandria, when this same Jeanie Maury Coyle Patten, writer of the

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above letter, saw the fulfilment of her filial hope and heart's desire, in the proper commemoration of her ancestor, Dr. Craik, in the church he had loved. A new stone was dedicated to his memory over his long forgotten grave in the little churchyard where lie the bones of many others of those staunch old Scotch settlers of Alexandria and Dumfries.

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CHAPTER XXIV

Tobias Lear's testimony as to the death of his patron—Bleeding the popular remedy—Some details of Washington's Last Will and Testament—Mourning rings for four ladies—The tomb on the teacups and the portrait on the plates—Dilapidated condition of cemeteries and graves—Vandalism and neglect—Old account books and inventories—The equipment for a great plantation—Responsibilities of the Master—At the grave of Washington—A Twentieth Century appraisal of his position as an allegorical figure between Feudalism and Freedom, by Cyril Arthur Player—In the *Detroit News*—An Eighteenth Century Inscription.

Tobias Lear, under his sworn statement, describes the medical treatment given to General Washington in his fatal illness by the professional men of the day.

"A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter was prepared to try its effects in the throat: but he could not swallow a drop. When he attempted it he appeared to be distressed, convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him.

. . . Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding and that nothing would go down the throat I proposed bathing it externally with sal volatile. . . . A piece of flannel dipped in sal volatile was put around his neck, and his feet bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

.

Dr. Craik came in soon after, and upon examining the General he put a blister cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him, and had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea prepared; and ordered some vinegar and hot water

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for him to inhale the steam of it, which he did; but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated. . . .

About this time the General was bled again. . . .

Dr. Dick came about three o'clock . . . and the General was bled again. . . . The General could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar were administered but without an effect. . . . He then said to his physicians "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly, I cannot last long."

THE details of General Washington's Last Will and Testament are most interesting, and afford an insight into the character of the greatest man of his generation, and into the conditions of life in that day. His remarkable care for his slaves, and those brought to Mount Vernon as part of his wife's personal estate, has often been spoken of at length and the reader will find the matter covered in the second item of the Will; but the minor bequests pique the interest. For example, the delicacy with which he returned "to the Earl of Buchan the box made of the Oak that sheltered the great Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk . . . presented to me by his Lordship in terms too flattering to repeat—" For the gold-headed cane left to him by Benjamin Franklin and by him to his brother, Charles Washington; to his "compatriot in arms and old and intimate friend Doct'r Craik, the bureau or as cabinet-makers call it Tambour Secretary and the circular chair, an appendage to my study. . ." To Dr. David Stuart a large shaving and dressing table, and his telescope—to four ladies, mourning rings to the

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value of one hundred dollars. . . To Tobias Lear the use of "the farm which he now holds in virtue of a lease from me to him and his deceased wife"; to five nephews, five swords or cutteaux. These swords are accompanied with an injunction "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights, in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

After the death of General Washington mourning designs deploring the national loss and significant of admiration and respect appeared in great number and variety. To modern eyes these tributes are a little ludicrous, for they were not only to be seen as pictures framed on every wall, but table china bore funeral emblems and laudatory mottoes, and the worthies who survived him mopping up their rich brown gravy with their hot rolls, or otherwise clearing their plates or draining their glasses, revealed the melancholy tributes. The tomb was on the teacups and the portrait on the plate. Mourning rings and mourning pins were fashionable. There was a type of medallion much in vogue; a landscape with a tomb under a weeping-willow tree, a lady in empire gown leaning wistfully over the tomb, in an attitude of melancholy meditation.

These dismal tokens lead us by a spontaneous association of ideas, to old churchyards—the burying-grounds of Virginia especially. For here the graves of the great have been long neglected. It is almost incred-

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ible, now, as it was in 1795 to Isaac Weld, that such a state of affairs should exist. The Washingtons lie at Wakefield under crumbling stones in the family cemetery, the Lee burying ground has only of late years been an object of interest to the younger generations; George Mason's grave was in an abandoned corner of Gunston Hall until the descendants, in recent years, have attended to it; the graves of the Revolutionary officers who were General Washington's pallbearers are lost; the Turner cemetery at Kinloch has been only of late years walled in and cared for.

Nothing tells more eloquently than this condition of "the ashes of our fathers and the altars of our gods," how poverty and hardship weakened our powers, after each war, to do the things we should have done. Here in Virginia, the battlefield of the Civil War, homes, churches and graves suffered invasion and vandalism. Stately houses were razed to the ground, consecrated buildings were shelled, the headstones from honored graves were carried away for any purpose whatever, and were sometimes discovered after the war in use as doorsteps at the entrance to some negro squatter's cabin, built of the brick and timber of a destroyed mansion. The churches were robbed after the wars, in addition to having been fired upon during the wars. Building materials were stolen from any unprotected place. To one interested in the various aspects of General Washington's citizenship in Virginia, the Appendix to that valuable work by Charles H. Calahan, of Alexandria, Virginia, "Washington the Man and the

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Mason," is a gold mine of information; a facsimile of his Will; an inventory of his lands; minute lists made by Washington himself of the stocks and bonds in his possession; full lists with appraised values of the furnishings of Mount Vernon and his other farms, from garret to cellar, in toolhouses and barns; "In the closet under the stair—1 fire screen, 1 machine to scrape shoes in—" "In the little passage on the second floor next to Mrs. W——'s old room, 3 pictures nailed to the house." In the various farms, all the stock, old mares, mules, oxen, bulls, cows, young mares, brood mares, covering jacks, asses, coaches, hack horses, chariots, steeds, bulls, steers, heifers, calves, sheep, lambs, sows, boars, shoats, pigs, plows, carts and chains, cooper's tools, 5800 barrel staves, wagons and gears, carts, harrows, rollers, axes, mataxes, shovels, dung forks, hilling hoes, bags, Dutch Fans, wheel-barrows, spinning-wheels, cradles with scythes, empty hogsheads, mauling wedges, cross-cut saws, handsaws, ox carts, ox chains, bushel measure, grindstones, corn barrels, cultivators, spades, weeding hoes, iron teeth rakes, flax brakes, reap hooks, augers, bill hooks and gauges, drills, traces, cultivators, parcels of old tools, bags, much worn; a marvellous picture is drawn in these prosy columns and inventories, of the daily life and daily needs of a great plantation. In the green house, in the fish house, the barn, the carpenter's shop, the paint cellar, with every shingle, empty bag, shoemaker's tool and gardener's trowel, minutely recognizably described. Curiously, the slaves were not listed with other chattels, and it appears that in his

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own right he left only one hundred and twenty-four. The dower slaves, who belonged to his wife, were so mixed with his own, that the item in his Will dealing with them, becomes an index, as indeed all these details do, of his thoroughness, wisdom, kindness and justice.

There were many burdens connected with the old form of plantation life, the care of so many living creatures, bipeds and quadrupeds, the preservation of so many implements and tools, which under neglect soon deteriorate; these cares, plus domestic and social responsibilities and public duties of the highest kind, press upon a master's mind; and however efficient overseers and hirelings were, such of the old planters as knew their business kept their own eye ever open to every aspect of the work.

Other inventories available indicate that the old planters in spite of their sturdiness of character during this early and most constructive period of American history, were great lovers of luxury. Indeed, with the exception of hospitality, there seems little to brag about in their manner of life; their extravagance in gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing and duelling were generally accepted as parts of the aristocratic code and are all matters of record.

The great sailing vessels arriving at the ports of Dumfries, Élkridge, Baltimore and Alexandria for tobacco, brought with them goods ordered by the Colonials through their English agents; furniture and draperies minutely described as to design, color and

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quality; wearing apparel for Masters, liveries for servants, while the scent, the lace, the gloves, the elaborate wardrobes, for ladies and even for children prove not only great wealth but much gaiety, extravagance and formality.

History is turning her pages with flying fingers. Few of us have the time now to look into these records of an earlier day. When we do so, we find ourselves not all discouraged as to the habits and standards of our own times. Some of the heroes of old have been knocked from their pedestals, stripped of the fancied attributes and false values established by fulsome flattery. George Washington still looms a colossal figure, one of the real heroes of all history and in very truth the Father of His Country.

A gifted Englishman, Cyril Arthur Player, associate editor of the *Detroit News*, makes the following comment:

The feudal system produced, among other phenomena, George Washington. He was the consummation of it. He was cradled on the very threshold of history and belonged, unmistakably, to two worlds. While his benefactor, Thomas, Lord Fairfax, bore the weight of his 92 years to an angry grave, Washington bore toward immortality the standard of rebellion.

While the old royalist in Greenway Court broke his heart over the vanishing past, Washington broke his over the most desperate army that ever won a victory for a magnificent future.

Washington's logical mind interpreted feudalism as nobility; its expression, character. He, and those with him, saw the goal larger than the system. "Life, liberty and the pursuit

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of happiness" was gloriously theirs; theirs to have, but, if it was to be retained, not theirs to restrict. Privileges brought duties. The spacious age of the barons had refined the soul of the new race.

Stupidity pricked at idealism, and the flag was unfurled at the masthead of a new nation. The younger generation, inheritors of feudalism, laid the foundations for the destruction of the old and the erection of the new.

George Washington saw all that, feudalism and democracy both. His life spans the ripening of the one and the birth of the other. A huge social evolution rushed through his days; history compressed itself and packed the hours. In 1932, the nation marks the bicentennial of his birth at Bridge's Creek, now called Wakefield. It is not merely the birth of a man, but the crucial phase of a miracle, that is to be celebrated. The world scarcely has seen the like.

In the grandiose style of the Eighteenth Century, a certain unknown scribe indited upon the back of the frame of a miniature of General Washington the following estimate of his character:

The character of Washington
Designed for a Monumental Inscription

WASHINGTON

The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty

The Friend of Man.

History and Tradition are explored in vain

For a Parallel to his Character

In the Annals of Modern Greatness

He stands alone.

And the noblest Names of Antiquity

Lose their Lustre in his Presence.

Born the Benefactor of Mankind

He united all the Qualities necessary
 To an Illustrious Career.
 Nature made him Great,
 He made himself Virtuous.
 Called by his Country to the Defense of her Liberties
 He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity
 And on the Pillars of National Independence
 Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
 Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
 By the unanimous Voice of a Free People
 He surpassed in the Cabinet
 The Glories of the Field
 And, voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword
 Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
 A Spectacle so new and so sublime
 Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration
 And the name of WASHINGTON
 Adding new Lustre to Humanity
 Resounded to the remotest Regions of the Earth.
 Magnanimous in Youth,
 Glorious through Life,
 Great in Death.
 His highest ambition the Happiness of Mankind,
 His noblest Victory the Conquest of himself,
 Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame
 And building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
 He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
 He died regretted by a mourning World.



